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ANECDOTE BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM,

AND

EDMUND BURKE.

.3751

By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF LONDON," "THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN," ETC.

Hayes Place—Seat of Lord Chatham.—*p.* 156.

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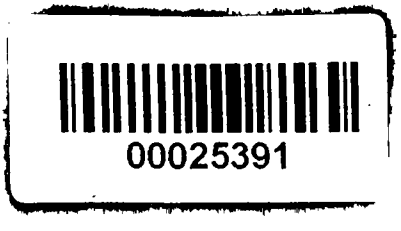

PREFACE

FEW persons will be disposed to gainsay the fitness of the every-day remark upon the rapid multiplication of Books beyond that at any previous period of their history. To keep pace with this extraordinary increase of Books and Readers, selection and condensation are more essential than ever for such as seek to husband that most valuable of all economics—the economy of time.

The preparation of the present volume is an attempt made in this direction—in that attractive and valuable branch of "life writing," in which history and biography are alike combined.

Coleridge has remarked that "the most effectual mode of attaining the chief objects of historical knowledge will be to present History in the form of Biography chronologically arranged." This has been attempted in the following pages; the Author having selected the lives of two of the most distinguished men of modern times, "who are themselves great landmarks in the map of human nature." Their actions and fortunes have prominently contributed to the greatness of the country, and are characteristically English; and their lives exhibit the popular attractions if not the most important lessons of history.

Of the great War-Minister, LORD CHATHAM, the *History*, by the Rev. Francis Thackeray, extends to 1300 quarto

pages; and his *Correspondence* to nearly half that extent. Of Chatham's great contemporary, the "Scientific Statesman," EDMUND BURKE, the *Works and Correspondence* fill nine large octavo volumes; and besides the minute biography of Burke by Mr. (now Sir James) Prior, and that by Mr. Macknight, there are several memoirs of less extent. By travelling through these works, side by side with the personal histories and diaries of contemporaries grouped around these two great actors in our history, and by carefully weighing and condensing the salient points, events, and incidents of their career, and presenting these, *by way of anecdote, in chronological order*, the Author hopes to have accomplished an acceptable work for a large class of Readers, who but for the facile means of obtaining within a moderately sized volume, the *quintessence* of two long lives, might be disposed to leave quarto and large octavo volumes upon the library-shelf.

Throughout the present Work, impartiality has been kept in view; and the piquancy and highly-seasoned anecdotes of Walpole have not been spared for the sake of the more genial warmth of the fond biographer. Mr. Croker, in his Preface to Walpole's *Collections*, refers to anecdotes and chit-chat as their principal topics, politics being only introduced as they happened to be the news of the day; and in the present volume it has been attempted to combine in a like proportion, the leading features of the lives of Chatham and Burke; with a success which the Author leaves the indulgent appreciation of the reading public to determine.

J. T.

LONDON, *March*, 1860.

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Page 55, *for* Sir Thomas *read* Sir William Pynsent.
,, 208, *for* imprudent *read* impudent fellow.

ANECDOTE BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

WHERE WAS WILLIAM PITT BORN?

THE curiosity which attaches to the birthplaces of celebrated persons has been strangely exercised in the case of William Pitt. The statesman who, for nearly half a century, "commanded the confidence or excited the dread of our contending grandsires," and became one of the chosen men in our history who deserve the proud distinction of GREAT,—how strange it is that his biographers are at variance as to the place that gave him birth! He is claimed for the respective counties of Cornwall, Wiltshire, and Middlesex—with what share of right it may be amusing to relate.

William Pitt was the second son of Mr. Robert Pitt, who succeeded his father, Mr. Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, in the possession of Boconnoc, a fine seat in the parish of that name, about three miles from Lostwithiel, in Cornwall. Both the grandfather and father of the great statesman are described in genealogical records as "seated at Boconnoc," whence may have arisen the statement that William Pitt was born there. In the library of the mansion is a large family Bible, in which is the following register of the birth of the statesman, in the handwriting of his father, Mr. Robert Pitt: "This day—November y^{e} 15th, 1708, Munday morning, about eight o'clock, my son William was born." The place of birth is omitted: it could not, however, have been Bocon-

noc, since the estate was not purchased or tenanted by Governor Pitt until some ten years after the birth of his grandson, William Pitt.

Mr. Cyrus Redding, the well-known *littérateur*, and a native of Penryn, has favoured us with a communication, wherein he says that he has been more than once at Boconnoc, and that in his boyhood, (Mr. Redding is now in his 75th year,) "it was always a matter of dispute whether William Pitt was born in Cornwall or in London, when his father and family were in town for the season; and St. James's, Westminster, was asserted to be the parish." He was, certainly, christened in Wren's newly-built church of St. James, in Piccadilly, but the register, which follows, does not state his place of birth or residence:

"1708. Dec. 13. Will^{m}., of Robert Pitts, Esq^{r}., and Henrietta, born Nov. 15; baptized."

About the time of Mr. Redding's boyhood, 1795, Wiltshire was confidently claimed as Pitt's birthplace, by Miss Seward, who, in the second volume of her *Anecdotes*, says: "This great Minister was born at Stratford House, at the foot of the fortress of Old Sarum; an Engaving of which is appended to this collection, to satisfy that grateful curiosity with which we ever contemplate the birthplace of those who have been the friends and the benefactors of their country." The Plate shows Stratford House to have been an edifice of manorial character, with several gables, and a canopied doorway. Now, we have Governor Pitt's political connexion with Old Sarum, and William Pitt's statement that his father Robert Pitt resided there; but against this presumptive evidence is William Pitt's own record, that he was born in the parish of St. James, Westminster. At the age of eighteen, he was admitted a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford. The above evidence we owe to a very useful practice, not general in the University, but which prevails in Trinity: the undergraduates, upon admission, enter their names, county, and parentage, in a register provided for the purpose. From this register the following is an extract:

"Ego Gulielmus Pitt Filius Robti Pitt armi: de Old Sarum in comitatu Wilts, natus Londini in Par: Sancti Jacobi annorum circiter octodecim, admissus sum primi ordinis commensalis, sub tutamine Magri Stockwell, Janii decimo die anno Domini 1726."

This evidence was first printed in the Rev. Mr. Thackeray's *History of the Earl of Chatham*, published in 1827; yet Pitt's subsequent biographers either state his birthplace to have been Boconnoc, or omit it altogether. In the able memoirs in the *Penny Cyclopædia* and the *English Cyclopædia*, Boconnoc is given; yet, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th edit.; in the sketch by Lord Macaulay; and in Lord Mahon's *History of England*, the *locus in quo* is omitted altogether; as also in the brief outline prefixed to the first volume of the *Chatham Correspondence*.

The founder of the noble family of Pitt was, according to the Genealogical Table in Mr. Thackeray's *History*, Nicholas Pitt, who lived in the reign of Henry VII., or, according to Edmondson, in that of Henry VI.; and the world-renowned name of *William Pitt*, son of Nicholas, occurs in the reign of Henry VIII. His son, John Pitt, was Clerk of the Exchequer in the time of Elizabeth; and his eldest son, Sir William Pitt, who died in 1636, was Comptroller of the Household of Charles II.

BOCONNOC, AND GOVERNOR PITT.

The family of Pitt were first raised to wealth and eminence by his grandfather, Thomas, Governor of Madras; it was he who brought over from India the celebrated "Pitt Diamond," which weighing 127 carats, was the largest yet discovered. He had given 20,000*l.* for it on the spot, and afterwards sold it to the Regent of Orleans for 125,000*l.* During the interval, he used, upon his journeys, to conceal it in the cavity of the high-heeled shoes which he wore according to the fashion of that day: the Diamond afterwards became more an object of interest from its being placed in the sword of Napoleon I., between the teeth of a crocodile, so shaped as to form the handle. Governor Pitt acquired political importance by pur-

chasing the burgage tenure of Old Sarum, and political connexion by the marriage of his daughter with General Stanhope, in 1713.

Boconnoc has the finest grounds in the county, which include entrenchments made by the troops of Charles I., who, in his struggle with the Parliament, took up his head-quarters in the house. When Governor Pitt purchased the estate of the widow of Lord Mohun, about 1718, he finished the mansion; it has some good paintings, and a fine bust of Lord Chatham, under which are these lines:

> Her trophies faded, and reversed her spear,
> See England's genius bend o'er Chatham's bier;
> Her sails no more in every clime unfurled,
> Proclaim her dictates to the admiring world.
> No more shall accents, nervous, bold, and strong,
> Flow in full periods from his patriot tongue;
> Yet shall the historic and poetic page,
> Thy name, great shade, devolve from age to age—
> Thine and thy country's fate congenial tell,
> By thee she triumphed, and by thee she fell.*

Boconnoc was bequeathed by Governor Pitt to his eldest son Robert, the father of the great statesman. The house and grounds became subsequently the property of Lord Grenville, through marriage with the Hon. Anne Pitt, and are now in the possession of his Lordship's nephew, the Hon. G. M. Fortescue,† by whom the Chatham memorials at Boconnoc are scrupulously preserved.

PITT AT ETON AND OXFORD.

Pitt was much noticed as a boy by his uncle Earl Stanhope, who discovered his rising talents, and according to a family tradition, used to call him "the young Marshal." He was sent to Eton at an early age, and placed upon the foundation of that ancient establishment; and here he had for his friends and competitors George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton; Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, afterwards the political ballad-writer; Henry

* Redding's "Illustrated Itinerary of Cornwall."
† Sir Bernard Burke's "Visitation of Seats and Arms," vol. ii. p. 10.

Fielding, the novelist; and Charles Pratt, afterwards Lord Chancellor Camden. Dean Bland was the head-master of Eton, and highly valued the attainments of young Pitt. He was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1726, as already stated; and in the following year he published some Latin lines on the Death of George the First.

Lord Mahon tells us that of his leisure for study, Pitt availed himself with assiduous and incessant care. Again and again he read over the classics; not as pedants use, but in the spirit of a poet and philosopher; not nibbling at their accents and metres, but partaking in their glorious aspirations; warmed by the flame, not raking in the cinders. As to style, Demosthenes was his favourite study amongst the ancients; amongst the English, Bolingbroke and Barrow. We are told that he had read some of Barrow's Sermons so often as to know them by heart.* But perhaps the best clue to Pitt's own mental tasks, more especially in the field of oratory, is afforded by those which he afterwards so successfully enjoined to his favourite son. It is stated upon the authority of the late Lord Stanhope, that Mr. Pitt being asked to what he principally ascribed the two qualities for which his eloquence was most conspicuous—namely, the lucid order of his reasonings, and the ready choice of words,—answered that he believed he owed the former to an early study of the Aristotelian logic, the latter to his father's practice in making him every day after reading over to himself some paper in the classics, translate it aloud and continuously into English prose.—Lord Mahon's *History of England*, vol. iii. p. 13.

Through life (says Mr. Charles Butler,) Mr. Pitt cultivated

* Barrow's amplitude of style is not unfrequently discernible in Pitt. But Barrow's more poetical attributes—his bursts of passionate fervour—his glowing use of personification—his felicity in adapting high thoughts to sonorous expressions,—appear more congenial to Chatham's style of eloquence than that of his son. There are parts in Barrow which we could well fancy Chatham to have spoken. For instance, the sublime passage beginning, "Charity is a right noble and worthy thing," &c.—*Quarterly Review*, No. 194.

the muses. Miss Seward's *Anecdotes* contain an imitation by him of the Ode of Horace, "*Tyrrhena regum progenies*," which shows a very classical mind. He also translated the speech of Pericles, inserted in Smith's version of Thucydides, as related by Mr. Pitt to a friend of Mr. Butler.

PITT'S START IN LIFE.—HIS FIRST SPEECH.

From his school-days Pitt had been cruelly tormented with gout, which attacked him with increased violence at Oxford, and compelled him to quit the University without taking a degree. Soon after he visited France and Italy; he returned, however, not much benefited by his excursion. It was now time that he should devote himself to a profession. His father, who died in 1727, had left him but a small patrimony: Lord Chesterfield says, one hundred pounds a year. This is, probably, below the mark: his grandfather must have been wealthy; he himself was one of only two sons, and Mr. Thackeray estimates William's property at about 4000*l*. An opportunity of coming into Parliament soon occurred: his brother having been elected in 1734 both for Old Sarum and Oakhampton, and making his election for the latter place, William Pitt was, at the meeting of Parliament, in 1735, returned for Old Sarum. But it was still necessary that he should choose a profession; he decided for the army, and a Cornet's commission was obtained for him in the Blues.

Sir Robert Walpole had now been fourteen years at the head of affairs, but was losing his friends, who thenceforth became his deadly enemies. Pitt attached himself to the Whigs in opposition, the Patriots as they were called; and when he entered Parliament his conduct was attentively watched by the political world. He did not speak in the dull session of 1735; but in April, 1736, he made his maiden speech—on Mr. Pulteney's motion for a congratulatory address to the king upon the marriage of Frederick Prince of Wales to the Princess of Saxe Gotha.

Mr. Thackeray takes this opportunity to record what he calls "the personal and organic excellencies of this vehement

orator. If the remark of Demosthenes respecting the pre-eminent advantages of pronunciation possess any truth, it was never more completely verified than in the instance of Mr. Pitt."

Mr. Charles Butler,* in his *Reminiscences*, says: "No person in his external appearance was ever more bountifully gifted by nature for an orator. In his look and gesture grace and dignity were combined, but dignity presided; the 'terrors of his beak, the lightning of his eye,' were insufferable. His voice was both full and clear; his lowest whisper was distinctly heard, his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer and animate; he then had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort. His diction was remarkably simple, but words were never chosen with greater care. He mentioned to a friend of Mr. Butler's, that he had read twice, from beginning to end, Bailey's *Dictionary*.

"His sentiments, too, were apparently simple; but sentiments were never adopted or altered with greater skill; he was often familiar and even playful, but it was the familiarity and playfulness of condescension—the lion that dandled with the kid; the terrible, however, was his peculiar power.—Then the whole House sunk before him,—still, he was dignified; and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this most important effect, that it impressed every hearer with a conviction that there was something in him even finer than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator; no impression of this kind was made by the eloquence of his son, or his son's antagonist."

"As to person," says Mr. Thackeray, "nature had stamped more forcibly upon no man the impression of an orator. His

* As Mr. Butler was born in 1750, he probably had the advantage of hearing some of the later speeches of Lord Chatham.

figure was tall and manly, and the ordinary spectator was struck with the grace and dignity of his look and deportment. But the eye was his most wonderful feature. It is neither the language of romance nor of exaggeration to say that the keen lightning of that eye often blasted the courage of the most intrepid of his opponents. The other powers were peculiar and unrivalled, and the fascination of its glance was such, that few could withstand it." Elsewhere Thackeray says: "His eagle eye, like that of the Prince of Condé, at once struck and awed the observer. The general character of his features was also aquiline. His countenance was animated by an expression of dignity and intelligence which inspired respect and admiration, and was exactly indicative of the man."

Lord Waldegrave, after eulogizing the clearness of his style, observes that "his eye was as significant as his words. In debate, his single look could sometimes disconcert an orator opposed to him." His voice most happily combined sweetness and strength. It had all that silvery clearness which so delighted us in Sir William Follett's, and even when it sank to a whisper, it was distinctly heard; while its higher notes, like the swell of some majestic organ, could peal and thrill above every other earthly sound.

Pitt's first speech is described by Tindal as "unmixed with any strains but that of declamation;" and he adds, "We have few models of an antiquity more perfect in that kind, it being more ornamented than the declamations of Demosthenes, and less diffuse than those of Cicero." Pitt's appearance and elocution must have been imposing from the first; for there was, certainly, nothing in the matter of his speech, if we may judge from the report of it, to put any one in mind of either Demosthenes or Cicero. Lord Macaulay well observes that the vogue which this unmeaning phrase has obtained, whereas it should never have been quoted, except to be laughed at, may serve to show in how slovenly a way most people are content to think.

The statesman's start was, however, in some respects, un

fortunate. There can be little doubt that it was the offence given to the King by Mr. Pitt's parliamentary conduct, and probably, by his first speech, that rendered it impossible for him to be brought into any office. The King was supported in his determination against Pitt by Lord Bath and Lord Carteret. Accordingly, we find that he attacked the latter in Parliament with great virulence, calling him "an execrable minister,—a sole minister,—who had renounced the British nation, and seemed to have drunk of the potion described in poetic fictions, which made men forget their country." And Walpole tells us, that in one of the numerous speeches in which Mr. Pitt assiduously followed up the first blow, he called Carteret "the Hanoverian minister—a flagitious task-master;" adding, that the "sixteen thousand Hanoverians were all the party he had."

PITT DISMISSED FROM THE ARMY BY SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

It is said that Walpole no sooner heard the sound of Pitt's voice in Parliament than he confessed an alarm. "We must, at all events," said he, "muzzle that terrible Cornet of Horse." Throughout his first speech, beneath inflated panegyric of the sovereign, there lurked a strain of bitter irony and sarcastic insinuation, which so irritated Walpole against the young Member, that he took from him his commission in the army, within a few days. The speech was delivered on the 29th of April, and the records in the War Office show that the vacancy made by "*the supercession of Cornet Pitt*" was filled up on the 17th of May. This violent treatment served but to raise Mr. Pitt in the estimation of the public. Soon after this, he used to drive about the country in a one-horse chaise, without a servant; when, at each town to which he came, the people flocked around his chaise, and greeted him with the loudest acclamations.

It was upon this dismissal that Pitt's friend, Lord Lyttelton, addressed to him the following lines, which, though poor enough in themselves, have the historical importance of

showing how early the superiority of Mr. Pitt's parliamentary talents was acknowledged:

> Long had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
> Far, far superior to a cornet's name;
> This, gen'rous Walpole saw, and grieved to find
> So mean a post disgrac'd that noble mind.
> The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
> He took, and bade thee *lead the patriot band.*

Pitt (says Lord Mahon,) speedily showed that even in the thickest crowd there is room enough for him who can reach it over and above their heads! This pre-eminence was speedily attained by that extraordinary man, who at his outset was pitied for losing a Cornetcy of Horse, and who within twenty years had made himself the first man in England, and England the first country in the world.

PITT AND LORD COBHAM AT STOWE.

Pitt, from the time he lost his commission, seems to have been more intimately admitted to the confidence and esteem of Lord Cobham, the owner of the princely domain of Stowe, and who had been deprived by Walpole of his regiment in consequence of his parliamentary opposition. Thomson, in his *Autumn*, thus apostrophizes Pitt in

> The fair majestic paradise of Stowe . .
> . . . . . .
> And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
> There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
> Or in that temple,* where, in future times,
> Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
> And with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
> Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
> While there with thee the enchanted round I walk,
> The regulated wild, gay fancy then
> Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land;
> Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
> Correct her pencil to the purest truth
> Of Nature; or, the unimpassion'd shades
> Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
> Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
> Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her, thou!
> To mark the varied movements of the heart,

* The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks:—O, through her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
The attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts;
Of honest zeal the indignant lightning throws
And shakes corruption on her venal throne.

James Hammond has left the following courtly lines:

To Stowe's delightful scenes I now repair,
In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care . . .
There Pitt, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
With mild advice my listening grief shall charm,
With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
A Roman's virtue, with a Courtier's ease.

A visit of the Prince of Wales to Stowe gave rise to the following incident. The Prince and Mr. Pitt were walking in the gardens, apart from the general company, who followed at some distance. They were in earnest conversation, when Lord Cobham expressed his apprehension to one of his guests that Mr. Pitt would draw the Prince into some measures of which his Lordship disapproved. The guest observed that the *tête-à-tête* could not be of long duration. "Sir," said Lord Cobham, with eagerness, "you don't know Mr. Pitt's talent of insinuation: in a very short quarter of an hour he can persuade any one of anything."

In after years, when Mr. Pitt had been created Lord Chatham, he journeyed to Stowe, with unusual pomp and needless train of servants. Burke, writing from Beaconsfield, in 1769, says: "I ought to tell you that Lord Chatham passed my door on Friday morning in a *jimwhiskee* drawn by two horses, one before the other; he drove himself. His train was two coaches and six, with twenty servants, male and female. He was proceeding, with his whole family, Lady Chatham, two sons, and two daughters, to Stowe."

The Temple of Ancient Virtue, to which Thomson refers, is an Ionic rotunda in the grounds at Stowe: on the exterior over each door is inscribed "Priscæ Virtuti;" and in four niches within, are full-length statues of Lycurgus, Socrates, Homer, and Epaminondas, by Scheemakers, with an appropriate inscription under each figure.

Near the Palladian Bridge at Stowe is the Temple of Friendship, a large edifice of the Tuscan order, erected by Viscount Cobham to receive the busts of the political party of which he was a member. "Unfortunately," says Mr. Forster, in his notes to the *Stowe Catalogue*, "before Lord Cobham had completed his Temple, the whole party, of which he formed so prominent a member, was broken up." The busts, however, were sculptured by Scheemakers, and others, and placed in the temple on its completion; they were removed, on the edifice being out of repair, into the Grenville Vestibule of the mansion at Stowe, and were scattered at the sale in 1848, when the bust of Lord Chatham was purchased by Sir Robert Peel, for 28*l.* 7*s.*

The site of the Orangery, near the above Temple, was formerly a bowling-green; and here Mr. Thomas Grenville remembered, when a boy, to have played at bowls with his brothers, when Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, and George Grenville were spectators of the game.

In the collection at Stowe was a fine portrait of the Countess of Chatham, painted by Hudson, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At the sale at Stowe, in 1848, Lord Mahon became the purchaser of this beautiful portrait of the mother of Pitt, in which his marked and classic features are strongly developed. In the collection, also, was a portrait of Lord Chatham, by Hoare, now in the gallery of Sir Robert Peel; and engraved in the present volume. There was likewise at Stowe a portrait of Lord Chatham in crayons.

"THE ATROCIOUS CRIME OF BEING A YOUNG MAN."

One of the most celebrated of Pitt's philippics in Parliament was his reply, March 10, 1741, to the elder Horace Walpole, who, in the course of his speech, had directed towards Pitt some illiberal and personal remarks, reflecting upon his youth, and observed that the cause of truth was but little assisted by vehement gesture and theatrical emotion. The caustic satire of the reply is not to be exceeded.

"The atrocious crime (said Mr. Pitt,) of being a young

man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

"Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining: but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to simplicity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults.

"Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

"But youth is not my only crime! I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

"In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be computed, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised; I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition, yet, to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which

wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

"But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder. And if the honourable gentleman——"

Mr. Pitt was here interrupted by Mr. Winnington, who called him to order with much bitterness of language, and was himself proceeding in a more violent strain than that which he affected to condemn, when Mr. Pitt is said to have retorted upon him his own accusation in these spirited words:

"If this be to preserve order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongue; for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more severe, than that of speaking without any regard to truth? Order may sometimes be broken by passion or inadvertency, but will hardly be re-established by a monitor like this, who cannot govern his own passion whilst he is restraining the impetuosity of others.

"Happy would it be for mankind, if every one knew his own province: we should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge; nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others what he has not learned himself.

"That I may return, in some degree, the favour which he intends me, I will advise him never hereafter to exert himself on the subject of order; but whenever he finds himself inclined to speak on such occasions, to remember how he has

now succeeded, and condemn in silence what his censures will never reform."

These replies, as well as the speech which produced them, were originally written by Dr. Johnson, and afterwards inserted by Chandler in his debates.—(Thackeray's *History*, vol. i. p. 34.)

We know that Pitt's remarkable speech was modelled into its present shape by Dr. Johnson, and it is certainly a striking specimen of sententious sarcasm; but the balanced structure of the phrases and the measured amplification of the ideas are so entirely Johnsonian—so ultra-Johnsonian, indeed—that we are satisfied that it affords little resemblance to the vivid and energetic invective of the original. Archdeacon Coxe asserts, indeed, "that this celebrated retort existed only in Johnson's imagination," and repeats an anecdote, told him by Lord Sydney, to show "how slender was the foundation on which this supposed philippic was formed." In a debate in which Mr. Pitt and some of his young friends had violently attacked old Horace Walpole, the latter complained of the self-sufficiency of the young men of the day, on which Mr. Pitt got up with great warmth, beginning with these words: "With the greatest reverence for the grey hairs of the honourable gentleman," upon which Walpole pulled off his wig, and showed his head covered with grey hairs, which occasioned a general laughter, in which Pitt joined, and the dispute subsided.—(*Life of Walpole*, vol. ii. p. 184.)

Now, Lord Sydney's anecdote is perfectly true; for we find it told, at the time it happened, in one of the younger Horace's letters to Sir Horace Mann; but this does not decide the question: for however strange and improbable it may appear, that there should have been *two* incidents of this nature between the same parties, the fact seems certain. The affair of the wig occurred on the 21st of November, 1745, whereas the "celebrated retort" was delivered on the 10th of March, 1741, and is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year. So that Archdeacon Coxe was certainly mistaken in supposing that Johnson's report was an amplification of an event that did not happen till four years later.

Among the numerous vicissitudes of political friendships and enmities which Mr. Pitt's life exhibits, it is amusing to find fifteen years after this fierce encounter, old Horace and Mr. Pitt confidential friends, and the latter consulting, in 1755, as a kind of oracle, the political Nestor, on whom he had so long before as 1740 pronounced sentence of dotage.*

Sir Herbert Croft, in his compound of fact and fiction, called *Love and Madness*, has erroneously attributed the speech to Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, who thus notices the blunder in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Cole, March 13, 1780: "The Editor has in one place confounded me and my uncle; who, he says (as is true), checked Lord Chatham for being too forward a young man in 1740. In that year I was not even come into Parliament; and must have been absurd indeed if I had taunted Lord Chatham with youth, who was at least six or seven years younger than he was; and how could he reply by reproaching me with old age, who was not then twenty-three? I shall make no answer to these absurdities, nor to any part of the work. Blunder, I see, people will, and talk of what they do not understand! and what care I?"

HORACE WALPOLE AND MR. PITT.

Walpole was almost invariably the detractor of Mr. Pitt. In 1744, he tells us that "Pitt, who has alternately bullied and flattered Mr. Pelham, is at last to be Secretary-at-War." Then, support of the Ministry having failed to enable Mr. Pelham to introduce Mr. Pitt, he seems to have tried what a little opposition would do. On November 22, Walpole writes: "The Ministers had yesterday a *baiting* from Pitt, who is *ravenous for the place of Secretary-at-War;* they would give it him; but as a preliminary, he insists on a declaration of our having nothing to do with the Continent." The motion was to increase our naval force. In this motion, it appears that he was supported by Lyttelton and the Grenvilles, and that the whole party numbered but 36.—"In short," says Walpole, "he has nothing left but his *words*—his

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 131.—The date of the taunt is, however, 1741, although Walpole, above, gives it as 1740.

haughtiness—his Lytteltons, and his Grenvilles." Horace Walpole (says the *Quarterly Review*) had yet to learn how high *eloquence and grandeur of mind*—which he so flippantly calls "words" and "haughtiness"—were to carry Mr. Pitt.

Mr. Pelham had a much higher opinion of "the Great Commoner:" he is stated to have said that "Pitt had the dignity of Sir W. Wyndham, the wit of Mr. Pulteney, and the knowledge and judgment of Sir Robert Walpole."

Lord Macaulay has left a striking explanation of Horace Walpole's dislike of Mr. Pitt. When Walpole "chose to be humane and magnanimous,—for he sometimes, by way of variety, tried this affectation,—he overdid his part most ludicrously. None of his many disguises sat so awkwardly upon him. For example, he tells us that he did not choose to be intimate with Mr. Pitt. And why? Because Mr. Pitt had been among the persecutors of his father? Or because, as he repeatedly assures us, Mr. Pitt was a disagreeable man in private life? Not at all; but because Mr. Pitt was too fond of war, and was great with too little reluctance. Strange that a habitual scoffer like Walpole should imagine that this cant could impose on the dullest reader! Of the twenty-six years during which Walpole sat in Parliament, thirteen were years of war. Yet he did not, during all these thirteen years, utter a single word or give a single vote tending to peace. His most intimate friend, the only friend, indeed, to whom he appears to have been sincerely attached, Conway, was a soldier, was fond of his profession, and was perpetually entreating Mr. Pitt to give him employment. In this Walpole saw nothing but what was admirable. Conway was a hero for soliciting the command of expeditions which Mr. Pitt was a monster for sending out."

MR. PITT'S INTEGRITY.

There are two facts connected with Mr. Pitt's conduct during the time he held the office of Paymaster-General in the revenues of Ireland, and Treasurer of War, (to which he was appointed in 1746,) which reflect the highest honour

upon his name. The first of these was as follows:—When Mr. Pitt was first appointed to this office, it was customary that 100,000*l.* should be, by way of advance, in the Paymaster's hands. This money, in the time of Pitt's predecessors, was usually vested in government securities, and brought an annual return of 3000 or 4000 pounds, which were appropriated by the Paymaster to his private use. Mr. Pitt, however, declined to avail himself of such a precedent. He instantly placed in the Bank of England every sum belonging to his office, without appropriating a shilling to his private use. He did not, as his predecessors had done, invest it in the funds, or derive the smallest interest from the capital. The second fact is no less honourable to Mr. Pitt. When the English Parliament granted subsidies to the King of Sardinia and the Queen of Hungary, instead of receiving a profit of one and a half per cent. as a perquisite of office, as had been customary in such cases, Mr. Pitt disdained to profit by it. On the King of Sardinia being informed of Pitt's departure from the custom of his predecessors, he desired his agent to offer to the Paymaster, as a royal present, the sum which he had refused as a perquisite of office; but he declined to accept the present in firm but respectful terms.

We may here observe how high, even before he had filled any Cabinet office, or done any great public service, Pitt stood in the estimation of his colleagues, and how frank and cordial had been his conduct towards them. "I think him," writes Pelham to Newcastle, "the most able and useful man we have amongst us; truly honourable and strictly honest. He is as firm a friend to us as we can wish for, and a more useful one there does not exist."

PITT'S LEGACIES.

Walpole estimates Pitt as little better than a legacy-hunter. He tells us, in his *Last Journals*, that when the scholar and antiquary, Thomas Hollis, disgusted with the servility of the times, had retired to Lyme, in Dorsetshire, Mr. Pitt there made court to him, and it was supposed, ex-

pected his estate. It is confidently asserted that a little before his death, which happened as he was walking in his garden, on New Year's Day, 1744, Mr. Hollis had sent to Pitt for the Christian names of all his children; but dying of apoplexy, his estate, by a will made long before, came to a distant relation, Thomas Brand, the antiquary.

In the same year, 1744, the old Duchess of Marlborough died; and as she had been decidedly the best hater of her time, the fate of her vast property was a subject of much speculation. Pope, long before her death, predicted

> To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
> Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pitt was then one of the poor; and to him Heaven directed a portion of the wealth of the haughty Dowager. By a codicil to her will, dated August 12, 1744, she left Mr. Pitt a legacy of ten thousand pounds, upon account of his merit, in "the noble defence he had made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country." The Duchess died in the month of October following, and the money was paid to Mr. Pitt.

IMPERFECT REPORTS OF LORD CHATHAM'S SPEECHES.

"It is singular (says Lord Brougham) how much of Lord Chatham, who flourished within the memory of the present generation, still rests upon vague tradition. As a statesman, indeed, he is known to us by the events which history has recorded to have happened under his administration. Yet even of his share in bringing these about, little has been preserved in detail. So, fragments of his speeches have been handed down to us, but these bear so very small a proportion to the prodigious fame which his eloquence has left behind it, that far more is manifestly lost than has reached us.

"The imperfect state of Parliamentary reporting is the great cause of this blank. From the time of his entering the House of Commons to that of his quitting it, the privilege of Parliament almost wholly precluded the possibility of regular and full accounts of debates being communicated to the public,

At one period they were given under feigned names, as if held in the Senate of Rome by the ancient orators and statesmen; at another, they were conveyed under the initials only of the names borne by the real speakers. . . . . Thus, many of Lord Chatham's earlier speeches in the House of Commons, as now preserved, were avowedly the composition of Dr. Johnson, whose measured style, formal periods, balanced antitheses, and total want of pure, racy English, betray their author at every line, while each debater is made to speak exactly in the same manner."

Almon, the bookseller, of Piccadilly, apologizes for his reports of the speeches of Mr. Pitt not preserving his language or phrase, though they were printed in the Parliamentary debates of the period. They were furnished by Dr. Gordon, a minister of the church of Scotland, originally for the *London Magazine*, when Dr. Johnson had ceased to write the speeches for the *Gentleman's Magazine;* or rather, when Cave, the printer of that miscellany, was punished for printing them. Gordon's practice was to go to the coffee-houses contiguous to Westminster Hall, where he frequently heard the members conversing with each other upon what had passed in the House; sometimes he gained admission into the gallery; and as he was known to a few of the members, two or three of them, upon particular occasions, furnished him with information.

Thackeray acknowledges that in seeking materials for his *History of Lord Chatham*, he found his speeches so badly reported that he considered it "necessary to adapt the phraseology to a closer resemblance to Chatham's style." We have, therefore, but few opportunities of judging for ourselves by examining the specimens that remain of Chatham's composition; although the testimony of contemporaries enables us to appreciate much of the effect of his eloquence, which, in this respect, at least, has surpassed any known in modern times.

The debates upon the American Stamp Act, in 1766, are the first that can be said to have been preserved at all, through

the happy accident of Lord Charlemont, assisted by Sir Robert Deane, taking an extraordinary interest in the subject as bearing on the grievances in Ireland; and accordingly they handed down to us some notes, from internal evidence, plainly authentic, of Lord Chatham's celebrated speeches upon that question.

A few remains of his great displays in the House of Lords have, in like manner, been preserved, chiefly in the two speeches reported by Mr. Hugh Boyd; the second of which, the most celebrated of all, upon the employment of the Indians in the American war, there is reason to believe was revised and corrected by Lord Chatham himself; and if so, it was certainly the only one that ever underwent his revision.

Almon was a compiler and publisher of Anecdotes of celebrated political persons of his time, and editor of several political journals, with various success. He was prosecuted and fined for selling *Junius's Letters to the* * * *. By the patronage of Lord Temple and his friends Almon had established himself in business, and his shop became the great resort of the Opposition of the day: he was succeeded by Debrett, the Peerage publisher. Almon issued, for some years, *The Foundling Hospital for Wit;* his last work was his *Correspondence of Wilkes*, in five 8vo volumes. His most popular compilation was, however, his *Anecdotes of the Life of the Earl of Chatham*, 4 vols., which reached a seventh edition, and long remained the only published account of this great man. It is, nevertheless, a very weak production. Archdeacon Coxe, in his *Memoirs of Walpole*, says of Almon's book: "I think it a duty I owe to the public, in mentioning this wretched compilation, to declare, that from the access I have had to the papers and documents of the times, I find the Life of the Earl of Chatham superficial and inaccurate, principally drawn from newspapers and party pamphlets, interspersed, perhaps, with a few anecdotes communicated in desultory conversations by Earl Temple. In affecting to give a volume of important State papers, the Editor has raked together a collection of speeches, memorials,

and letters, the greater part of which are derived from periodical publications."

MR. PITT'S GREAT SPEECH ON BRIBERY, AT THE BERWICK ELECTION.

An interesting and accurate account of Mr. Pitt's style of oratory, and its prodjgious effect on his audience, may be found in a letter of Mr. Fox, his distinguished contemporary, to his friend Lord Hartington, published in the appendix to Lord Waldegrave's *Memoirs*.

"Nov. 26, 1754.

"I did not come in till the close of the finest speech that ever Pitt made, and perhaps the most remarkable.

"Mr. Wilkes, *a friend, it seems, of Pitt's*, petitioned against the younger Delaval, chosen at Berwick, on account of bribery only. The younger Delaval made a speech on his being thus attacked, full of wit, humour, and buffoonery, which kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. Mr. Pitt came down from the gallery, and took it up in his highest tone of dignity. 'He was astonished when he heard what had been the occasion of their mirth. Was the dignity of the House of Commons on so sure foundations, that they might venture themselves to shake it? Had it not, on the contrary, by gradations been diminishing for years, till now we were brought to the very brink of the precipice, where, if ever, a stand must be made?' High compliments to the Speaker,—eloquent exhortations to Whigs 'of all conditions, to defend their attacked and expiring liberty,' &c. 'Unless you will degenerate into a *little assembly, serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject*,' (laying on the words *one* and *subject* the most remarkable emphasis.) I have verified these words by five or six different people, so that your lordship may be assured they were his very words. When I came in, he was recapitulating, and ended with '*our being designed* or *likely* (I cannot tell which he said) *to be an appendix to*—*I know*

not what—I have no name for it.' Displeased, as well as pleased, allow it to be the finest speech that was ever made and it was observed, that, by his first two periods, he brought the house to a silence and attention, that you might have heard a pin drop. Except the words marked, observe that I do not pretend to give your lordship his words, but only the purport of his speech, of which a good deal was on bribery, I suppose, and the manner of treating it, which so much tended to lower, what was already too low, the authority of the House of Commons. The Speaker shook him by the hand, ready to shake it off; which, I hear, gave almost as great offence as the speech itself. I just now hear the Duke of Newcastle was in the utmost fidget, and that it spoiled his stomach yesterday."

According to another ear-witness, "this thunderbolt thrown in a sky so long serene, confounded the audience. Murray crouched silent and terrified. Legge scarce rose to say, with great humility, that he had been raised solely by the Whigs, and if he fell sooner or later, he should pride himself in nothing but in being a Whig."

Mr. Butler remarks that in this speech it was the manner, not the words, that did the wonder. This, however, used to escape the observation of the hearers; they were quite blind to Lord Chatham's manner, and ascribed the whole to what he said. Judging of this by the effect it produced on them, they concluded that what he said was infinitely finer than it really was, or even than any words could be. This was one of the most marvellous qualities of his oratory.

Wilkes told Mr. Butler, that when Mr. Pitt rose and began to speak in the solemn and austere manner above mentioned, he thought the thunder was to fall upon him; and he declared, never, while he was at Westminster, had he felt greater terror, when he was called up to be chastised, than he did, while the uncertainty lasted; or felt greater jubilation when he was pardoned, than when he found the bolt was destined to another head.

MR. PITT AND MURRAY, (LORD MANSFIELD.)

Two days after Pitt's great speech on Bribery, on Nov. 27th, he made two other brilliant speeches ostensibly against *Jacobitism*—but, in both speeches, writes Mr. Fox, "every word was Murray, yet so managed that neither he nor anybody else could or did take any notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sate next to Murray, who *suffered for an hour.*"

It was, perhaps, on this occasion, that Pitt used an expression that was once in everybody's mouth. After Murray had suffered for some time, Pitt stopped, threw his eyes around, then fixing their whole power on Murray, said: "I must now address a few words to Mr. Solicitor: they shall be few,—but shall be daggers!" Murray was agitated;—the look was continued,—the agitation increased;—"Judge Festus trembles!" exclaimed Pitt,—"he shall hear me some other day!" He sat down; Murray made no reply; and a languid debate is said to have shown the paralysis of the House.

MR. PITT'S PITTICKS.

When in the autumn of 1755 a subsidiary treaty had been signed with Russia, within a few days, and before the treaties had received the sanction of Parliament, a draught for 100,000*l.* on amount of the Russian subsidy was presented at the British exchequer. Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, consulted Mr. Pitt; they concurred in refusing to pay the bill. Parliament met on the 13th of November, and exhibited the extraordinary scene of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Paymaster opposing the treaties of the Crown, both in their details and principles. On this occasion Mr. Pitt renewed his "*Pitticks*," as Horace Walpole calls them, against the Electorate and all the other objects of the King's personal predilection. The Ministry he treated still more severely. In a letter to General Conway, (Nov. 17, 1755,) after mentioning the brilliant "single speech" of Mr. Hamilton, he proceeds:

"You will ask what can be beyond this? Nothing—but what was beyond what ever was—and that was Pitt. He spoke at past one for an hour and thirty-five minutes. There was more humour, wit, vivacity, fine language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not very abusive, yet very attacking on all sides. He ridiculed My Lord Hillsborough; crushed poor Sir George (Lyttleton); crucified the attorney (Murray); lashed My Lord Granville; painted My Lord of Newcastle; attacked Mr. Fox; and even hinted up to the Duke of Cumberland himself."

"THE COUSINHOOD."

In 1754, Pitt took to wife Lady Hester Grenville, sister of Earl Temple—a marriage which, while it secured his domestic happiness, strengthened his political connexion. Henceforth, the family of Grenville, flourishing both in its main-stem and in its branches, and surnamed by those who envied or opposed it, "the Cousinhood,"—continued to play a conspicuous and important part on the scene of politics. Lord Macaulay has computed that within the space of fifty years, three First Lords of the Treasury, three Secretaries of State, two Keepers of the Privy Seal, and four First Lords of the Admiralty, were appointed from among the sons and grandsons of the first Countess Temple.

INVASION PANIC.

During the winter of 1755, and until the close of the Session in May, 1756, England was stirred with constantly-recurring alarms of a French invasion. Scarce a French sail appeared in the Channel but it was expanded by popular rumour into a hostile flotilla. Our national confidence had dwindled under our pusillanimous rulers; a little longer, and we might all have sunk to the level of Newcastle. "I want," exclaimed Pitt, in a tone becoming an Englishman, "to call this country out of that enervate state that 20,000 men from France could shake it."

LORD CHATHAM'S LETTERS.

Wilkes designates Chatham as "the best orator and worst letter-writer of his age;" and the publication of his Lordship's Correspondence fully corroborates this remark. His style of mind, manners, and expression was of too high a scale to be gracefully lowered to the familiar or colloquial. It seems as if he thought it necessary to conduct the most ordinary correspondence, as Virgil was said to manure his fields, with an air of dignity; even in his affectionate letters to his wife and children he appears to descend with reluctance from his pedestal; and most readers, we think, will be of opinion that he makes a much more interesting and striking figure in Horace Walpole's *Letters* than in *his own*.

PITT'S PEERS.

Wilkes frequently noticed the multitude of Peers created during Mr. Pitt's administration, as a circumstance likely to be attended with an important consequence, not generally foreseen. "While the new relation between the minister and the new-made peers shall subsist, their subserviency," he used to say, "to his measures will continue; but when this relation ceases, the probability is, that, as succeeding ministers will not have the means of attaching them, they will form a silent, sulky opposition,—a dead weight on every administration. Will it not then be found that the descendants of Mr. Pitt's peers will be mutes to strangle his successors?"

THE COALITION OF NEWCASTLE AND FOX—THE RHONE AND SAONE.

In the Session of 1755, in the long debate upon the Address, in the House of Commons, Mr. Pitt achieved a great oratorical triumph. Horace Walpole, who was present, well describes Pitt as haughty, defiant, conscious of recent injury, and of supreme ability. "He surpassed himself, and then I need not tell you that he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal,

laboured, cabinet orations make by the side of his manly vivacity and dashing eloquence, at one o'clock in the morning, after sitting in that heat for eleven hours! He spoke above an hour and a half, with scarce a bad sentence." Of this splendid declamation against the treaties of subsidy by far the greater part has perished; one elaborate passage, however, on the coalition between Newcastle and Fox, is happily preserved. "It strikes me now," said Pitt, raising his hand suddenly to his forehead, "I remember that at Lyons I was taken to see the conflux of the Rhone and Saone,—the one a gentle, feeble, languid stream, and though languid of no depth,—the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent,—but different as they are they meet at last,—and long," he added, with bitter irony, "long may they continue united, to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and security of their nation."

The two rivals were still, it appears, on familiar terms. After the debate, Fox asked Pitt, "Who is the Rhone?". Pitt answered, "Is that a fair question?" "Why," said Fox, "as you have said so much that I did not desire to hear, you may tell me one thing that I would hear. Am I the Rhone, or Lord Granville?" Pitt answered, "You are Granville." Lord Temple, no bad commentator of Pitt's meaning, said, that "the Rhone meant the Duke, Fox, and Lord Granville; the Saone, the Duke of Newcastle, the Chancellor, and Murray." Yet (says Thackeray) it was generally understood that the former was personal to Fox, the latter to Newcastle. The description, *languid, yet of no depth*, was scarcely applicable to the Chancellor, by no means to Murray.

It has been surmised that Pitt adapted this comparison from a passage in Lord Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse:* possibly, he may have merely quoted the lines of Roscommon, and may have converted his quotation into prose. Lord Roscommon says:

> Thus *have I seen* a rapid headlong tide,
> With foaming waves the passive Saone divide,

Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
Whilst he with eager force urg'd his *impetuous* way.

Such is the conjecture of Mr. W. Ewart, in No. 193 of *Notes and Queries;* but the circumstantiality with which Pitt relates—"I was taken to see the conflux," has in it a semblance of truth; and had the change which Mr. Ewart conjectures been made, it would most probably have been noted by Walpole, who heard the speech.

HOW THE PITT MINISTRY WAS FORMED.

When, in 1756, the administration of the Duke of Newcastle had proved intolerably unpopular, Mr. Pitt was become, even in the opinion of the King himself, an inevitable necessity. The first project was to graft him on the old stock, but he boldly refused to take any part until the Duke of Newcastle should be dislodged. He likewise refused, civilly but firmly, to act with Mr. Fox, who thereupon suddenly resigned. The Duke, much offended with Fox, held on, and attempted other arrangements—all failing, he was himself (in November, 1756) obliged to abdicate, after having filled the offices of Secretary of State and First Lord of the Treasury for thirty-two years. The King had now no alternative but Mr. Pitt and his friends. Pitt took for himself the office of Secretary of State, and provided for all the Pittite connexion; during all these arrangements Mr. Pitt being confined by the gout—conveniently enough to a man of his taste, who professed to hate the personal details of patronage. The King was exceedingly averse to the whole system, both principles and persons, and was particularly displeased at the speech put into his mouth by the new ministers—a feeling which he evinced pleasantly enough:—A printer was prosecuted for publishing a spurious speech, on which the King expressed "a hope that the man's punishment might be of the mildest sort, for he had read both speeches, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own."

"At last," writes Walpole, "after an interval of eleven

weeks, the ministry was settled, and kissed hands on the 29th (June, 1757). The Duke of Newcastle returned to the Treasury, with Legge for his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pitt and Lord Holdernesse were Secretaries of State. Lord Temple had the Privy Seal in the room of Lord Gower, who was made Master of the Horse. Fox accepted the Pay-office, professing great content, and that he should offend neither in thought, word, nor deed; and Lord Anson was restored to the Admiralty."

Waldegrave has this amusing note: "On the day they were all to kiss hands, I went to Kensington to entertain myself with the innocent, or perhaps ill-natured amusement of examining the different countenances. The behaviour of Pitt and his party was decent and sensible: they had neither the insolence of men who had gained victory, nor were they awkward and disconcerted, like those who come to a place where they know they are not welcome; but as to the Duke of Newcastle, and his friends the resigners, there was a mixture of fear and shame on their countenances; they were the real objects of compassion."

"From this period," say the Editors of the *Chatham Correspondence*, "commenced the brilliant era, justly called Mr. Pitt's Administration; in which he became the soul of the British counsels, conciliated the goodwill of the King, infused a new spirit into the nation, and curbed the united efforts of the House of Bourbon." Yet, in a letter from Lord Chesterfield to Mr. Dayrolles, we find this reversed picture of the state of affairs at this moment:—"Whoever is in, or whoever is out, I am sure we are undone, both at home and abroad: at home, by our increasing debt and expenses; abroad, by our ill-luck and incapacity. The King of Prussia, the only ally we had in the world, is now, I fear, *hors de combat*. Hanover I look upon to be, by this time, in the same situation with Saxony; the fatal consequence of which is but too obvious. The French are masters to do what they please in America. *We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect.*"

"Now," says the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 133, "began that brilliant period of our history, Mr. Pitt's administration; and however liable to the imputations of faction and inconsistency was his road to power, it cannot be denied that he exercised it with patriotism, spirit, and success. At his succession, the fortunes of England and her allies were at the lowest ebb: discord at home; disasters abroad; a general despondency. His appointment seemed, like an electric shock, to awake and vivify and invigorate all. It may be said that many of his projects were injudicious, and many of his measures failures; that he owed something to luck, and a great deal to the indomitable spirit and astonishing success of the King of Prussia. All this is true; but it rather enhances than detracts from the fame of the man, that his projects, even when injudicious, were noble; that he triumphed over failures; seemed to guide Fortune; and was capable of appreciating the genius, of invigorating the spirit, and of anticipating and improving the successes of Frederick the Great."*

This year Mr. Pitt purchased Hayes Place, a short distance from Bromley, on the road to Sevenoaks. This became the favourite residence of the statesman: here his second son, William Pitt, was born in 1759; and here Lord Chatham breathed his last. In a future page will be found a description of Hayes Place, and other of Lord Chatham's residences.

MR. PITT AND THE SENTENCE ON ADMIRAL BYNG.

The conduct of Mr. Pitt in the affair of Admiral Byng,

* This year the Duke of Grafton died. He was a few days older than the King, (George II.); had been Lord Chamberlain during the whole reign; and had a particular manner of talking to his master on all subjects, and of touching upon the most tender points, which no other person ever ventured to imitate. He usually turned politics into ridicule; had never applied himself to business; and as to books, was totally ignorant: yet from long observation, and great natural sagacity, he became the ablest courtier of his time; had the most perfect knowledge both of King and ministers; and had more opportunities than any man of doing good or bad offices. He was a great teaser, and had an established right of saying what he pleased.—*Waldegrave's Memoirs, from 1754 to 1758.*

who suffered death from an error of judgment in command, in 1757, has been much impugned. It seems to be generally admitted that Pitt was willing that the unhappy officer should be pardoned. He ventured to put both his power and his popularity to hazard in Parliament, and, with true spirit, avowed himself on the side of mercy. He wished it might be extended to the prisoner, and owned he thought more good would come from mercy than rigour. The next day he moved the King for mercy, but was cut very short: nor did his Majesty remember to ask his usual question, "Whether there were any favourable circumstances?" But the King was inexorable. "The House of Commons, Sir," said Pitt, "seems inclined to mercy." "Sir," answered the King, "you have taught me to look for the sense of my people in other places than the House of Commons." The saying has more point than most of those which are recorded of George the Second, and, though sarcastically meant, contains a high and just compliment to Pitt.

Pitt appeared to wish to throw the unpopularity of the act on the King personally. "This," says the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 131, "if true, was a lamentable deficiency of moral courage and of right feeling, and a grave error in a constitutional point of view. We, however, confess we have some doubt of what has been stated of Mr. Pitt's sentiments on this melancholy occasion. Mr. Pitt must have known the sentence to have been not only legal but just,—for else, he, who permitted the execution, would have been guilty of the worst of murder; but we really doubt whether he really thought it a case for the royal mercy—for when a respite of the sentence became unavoidable, in consequence of the parliamentary inquiry into some circumstances connected with the court-martial, Mr. Pitt himself announced it in a message from the King—worded with superfluous severity, for the obvious purpose of removing all suspicion that the respite implied any disposition to pardon, if the sentence should be found legal. It begins thus:

"His Majesty, agreeably to his royal word, for the sake of

justice, and of example to the discipline of the Navy, and for the safety and honour of the nation, *was determined to have let the law take its course* with relation to Admiral Byng, upon Monday next, and *resisted all solicitations to the contrary.*"

After stating that the King thinks it right to suspend the execution till the alleged illegality be inquired into, it concludes:

"His Majesty is *determined to let the sentence be carried into execution*, unless it shall appear from the said examination that Admiral Byng was unjustly condemned."

"Surely," adds the Reviewer, "Mr. Pitt—though he spoke in a sharp debate which followed with becoming humanity towards the prisoner—could not have penned and presented this message, if he had not fully determined in his own mind that the sentence, if legally valid, was morally just, and ought to be carried into execution."*

MR. PITT INTRUSTS GEN. WOLFE WITH THE EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC.

When, in 1759, Pitt had prepared his scheme for the conquest of Canada, Wolfe, who had just returned to England, after the conquest of Cape Breton, lost no time in offering his services to the minister. Pitt, on his part, bravely set at defiance the claims of seniority on this most important occasion. Had he consulted these claims only,—had he, like many Ministers before and after him, thought the Army List an unerring guide,—he might, probably, have sent out to

* Admiral Byng was shot on board the *Monarch*, ship of war, at Spithead, March 14, 1757. The following bold inscription was cut upon his tomb at South-hill, Bedfordshire:

"TO THE PERPETUAL DISGRACE OF PUBLIC JUSTICE,
THE HONOURABLE JOHN BYNG FELL A MARTYR TO
POLITICAL PERSECUTION, MARCH 14, 1757;
WHEN BRAVERY AND LOYALTY WERE INSUFFICIENT SECURITIES
FOR THE LIFE AND HONOUR OF
A NAVAL OFFICER."

GENERAL WOLFE AT HAYES.

See page 33.

Canada a veteran experienced and brave, but no longer quick and active, and might, perhaps, have received in return a most eloquent and conclusive apology for being beaten, or for standing still!

After Wolfe's appointment, and on the day preceding his embarkation for America, Pitt, desirous of giving his last verbal instructions, invited him to dinner, Lord Temple being the only other guest. As the evening advanced, Wolfe, heated, perhaps, by his own aspiring thoughts, and the unwonted society of statesmen, broke forth into a strain of gasconade and bravado. He drew his sword, he rapped the table with it, he flourished it round the room, he talked of the mighty things which that sword was to achieve. The two Ministers sat aghast at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and real spirit. And when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the high opinion which his deliberate judgment had formed of Wolfe: he lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple: "Good God! that I should have intrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!" This story was told by Lord Temple himself to the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville, the friend of Lord Mahon, who, with the consent of the narrator, in 1844, inserted the same in his *History of England*, vol. iv. Lord Temple also told Mr. Grenville that on the evening in question Wolfe had partaken most sparingly of wine, so that this ebullition could not have been the effect of any excess. The incident affords a striking proof how much a fault of manner may obscure and disparage high excellence of mind. Lord Mahon adds: "It confirms Wolfe's own avowal, that he was not seen to advantage in the common occurrences of life, and shows how shyness may at intervals rush, as it were, for refuge, into the opposite extreme; but it should also lead us to view such defects of manner with indulgence, as proving that they may co-exist with the highest ability and the purest virtue."

Mr. Wood, then Under-Secretary of State, used to relate

the following instance of the Minister's firmness in making the arrangements for this Expedition:

"Mr. Pitt had appointed Mr. Wolfe to command at the siege of Quebec, and as he told him that he could not give him so many forces as he wanted for that Expedition, he would make it up to him as well as he could, by giving him the appointment of all his officers. Mr. Wolfe sent in his list, included in which was a gentleman who was obnoxious to the Sovereign, then George the Second, for some advice which, as a military man, he had given to his son, the Duke of Cumberland. Lord Ligonier, then Commander-in-Chief, took in the list to the King, who (as he expected) made some objection to a particular name, and refused to sign the commission. Mr. Pitt sent him into the closet a second time with no better success. Lord Ligonier refused to go in a third time at Pitt's suggestion. He was, however, told that he should lose his place if he did not; and that on presenting the name to the Sovereign, he should tell him the peculiar situation of the state of the Expedition, and that in order to make any General completely responsible for his conduct, he should be made, as much as possible, inexcusable, if he does not succeed; and that, in consequence, whatever an officer, who was intrusted with any service of confidence and of consequence, desired, should (if possible) be complied with. Lord Ligonier went in a third time, and told his Sovereign what he was directed to tell him. The good sense of the Monarch so completely disarmed his prejudice, that he signed the particular commission, as he was desired."

Cowper has this touching reference to Pitt and Wolfe:

> Time was when it was praise and boast enough
> In every clime, and travel where we might,
> That we were born her children: *praise enough*
> To fill the ambition of a private man,
> *That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,*
> *And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.*
> Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
> The hope of such hereafter. They have fallen,
> Each in his field of glory: one in arms,
> And one in council.—Wolfe upon the lap

Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown
If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set.

—*The Task*, book ii.

Southey remarks, in a note: "Cowper wrote from his own recollection here. In one of his letters, he says: 'Nothing could express my rapture when Wolfe made the conquest of Quebec.'"

STORIES OF A VACANT GARTER.

Towards the close of George the Second's reign, when Mr. Pitt occupied a principal place in the Cabinet, Lord Falmouth (better known as Admiral Boscawen) waited on him at his levee, and stated his wish to be recommended to His Majesty for the first vacant Garter. Mr. Pitt expressed his reluctance to lay the request before the King, and manifested some disapprobation of the demand itself. "You will be pleased, Sir, to remember," said Lord Falmouth, "that I bring in five votes, who go with the Ministry in the House of Commons; and if my application is disregarded, you must take the consequence." "Your Lordship threatens me!" replied the Minister with warmth; "you may, therefore, be assured, that so long as I hold a place in the Councils of the Crown, you shall never receive the Order of the Garter." Then, turning round, he exclaimed, addressing himself to those near him: "Optat Ephippia Bos piger." Lord Falmouth, comprehending nothing of the meaning of these words, but conceiving that the monosyllable *Bos* must allude to his name, requested to be informed what the Minister meant by so calling him. "The observation," replied Mr. Pitt, "is not mine, but Horace's." As little familiar with the name of the Roman poet as with his writings, Lord Falmouth, apprehending that

Horace Walpole had said something severe or disrespectful concerning him, under that second mistake, "If Horace Walpole," said he, "has taken any liberties with my name, I shall know how to resent it. His father, Sir Robert, when he was alive, and First Minister, never presumed so to treat me." Having thus expressed himself, he quitted Mr. Pitt, leaving the audience in astonishment at his double misapprehension. Yet the statesman and the hero entertained a high opinion of each other. Lord Chatham, when Prime Minister, once said to Admiral Boscawen: "When I apply to other officers respecting any Expedition I may chance to project, they always raise difficulties; *you* always find expedients." Of Chatham, Boscawen said: "He alone can carry on the war, and he alone should be permitted to make the peace."

In the autumn of 1759, an incident occurred which had nearly led to Mr. Pitt's resignation. Lord Temple, (First Lord of the Admiralty,) who was altogether displeasing to the King, asked for the vacant Garter, through the Duke of Newcastle, out of delicacy, as he stated, concealing the solicitation from Mr. Pitt. When the affair came to Mr. Pitt's knowledge, he, without any concert with Lord Temple, urged his suit with great earnestness, as a *personal favour* to be done to himself; but finding that the King was not disposed to comply, he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle an unreasonable letter, in which he said:

"Unconscious as I am of want of fidelity and diligence, in sustaining the vast and dangerous load his Majesty has been pleased to lay upon my feeble shoulders, I will forbear now and for ever entering into a subject where I may possibly judge amiss, and wherein, above all things, I most wish not greatly to err. I shall, therefore, rest it on the judgment of others, at all times much better than mine, whether, considering Lord Temple's station and my own, the pretension in question has anything in it exorbitant, or derogatory to the King's honour, or contrary to the good of his affairs. All I mean at present to trouble your Grace with is to desire, that *when next my reluctant steps shall bring me up the stairs of*

Kensington, and mix me with the dust of the antechamber, I may know, once for all, whether the King continues finally inexorable and obdurate to all such united entreaties and remonstrances, as, except towards me and mine, never fail of success."

It is a strange contrast to Mr. Pitt's proud and proudly expressed contempt for "the dust of the antechamber," that the object of this indignation was no greater than a riband for Lord Temple—to which the two other candidates—Prince Ferdinand, who had just won the battle of Crevelt—and the Marquis of Rockingham, who had an old promise—had infinitely better claims; and still less justifiable is Mr. Pitt's readiness to cast off "the vast and dangerous load" of public interests which was at that moment imposed upon him, on account of this comparatively trifling offence. Lord Temple thereupon resigned, but returned to office in a few days, and in the following February was invested with the Garter; Mr. Pitt's fame and popularity having risen during the discussion to a great height, through the arrival of the news of Wolfe's victory and the capture of Quebec.

GEORGE THE SECOND AND MR. PITT.

The indiscreet and offensive language of Mr. Pitt, early in life, towards George II., had, it is believed, the effect—more injurious to the interests of the country than even to his own—of keeping him out of efficient office at a time when he might have served the State with distinction, and his own mind might have been trained to habits of practical business, which he never afterwards attained.

On the 10th of December, 1742, in the debate in parliament on the maintenance of 16,000 Hungarian troops in the pay of Great Britain, for the alleged support of the Queen of Hungary,—Mr. Pitt delivered a speech remarkable, not only as an indication of personal feeling, but for the serious and important results which it produced. In this Philippic he attacked not merely the Electorate of Hanover, but even the Elector himself, with peculiar, and in those times

very startling, asperity. "If," he asked, "*our* assistance to the Queen of Hungary be an act of *honesty*, why may it not be equally required of *Hanover?* If it be an act of *generosity*, why should this country alone be expected to sacrifice her interests for those of others? or why should the *Elector of Hanover exert his liberality at the expense of Great Britain?*

"It is too apparent, Sir, that this powerful, this great, this mighty nation is considered only as a *province to a despicable Electorate*. . . . . How much reason the transactions of every year have given for suspecting this *absurd, ungrateful, and perfidious partiality*, it is not necessary to declare! To dwell on all the *instances of that partiality*, and the *yearly visits which have been paid to that* DELIGHTFUL *country*—to reckon up all the sums that have been spent to aggrandize and enrich it, would be an irksome and invidious task, invidious to those who are afraid to be told the truth, and irksome to those who are unwilling to hear of the *dishonour* and *injuries* of their country!"

This, in any times, would be thought violent language, and there can be little doubt that the force of what was really spoken was attenuated in the report; but when we recall to memory the predilection of George the Second for his German dominions, we cannot but admit that this speech sounds like a personal defiance of the Sovereign, and that whatever disinclination His Majesty might previously have had on other grounds to admit Mr. Pitt into office, he had now a direct and personal cause of displeasure which no candid man can call unreasonable.

At the opening of the next session, Mr. Pitt was still more offensive. In the recess, the battle of Dettingen, won by George II. in person, had not only vindicated in public opinion the conduct of the war and the employment of the Hanoverian troops, but raised the personal character of the King, and very much gratified his private feelings. On the meeting of parliament, (1st December, 1743,) the usual address was on this occasion seasoned with congratulations to the King on his victory, and with thanks "to Divine Providence, for the

protection of His Majesty's sacred person, amidst the imminent dangers to which his invaluable life had been exposed," &c. Mr. Pitt opposed the address in a great speech, which was reported in the *London Magazine* at considerable length. Although the energy and spirit are but imperfectly given in the report, there is enough to show how personally offensive it must have been to the King. Mr. Pitt thus depreciated the success, and censured the conduct of the royal hero of Dettingen:

"The ardour of the British troops was restrained by the *cowardice of the Hanoverians*, and, instead of pursuing the enemy, we ourselves ran away in the night with such haste, that we left all our wounded to the mercy and care of the enemy, who had the honour of burying our dead as well as their own. This action may, therefore, be called, on our side, a fortunate *escape;* I shall never give my consent to honouring it with the name of *victory*."

As to the statements of the King's personal gallantry, he more than insinuated that they were "false," and asks—

"Suppose, Sir, it should appear that His Majesty was exposed to *few or no dangers* abroad, but those to which he is daily liable at home, such as the *overturning of his coach*, or *the stumbling of his horse*, would not the address proposed, instead of being a compliment, be an affront and insult to the Sovereign? Now, what assurance have we that all these facts will not turn out as I have imagined?"

"Unless (says the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 131) we carry ourselves back into those times, and imagine such sentiments as these, enforced by the most rapid variety and volubility of diction—the most impressive and commanding powers of utterance—the most energetic yet dignified action—an eye that flashed lightning to the thunder of his voice—and an air of supreme, not to say audacious, authority over his audience—unless, we say, we endeavour to picture to ourselves the Mr. Pitt of that day, we shall have a very inadequate idea of the peculiarity of his position, or of the difficulties in which the self-relying impetuosity of his character

involved almost equally his enemies, his friends, and himself."

Mr. Pitt, however, managed to conciliate George the Second by other means. The Ministry took advantage of the great popularity of the Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden to propose for His Royal Highness a parliamentary pension of 25,000*l.* a year, into which Mr. Pitt came so warmly, that the King—with great tact, whether it was a compliment or a snare—desired that this proposition should be made by Mr. Pitt; but the Duke of Cumberland thought it more proper, as it certainly was, that it should be introduced by the first Minister, Mr. Pelham. The ice that had impeded Mr. Pitt's advance was now broken; and in about three months after his admission into office, the death of Sir Thomas Winnington made way for his advancement to that of Paymaster of the Forces, which, for emoluments and consideration, was always considered next to the cabinet; and in those days was often held by persons like Mr. Pitt, more really important than many who sat in the cabinet.

At length, Mr. Pitt completely won over the King. It was at the audience with his Majesty, in 1757, that the following remarkable sentences (repeated by Lord Nugent, many years afterwards in the House of Commons) were uttered by the Sovereign and his minister. Mr. Pitt—"Sire, give me your confidence, and I will deserve it." The King —"Deserve my confidence, and you shall have it." Lord Nugent added, that Mr. Pitt, at length, won so upon the King, that he was able to turn his very partialities in favour of Germany to the benefit of his country.

Mr. Pitt treated George II. with profound respect. No infirmity, occasioned by disease, not even the solicitation of his Majesty, could prevail upon Pitt to be seated in his presence. When he was not able to stand, he received his commands kneeling upon a stool; with which the King expressed himself highly gratified to one of his attendants, after the first audience.

MR. PITT'S RESIGNATION OF OFFICE.

Mr. Burke, who wrote the historical portion of the *Annual Register* for the year 1761, says, that "when Mr. Pitt resigned the seals, the great person to whom they were re-delivered, received them with ease and firmness, without requesting that he should resume his office. His Majesty expressed his concern for the loss of so able a servant; and to show the favourable sense he entertained of his services, he made him a most gracious and unlimited offer of any rewards in the power of the crown to bestow. His Majesty at the same time expressed himself not only satisfied with the opinion of the majority of his council, but declared he would have found himself under the greatest difficulty how to have acted, had that council concurred as fully in supporting the measure proposed by Mr. Pitt as they had done in rejecting it. Mr. Pitt was sensibly touched with the grandeur and condescension of the proceeding. 'I confess, Sir, I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure: I did not come prepared for this exceeding goodness; pardon me, Sir,—it overpowers, it oppresses me.' He burst into tears. We are far from attempting to add any colouring to so exquisitely affecting a picture; we are, indeed, far from being able to do justice to perhaps one of the most pathetic and elevated scenes which could possibly be displayed,—the parting of such a prince and such a minister."

A life-like picture of the public feeling upon this extraordinary phase in Mr. Pitt's career is given in a letter of the time, addressed by a Mr. G. Cruch to the Hon. Mr. William Robinson, at Naples, and first printed in No. 5 of *Notes and Queries*. The letter is dated Oct. 12, 1761, from Lancaster-court, in the Strand; we detach a few descriptive passages:

"The ensuing winter may possibly produce many things to amaze you; it has opened with one that I am sure will: I mean Mr. Pitt's resignation, who delivered up the seals to the King last Monday. The reason commonly given for this extraordinary step is a resolution taken in Council contrary

to Mr. Pitt's opinion, concerning our conduct towards the Spaniards, who, upon the breaking off of the negotiations with France, and our sending Mr. Bussy away, have, it is said, made some declarations to our Court which Mr. Pitt was for having the King treat in a very different manner from that which the rest of the Cabinet advised; for they are all said to have been against Mr. Pitt's opinion, except Lord Temple. The effect of this resignation you'll easily imagine. It has opened all the mouths of all the news-presses in England, and, from our boasted unanimity and confidence in the Government, we seem to be falling apace into division and distrust; in the meantime Mr. Pitt seems to have entered on this occasion upon a new mode of resignation, at least for him, for he goes to Court, where he is much taken notice of by the King, and treated with great respect by everybody else, and has said, according to common report, that he intends only to tell a plain story, which I suppose we are to have in the House of Commons. People, as you may imagine, are very impatient for his own account of a matter about which they know so little at present, and which puts public curiosity to the rack.

"Fresh matter for patriots and politicians! Since writing the former part of this letter, I have been at the coffee-house, and bring you back, verbatim, a very curious article of the *Gazette*.

(Then follows the announcement.)

"A report of this matter got about the day before, and most unfortunately all the newspapers contradicted it as a scandalous report, set on foot with a design to tarnish the lustre of a certain great character. This was the style of the morning and evening papers of Saturday, and of those who converse upon their authority; so that upon the coming in of the *Gazette* about ten o'clock at night, it was really diverting to see the effect it had upon most people's countenances at Dick's Coffee-house, where I was: it occasioned a dead silence, and I think everybody went away without giving their opinions of the matter, except Dr. Collier, who has always

called Mr. Pitt all the rogues he can set his mouth on. It appears at present a most unaccountable proceeding in every part of it, for he seems to have forfeited his popularity, on which his consequence depended, for a consideration which he might have commanded at any time; and yet he does not make an absolute retreat, for in that case one should think he would have taken the peerage himself."

Mr. Pitt's retirement is as powerful an instance of his lofty spirit as any which marked his administration: it drew the following poignant lines from Churchill:

Can numbers then change nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Though thousands rail at good, and practise ill.
Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage,
Because vast nations on his side engage?
Though to support the rebel Cæsar's cause,
Tumultuous legions arm against the laws;
Though scandal would our patriot's name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot teach.
What honest man but would with joy submit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with Pitt?
Steadfast and true to virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause.
Let the world talk, my friend; that world, we know,
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow nature's plan;
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
Resolve not quick; but, once resolv'd, be strong,
In spite of dulness, and in spite of wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up, assured by conscious pride,
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

Walpole writes in a very opposite spirit, in a letter to the Countess of Ailesbury, Oct. 10, 1761:

"I am in such a passion, I cannot tell you what I am angry about—why, about virtue and Mr. Pitt; two arrant cheats, gipsies. I believe he was a comrade of Elizabeth Canning, when he lived at Enfield-Wash.* In short, the Council were for making peace;

* Mr. Pitt lived, for a few years, on Enfield Chase, near Enfield-Wash, the land of Elizabeth Canning.

> But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
> Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
> Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
> And in conclusion—nonsuits my mediators.

"He insisted on a war with Spain, was resisted, and last Monday resigned. The City breathed vengeance on his opposers, the Council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened; but yesterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was stalking to seize the Tower of London, he stumbled over a silver penny, picked it up, carried it home to Lady Hester, and they are now as quiet, good sort of people, as my Lord and Lady Bath, who lived in the vinegar-bottle. In fact, Madam, this immaculate man has accepted the Barony of Chatham for his wife, with a pension of three thousand pounds a year for three lives; and though he has not quitted the House of Commons, I think my Lord Anson would now be as formidable there. The pension he has left *us* is a war for three thousand lives! perhaps for twenty times three thousand lives! But—

> Does this become a soldier? *this* become
> Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?

"What! to sneak out of the scrape, prevent peace, and avoid the war! blast one's character, and all for the comfort of a paltry annuity, a long-necked peeress, and a couple of Grenvilles! The City looks mighty foolish, I believe, and possibly even Beckford may blush."

To the Hon. Mr. Conway, Oct. 12, Walpole writes: "It is very lucky that you did not succeed in the Expedition to Rochfort. Perhaps you might have been made a peer; and as *Chatham* is a naval title, it might have fallen to your share. But it was reserved to crown greater glory: and lest it should not be substantial enough, three thousand pounds a-year for three lives go along with it. Not to Mr. Pitt—you can't suppose it. Why truly, not the title, but the annuity does, and Lady Hester is the baroness; that, if he should please, he may earn an earldom himself. Don't believe me, if you have not a mind. I know I did not believe those

who told me. But ask the *Gazette* that swears it—ask the King, who has kissed Lady Hester—ask the City of London, who are ready to tear Mr. Pitt to pieces—ask forty people I can name, who are overjoyed at it—and then ask me again, who am mortified, and who have been the dupe of his disinterestedness. Oh! my dear Harry! I beg you on my knees, keep your virtue; do let me think there is still one man upon earth who despises money. I wrote you an account last week of his resignation. Could you have believed that in four days he would have tumbled from the conquest of Spain to receiving a quarter's pension from Mr. West? (Secretary to the Treasury.) To-day he has advertised his seven coach-horses to be sold.—Three thousand a year for three lives, and fifty thousand pounds of his own, will not keep a coach and six.* I protest I believe he is mad, and Lord Temple thinks so too; for he resigned the same morning that Pitt accepted the pension. . . . . Delaval has said an admirable thing: he blames Pitt—not as you and I do; but calls him fool; and says, if he had gone into the City, told them he had a poor wife and children unprovided for, and had opened a subscription, he would have got five hundred thousand pounds, instead of three thousand pounds a year. . . . . As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death, at least I have buried him; here is his epitaph:

> "Admire his eloquence—it mounted higher
> Than Attic purity or Roman fire:
> Adore his services—our lions view
> Ranging, where Roman eagles never flew:
> Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere;
> —But oh! beware three thousand pounds a year!"

Gray also appears to have been greatly offended at this acceptance of the title and pension: "Oh!" he exclaims, "that foolishest of great men, that sold his inestimable diamond for a paltry peerage and pension!"

* Mr. Rigby writes to the Duke of Bedford, Oct. 12: "Your Grace will perceive in to-day's *Public Advertiser* that his (Mr. Pitt's) coach-horses are to be sold; his house in St. James's-square is also to be let: he will have no house in town, and live altogether at Hayes."

In his next letter, Oct. 24, Walpole writes to Mr. Montagu: "The City have bethought themselves, and have voted that they will still admire Mr. Pitt; consequently, he, without the check of seeming virtue, may do what he pleases." The Duke of Newcastle writes to the Duke of Bedford, Oct. 20: "Mr. Pitt's most extraordinary and unwarrantable letter has had a most extraordinary and unanswerable effect, and has brought back to him his mad, noisy City friends, who were for a time displeased with him."

Great was the popular excitement of various kinds. At the recent coronation, one of the largest jewels had fallen from the crown, which was looked upon by superstitious people as a sinister omen; and now there were many who saw its fulfilment:

When first portentous, it was known,
Great George had jostled from his crown
The brightest diamond there;
The omen-mongers, one and all,
Foretold some mischief must befall,
Some loss beyond compare!

Some fear this gem is Hanover,
Whilst others wish to God it were;
Each strives the nail to hit.
One guesses that, another this,
All mighty wise, yet all amiss;
For, ah! who thought of Pitt?

Caricatures, newspapers, and pamphlets, in the interest or pay of Bute, represented Pitt as "the distressed statesman," disappointed and overthrown in his ambitious projects, and now obliged to retire to conceal his chagrin. They spoke of him as the general incendiary, the demon of war, who cared not how he burthened or embroiled his country, while he gratified his love of slaughter and confusion. They talked of his factiousness, and of his intended measures of opposition. In one of the caricatures, entitled "Gulliver's Flight, or the Man-mountain," the "Great Commoner," as he was popularly termed, is represented flying away from St. Stephen's upon his own bubbles, amid the acclamations of the multitude below. The large bubble on which he is seated, is inscribed with the

words, "Pride, Conceit, Patriotism, Popularity." The smaller ones beneath it, are "Vanity," "Adulation," "Self-importance." More, just falling from him, are inscribed, "North America," "Spanish War," "Honesty," as being bubbles that proceeded from his resignation. And the one just issuing from the pipe is "Moderation," a sneer at the moderation which he professed after his resignation.

These attacks produced a violent re-action in Pitt's favour; portraits of Pitt, and pictures that glorified him, had a ready sale. In one of these prints, Pitt carrying the cap of liberty, and treading on faction, is presented to Britannia by Pratt, Lord Camden, and is supported by justice and victory. The ministry of Pitt, during the last years of the reign of George II., seemed, indeed, to have trodden faction underfoot; and party, which had for some years been a mere distinction of ins and outs, appeared to be almost extinguished.*

MR. PITT'S PENSION.

On the day after Pitt's resignation, the King signified through Lord Bute, his desire of conferring on the ex-minister some substantial mark of favour—suggesting the sinecure government of the newly-conquered province of Canada, with a salary of 5000*l.*; or the Chancellorship of the Duchy, with a similar salary. This proposition was declined; but, in compliance with Pitt's suggestion, a peerage was conferred on Lady Hester, by the title of Baroness Chatham, descendible to her sons; and a pension of 3000*l.* a year to himself, and any two lives he should name. He named Lady Hester and their eldest son.

* *England under the House of Hanover.* By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., vol. i. pp. 393—396. "It was now," says the author, "that the name of Tories, which had always been considered as identical with Jacobites, and which had scarcely been heard of for some time, again made its appearance. In the late reign the Crown had been a moderator of parties; it now entered the field of political warfare as a party in the strife, and the early prejudices of youth identified George III., during the rest of his reign, violently and obstinately with those who, modified considerably from the old Jacobites, were henceforward denominated Tories."

Walpole notes: "The Court, impatient to notify their triumph, and to blast Mr. Pitt's popularity at once, could not resist the impulse of publishing in the very next night's *Gazette* Mr. Pitt's acceptance of their boons—the first instance, I believe, of a pension ever specified in that paper."

Great exasperation and disappointment in the public mind followed the announcement of his pension. His own sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, who was of the opposite faction, and had obtained a large pension, notified the same by letter to her brother. He had coldly replied that he congratulated her on the addition to her fortune, but was grieved to see the name of Pitt in a list of pensions. On his accepting one, she copied his own letter, turning it against himself; and though restrained by her friends from sending it to him, she repeated what she had done, till it became the common talk of the town.

"Upon the resignation of Mr. Pitt, (says Burke, in the *Register* already quoted,) a torrent of low and illiberal abuse was poured out. His whole life, public and private, was scrutinized with the utmost malignity, to furnish matter of calumny against him. The successes of his administration were depreciated; his faults were monstrously exaggerated; and the rewards of honour so justly conferred on him by his sovereign were, by every trick of wit, ridicule, and buffoonery, converted into matter of degradation and disgrace. Without entering into the sentiments of any faction, we may affirm with truth and impartiality, that no man was ever better gifted than Mr. Pitt to be the minister of a great and powerful nation, or better qualified to carry that power and greatness to their utmost limits. There was in all his designs a magnitude, and even a vastness, which was not easily comprehended by every mind: with very little parliamentary, and with less Court influence, he swayed, both at Court and in Parliament, with an authority unknown before to the best-supported ministers. He was called to the ministry by the voice of the people; and, what is more, he held it with that approbation; and under him, for the first time, administration

and popularity were seen united. Under him, Great Britain carried on the most important war in which she was ever engaged; alone and unassisted, with greater splendour, and with more success, than she had ever enjoyed at the head of the most powerful alliances. Alone this island seemed to balance the rest of Europe. In short, he revived the military genius of our people; he supported our allies; he extended our trade; he raised our reputation; he augmented our dominions. With regard to the pension and title, it is a shame that any defence should be necessary. What eye cannot distinguish, at the first glance, the difference between this and the exceptionable cases of titles and pensions? What Briton, with the smallest sense of honour and gratitude, but must blush for his country, if such a man retired unrewarded from the public service, let the motives to that retirement be what they would? It was not possible that his Sovereign could let his eminent services pass unrequited: the sum that was given was, undoubtedly, inadequate to his merits; and the quantum was rather regulated by the moderation of the great mind that received it, than by the liberality of that which bestowed it."

MR. PITT AND THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

Walpole, in his *Memoirs of the Reign of George III.*, has well described the Visit of the King and Queen to the City, in November, 1761; and the ill-advised appearance of Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple in the procession, and at the Banquet.

"On the 9th, the King and all the Royal Family dined in the City with the Lord Mayor. Thither, too, went Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple in a chariot together—a step justly censured, and very nearly productive of fatal consequences. To *them* all acclamations were addressed; and the distinctions paid in the Guildhall to Mr. Pitt, to the total neglect of the King, bestowed all the honour of the triumph on the former. Little was wanting to turn the pageant into a tragedy. Riots

ensued, and many persons were insulted. The favourite had taken the precaution of having a guard of butchers and bruisers; and by the defence of that convoy alone escaped mischief. Sir Samuel Fludyer, the Lord Mayor, caused diligent inquiry to be made into the proceedings of the day, and learned that Beckford himself had visited several public-houses over-night, had appointed ringleaders to different stations, and had been the first to raise the huzza in the Hall on the entrance of Mr. Pitt. *His* joining himself to a group dedicated to a Court that he had just quitted, was not decent.

"By the time the procession, which moved but slowly, had got into St. Paul's Church-yard, these fellows had hallooed themselves hoarse, and it had been given out that Mr. Pitt was in the chariot, by which means they had artfully obtained the mob to join them; but, on the east side of St. Paul's Church-yard, some knowing hand stepped up, and looking full at the idol, pronounced, with a fine, hoarse, audible voice, 'This is not Mr. Pitt; this is Bute!' Upon this the tide took another turn; and the bruisers' lungs being worn out, the shouts from the independent mobility were instantly converted into hisses, accompanied with a few vulgar sayings, as 'Hang all Scotch rogues!' . 'No Bute!' 'No Newcastle salmon!' 'Pitt for ever!'*

"By the time they reached Cheapside, it was discovered there were some bruisers hired for protectors: this gave still greater offence, and then they began to be more outrageous; and on the turn into King-street an attack began on the coachman and footmen behind with dirt, some of which found its way into the chariot, and very much altered the colour of the new Chancellor's ruffles; for it fixed on him only. Before they arrived at Guildhall, the bruisers were almost bruised to death themselves. Stephenson had been obliged to retire

* A gentleman who died not many years ago used to say that he once recognised Lord Bute in the piazza of Covent Garden, muffled in a large coat, and with a hat and wig drawn down over his brows. His lordship's established type with the mob was a jack boot, a wretched pun on his Christian name and title.—*Macaulay*, 1844.

under the chariot, and with much difficulty got into Guildhall Coffee-house with great disgrace, and trampled under foot. It was with no small labour the chariot got up to the gate of the Guildhall, where the constables and peace-officers being numerous, prevented further mischief; but had there been a furlong further to go, the mob would certainly have cut the harnesses in pieces, and probably gone to greater extremity. At night his lordship took the opportunity to get into the Lord Chancellor's state coach, and went away with him, and by that means got home quietly."

Mr. Pitt was much censured by his friends for joining the Lord Mayor's procession, and the dinner at the Guildhall; but he appears to have been mainly persuaded to do so by Mr. Beckford;* for, in his Correspondence, is a letter endorsed by Lady Chatham: "Mr. Beckford, 1761: to press my lord to appear with Lord Temple: to which he yielded for his friend's sake; but, as he always declared, both then and after, against his better judgment."

Mr. Nuthall,† in a letter to Lady Chatham, thus describes "the triumphal entry into the City on Lord Mayor's day."

* To keep alive his influence in the City, Chatham maintained a correspondence with Beckford: and Walpole states that the day before the Alderman died, Chatham "forced himself into the house, and got away all the letters he had written to that demagogue." As heir to his enormous fortune, Beckford left an only son, Lord Chatham's god-child, then a boy ten years of age. Three years later, Lord Chatham thus describes him to his own son William: "Little Beckford is just as much compounded of the elements of air and fire as he was. A due proportion of terrestrial solidity will, I trust, come and make him perfect." "He was afterwards," says Lord Mahon, "well known in a sphere totally different from his father's—the author of *Vathek*—the fastidious man of taste,—the fantastic decorator of Ramalhao and Fonthill." He died in 1844, in his 84th year.

† Mr. Nuthall was an eminent solicitor, who transacted Mr. Pitt's private business from a very early period until his death. In 1765 he was appointed solicitor to the Treasury. On returning from Bath, in March, 1775, he was attacked by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath; who, on his demands not being complied with, fired into the carriage. Mr. Nuthall returned the fire, and it is thought, wounded the man, as he rode off precipitately. On arriving at the inn at Hounslow, he wrote a description of the fellow to Sir John Fielding; but had scarcely done the letter when he expired.

It now comes out, that a party of bruisers, with George Stephenson, the one-eyed fighting coachman, at their head, had been hired to attend the chariot which contained the blazing comet and the new Chancellor of the Exchequer (which last, it seems, had undertaken to raise the supplies for the next year by a tax upon wild ducks), and to procure shouts and acclamations from the mob.

THE GREATEST PERIOD OF PITT'S CAREER.

Lord Macaulay* is inclined to think that Pitt's genius and virtue never shone with so pure an effulgence as during the session of 1762. His speeches at this time were distinguished, not only by that eloquence in which he excelled all his rivals, but also by a temperance and a modesty which had too often been wanting to his character. When war was declared against Spain, he justly laid claim to the merit of having foreseen what had at length become manifest to all, but he carefully abstained from arrogant and acrimonious expressions; and this abstinence was the more honourable to him, because his temper, never very placid, was now severely tried, both by gout and by calumny. The courtiers had adopted a mode of warfare, which was soon turned with far more formidable effect against themselves. Half the inhabitants of the Grub-street garrets paid their milk-scores, and got their shirts out of pawn, by abusing Pitt. His German war, his subsidies, his pension, his wife's peerage, were shin of beef and gin, blankets and baskets of small coal, to the starving poetasters of the Fleet. Even in the House of Commons, he was, on one occasion during this session, assailed with an insolence and malice which called forth the indignation of men of all parties; but he endured the outrage with majestic patience. In his younger days he had been but too prompt to retaliate on those who attacked him; but now, conscious

* *Edinburgh Review*, 1844.

of his great services, and of the space which he filled in the eyes of all mankind, he would not stoop to personal squabbles. "This is no season," he said, in the debate on the Spanish war, "for altercation and recrimination. A day has arrived when every Englishman should stand forth for his country. Arm the whole; be one people; forget every thing but the public. I set you the example. Harassed by slanders, sinking under pain and disease, for the public I forget both my wrongs and my infirmities!"

Walpole ably narrates an episode of this period, when in the memorable debate upon the Address in approbation of the Preliminaries of Peace, on Dec. 9, 1762, Mr. Pitt fiercely darted forth even from his sick bed to oppose them. The diarist describes how eager was the expectation of his coming; how prevalent the doubt whether his illness might not keep him away. At length, a shout from the thronged streets was heard by the assembled members; the doors were thrown open; and in the midst of a large acclaiming concourse was seen Mr. Pitt, borne along in the arms of his servants. He was set down at the bar, from whence, by the aid of a crutch and of several friends, he crawled to his seat on the front Opposition bench. His countenance appeared emaciated and ghastly; his dress was of black velvet, but both hands and feet were swathed in flannel. His speech, which extended to three hours and a half, he delivered sitting down at intervals by the hitherto unprecedented indulgence of the House; his voice was faint and low, and he was more than once compelled to take a cordial before he could proceed. At the conclusion, his agony of pain was such as to compel him to leave the House without taking part in the division. When he passed out, the huzzas which greeted his coming were redoubled, and the multitude catching at the length of his speech as a topic of praise, shouted again and again: "Three hours and a half! Three hours and a half!"

Although this speech could not be ranked amongst the highest oratorical achievements of Pitt, it contained several

passages of great beauty. Its slight effect on the division which followed may perhaps be explained by the corrupt traffic which preceded it. We are assured that Fox, on accepting the lead of the House of Commons, had undertaken to purchase a majority in favour of the Peace. A kind of mart for Members of Parliament was opened by him at his own, the Paymaster's Office. It is alleged that the lowest bribe for a vote upon the Peace was a bank-note of 200*l.*; and that Mr. Martin, the Secretary of the Treasury, afterwards acknowledged 25,000*l.* to have been thus expended in a single morning.—*Memoirs of George III.*, vol. i. p 199.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND MR. PITT.

The failure of Mr. Pitt's projected administration in 1763 may be considered as, in all its various consequences, one of the most important and lamentable events of the reign of George III.: it would, probably, have stifled the nascent iniquity about Wilkes, prevented the American Stamp Act, and all the other circumstances of George Grenville's subsequent administration, which were both directly and consequentially so disastrous to this country.*

The circumstances of the negotiation are very interesting: Lord Bute undertook, by the King's commands, to mediate the return of Mr. Pitt to His Majesty's service: at an interview between the King and Mr. Pitt everything appeared to be amicably arranged. This was on Saturday, August 27; and on Sunday Mr. Pitt communicated the whole to the Duke of Newcastle, fully persuaded, from the King's answer and behaviour, that "the thing would do." On Monday, however, Mr. Pitt had another interview, at which the scene

* About this time (1763) his Majesty had a serious illness—its peculiar character was then unknown, but we have the *best authority* for believing that it was of the nature of those which thrice after afflicted his Majesty, and finally incapacitated him from the duties of government—and it is highly probable that this illness was produced by the great anxiety which these struggles of faction had produced in the royal mind.—*Quarterly Review*, No. 133.

changed, and the whole design was abandoned. The cause of the failure remains a mystery. It was imputed to Lord Bute, of whom Lord Chatham spoke as "something behind the throne greater than the throne itself." This was either a vision or a falsehood. "It is more near the truth to say that there was something *before the throne* greater than the throne itself, and that was the talismanic power of Mr. Pitt—the lamp of his talents had obedient slaves and a magical power, which were called into omnipotent activity whenever he chose *to rub it*."

The indisputable authority of Lord Hardwick (who was privy to the whole negotiation,) leads us to suppose that it failed because the King, with that justice which was a marked feature of his character, was desirous of doing something for his present minister, George Grenville—whom the King proposed to Mr. Pitt for Paymaster, saying, "Poor George Grenville; he is your relation, and you once loved him!" This kind suggestion, thus graciously expressed, Mr. Pitt rejected by a cold and silent bow. The King then proposed Lord Temple for the head of the Treasury, but that Mr. Pitt also received with a negative observation. The King's last words were, "Well, Mr. Pitt, I see that this will not do; my honour is concerned, and I must support it;" which can have no meaning but that His Majesty thought that he could not in honour abandon George Grenville, and those other servants who had so recently come to his assistance, and whom Mr. Pitt seemed resolved to sweep out, though he afterwards declared that he had no such intention.—*Quarterly Review*, No. 131.

PITT'S GREAT PYNSENT LEGACY.

During the Grenville administration took place one of the most singular events in Pitt's life. There was a certain Sir Thomas Pynsent, a Somersetshire baronet of Whig politics, who had been a member of the House of Commons in the days of Queen Anne, and had retired to rural privacy when the Tory party, towards the end of her reign, obtained the

ascendancy in her councils. During fifty years of seclusion, he continued to brood over the circumstances which had driven him from public life, the dismissal of the Whigs, the peace of Utrecht, the desertion of our allies. He now thought that he perceived a close analogy between the well-remembered events of his youth, and the events he had witnessed in extreme old age; between the disgrace of Marlborough and the disgrace of Pitt; between the elevation of Harley and the elevation of Bute; between the treaty negotiated by St. John and the treaty negotiated by Bedford; between the wrongs of the House of Austria in 1712 and the wrongs of the House of Brandenburg in 1762. This fancy took such possession of the old man's mind that he determined to leave the whole of his property to Pitt. In this way, Pitt came into possession of nearly 3000*l.* a-year. Nor could all the malice of his enemies find any ground for reproach in the transaction. Nobody could call him a legacy-hunter. Nobody could accuse him of seizing that to which others had a better claim. For he had never in his life seen Sir William; and Sir William had left no relatives so near as to be entitled to form any expectation respecting the estate.

Walpole's early account of the legacy is very amusing. Writing to Sir Horace Mann, Jan. 13, 1765, he says: "'Tis the marvellous, the eccentric, that characterizes Englishmen. Come, you shall have an event in the genuine English taste, and before it has been pawed and vulgarized. It is fresh this very day. There is somebody dead somewhere—strong marks of novelty, you see—in Somersetshire or Wiltshire, I think, who has left two hundred thousand pounds to Mr. Pitt, to Mr. William Pitt, to *the* Pitt, the man who frightened the Great Mogul so three years ago, and who had liked to have tossed the Kings of France and Spain in a blanket, if somebody had not cut a hole in it, and let them slip through. Somebody the first was called Pinsent or Vincent—the town and I am not sure of the name yet: but it is certain he never saw the said Mr. Pitt—I hope that was not the best reason for the legacy. The parson of the parish, who made the

Will, has sent word to Hayes, that it is lodged in the housekeeper's hands, who has command from the defunct not to deliver it but to the legatee, or order. Unluckily, Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout in his hand, and cannot even sign the order; however, Lady Chatham has sent for the Will, and it is supposed her order will suffice. You may depend on all the latter part; I had it but two hours ago from Lady Temple, whose lord has been to Hayes this morning on this affair. The deceased, it seems, had voted against the first Treaty of Utrecht, and had lived to see a second. I do believe now that this country will be saved at last, for we shall have real Patriots when the Opposition pays better than the Court. Don't you think that Mr. Pitt would give half his legacy that he had never accepted a pension? It is very singular: ten thousand pounds from old Marlborough, a reversion of a great estate from Jack Spencer,* and this fortune out of the clouds! Lord Bath, indeed, but I never heard it was for his virtues or services,—was in so many testaments, that they used to call him emphatically, *Will* Pulteney—it is more pleasant to be called *Will* Pitt from such tributes to his merit."

A week after, Jan. 20, Walpole writes to Lord Hertford: "Our important day on the Warrants is put off for a week, in compliment to Mr. Pitt's gout—can it resist such attention? I shall expect it in a prodigious quantity of black ribands. You have heard, to be sure, of the great fortune that is bequeathed to him by a Sir William Pynsent, an old man of near ninety, who quitted the world on the peace of Utrecht; and, luckily for Mr. Pitt, lived to be angry with its *pendant*, the treaty of Paris. I did not send you the first report, which mounted it to an enormous sum; I think the medium amount is two thousand pounds a-year, and thirty thousand pounds in money. This Sir William Pynsent,

* The Duchess-Dowager of Marlborough left Mr. Pitt ten thousand pounds, and her grandson, John Spencer, entailed the Sunderland estates upon him after his own son; but that son, afterwards Earl Spencer, cut off that entail as soon as he came of age.

whose fame, like an aloe, did not blow till near an hundred, was a singularity. The scandalous chronicle of Somersetshire talks terribly of his morals. . . . Lady North was nearly related to Lady Pynsent, which encouraged Lord North to flatter himself that Sir William's extreme propensity to him would recommend even his wife's parentage for heirs; but the uncomeliness of Lady North, and a vote my lord gave against the Cider bill, offended the old gentleman so much, that he burnt his would-be heir in effigy."

In another letter, Walpole writes to General Conway: "Do you know that Sir William Pynsent had your brother in his eye? He said to his lawyer, 'I know Mr. Pitt is much younger than I am, but he has very bad health: as you will hear it before me, if he dies first, draw up another will, with Mr. Conway's name instead of Mr. Pitt's, and bring it down to me directly.' I beg Britannia's pardon, but I fear I could have supported the loss on these grounds." It will be remembered that General Conway was Horace Walpole's cousin, and most intimate friend.

The heirs-at-law of Sir William Pynsent disputed the validity of this will. After numerous delays, the cause was argued before the Master of the Rolls, and after three days' hearing, was decided in favour of Mr. Pitt, on the 27th of June.

"GENTLE SHEPHERD" GRENVILLE.

The debate upon the Tax upon Perry and Cider in the Session of 1763, gave rise to a humorous incident, which fixed a ridiculous epithet upon one of the promoters of the bill. At this time, Dr. Howard's song, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where," in which each stanza ended with that line, was very popular. Mr. Grenville, in answer to Mr. Pitt, contended that the proposed tax was unavoidable, because the Government did not know *where* else they could lay a tax of equal efficiency. "Let the honourable gentleman," said he, "*tell me where* you can lay another tax, let the honourable

gentleman, I say, *tell me where.*" Unluckily for him, Pitt had come down to the House that night, and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections thrown on the war. He revenged himself by murmuring, in a whine resembling Grenville's, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where?" "If," cried Grenville, "gentlemen are to be treated in this way——" Pitt, as was his fashion, when he meant to mark extreme contempt, rose deliberately, made his bow, and walked out of the House, leaving his brother-in-law in convulsions of rage, and everybody else in convulsions of laughter. It was long before Grenville lost the nickname of "the Gentle Shepherd."

This additional tax on Cider created such dissatisfaction, that many of the apple-growers threatened to demolish their orchards. "There has been tough doings in Parliament," writes Walpole, "about the tax on Cider; and in the western counties the discontent is so great, that if Mr. Wilkes will turn patriot hero, or patriot incendiary, and put himself at their head, he may obtain a martyrdom before the summer is over." The unpopular tax was part of the financial statement of Sir Francis Dashwood, who was so conscious of his unfitness for his office, that he exclaimed, in a fit of comical despair, "What shall I do? The boys will point at me in the street, and cry, 'There goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever was.'"

INFLUENCE OF PITT'S NAME.

"His dismissal from the Ministry," thus wrote an accomplished Frenchman, in 1761, "is a greater gain to us than would have been the winning of two battles." In 1766, Horace Walpole, who had lately been at Paris, observes: "Their panic at Mr. Pitt's name is not to be described. Whenever they were impertinent, I used to drop as by chance that he would be Minister in a few days, and it never failed to occasion a deep silence."

When George III. and Queen Charlotte went to dine with

the citizens of London, in 1761, and as the procession advanced through the streets, most eyes and most voices were turned from their Majesties' state coach to Pitt's plain chariot and pair, containing himself and Lord Temple,—we are told by an eye-witness, that at every step the mob clustered round his carriage, "hung upon the wheels, hugged his footmen, and even kissed his horses."

The first stone of the Bridge across the Thames at Blackfriars was laid by the Lord Mayor, a few days after the accession of George III.; "and on it, (says Walpole, was engraved so bombast an inscription in honour of Mr. Pitt, and drawn up in such bad Latin, that it furnished ample matter of ridicule to his enemies." Nine years later, when the Bridge was completed, the popularity of the Minister remained firm. The City approach was named after him, "Chatham-place," and the bridge itself opened on Sunday, Nov. 19, 1769, was named "Pitt Bridge," by order of the Common Council. "It was easier, however, (says Cunningham,) to remember the particular locality of the bridge than the name of the illustrious statesman, so that 'Pitt Bridge' was soon entirely dropped." The decay of his popularity had something to do with this; for political fame is less lasting than the names of localities.

Some of these tributes to his popularity were eccentric enough. One of these was a salmon, sent by an inhabitant of Wareham, with this note: "I am an Englishman, and, therefore, love liberty and you. Sir, be pleased to accept of this fish, as a mark of my esteem; were every scale a diamond, it should have been at your service:" alluding to the celebrated Pitt Diamond.

Lord Chesterfield, in 1763, has strikingly expressed Mr. Pitt's authority at this moment. He writes: "I should naturally think that this session will be a stormy one; that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but *if he is pleased*, as the ministers say he is, there is no other Æolus to blow a storm. The Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire have no better troops to attack with than the militia but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen* " (an army in himself).

We cannot find that, during the session which began in January, 1765, Pitt once appeared in Parliament. He remained some months in profound retirement at Hayes, his favourite villa, scarcely moving except from his armchair to his bed, and from his bed to his armchair, and often employing his wife as his amanuensis in his most confidential correspondence. Some of his detractors whispered that his invisibility was to be ascribed quite as much to affectation as to gout. It was surmised that, having acquired all the consideration which could be derived from eloquence and from great service to the State, he had determined not to make himself cheap by often appearing in public, but, under the pretext of ill-health, to surround himself with mystery, to emerge only at long intervals and on momentous occasions, and at other times to deliver his oracles only to a few favoured votaries, who were suffered to make pilgrimages to his shrine. If such were his object, it was for a time fully attained. Never was the magic of his name so powerful, never was he regarded by his country with such superstitious veneration, as during this year of silence and seclusion.*

POLITICAL CONNEXION OF MR. PITT AND MR. WILKES.

Wilkes was, at his entrance into public life, "a friend of Pitt's," and the *Chatham Correspondence* shows that he continued to profess to be so, and was a candidate for office under him. He was still more intimately connected with Lord Temple, who assisted in his election for Aylesbury, made him colonel of the Bucks militia, and Wilkes entered, as was his nature, headlong into all his lordship's politics, in furtherance of which he set up the *North Briton*, directed avowedly against Lord Bute and the Scottish nation generally. Wilkes was a man of considerable literary attainments, of which his letters are the best specimens. The following, addressed by him to Mr. Pitt, is a model of its class:

* Macaulay: *Edinburgh Review*, 1844.

"Great George-street,
"Friday, February 27, 1761.

"SIR,

"May I for a few moments draw your attention from the interests of your country to the concerns of an individual whose pride it is to have Mr. Pitt his patron and friend? I do not mean to be importunate, nor to cause the least embarrassment, but beg leave to submit to you every wish I have, and every desire I feel, entirely acquiescing in your ideas of the propriety of what I am going to mention.

"I am very desirous of a scene of business, in which I might, usefully, I hope, to the public, employ my time and attention. The small share of talents I have from nature are such as fit me, I believe, for active life; and, if I know myself, I should be entirely devoted to the scene of business I was engaged in. I wish the Board of Trade might be thought a place in which I could be of any service. Whatever the scene is, I shall endeavour to have the reputation of acting in a manner worthy of the connexion I have the honour to be in; and, among all the chances and changes of a political world, I will never have an obligation in a parliamentary way but to Mr. Pitt and his friends.

"May I mention a circumstance of no small importance to myself? If what I have taken the liberty of hinting be the fit and proper thing, I should wish that it might take place in the interval between the two parliaments, to avoid some very disagreeable circumstances attending a re-election at Aylesbury.* I desire very truly to submit every particular; only begging you would do me the justice to believe me, with the most sincere regard, sir,

"Your obliged and
"Devoted humble servant,
"JOHN WILKES."

* Mr. Wilkes was, a few days after, returned for Aylesbury without opposition. Besides this application for a seat at the Board of Trade, he made an unsuccessful one for the embassy at Constantinople, and was also disappointed in not obtaining the governorship of Canada. Wilkes's character, at this time, is thus strongly sketched by Gibbon, in his

Such a ridiculous bugbear as Wilkes could not have imposed for a day even on the lowest rabble, if he had not been supported by the countenance and co-operation of the great political leaders. But even that would not have given consistency to such a shadow, if it had not unfortunately happened to mix itself up with the two constitutional questions of "general warrants" and "parliamentary privilege." The intermixture of these loyal questions enabled such men as Mr. Pitt, who disapproved of the violence and despised the calumnies of Wilkes, to use him as the tool of their ambition. Wilkes, encouraged by such support, and hurried on by his own natural indiscretion, with the recklessness of a man who had nothing to lose, and the prospect of gaining at least notoriety—proceeded to extremes of sedition, obscenity, and blasphemy, which even faction itself hesitated to adopt. At length, Mr. Pitt, professing only to look to the constitutional question, censured the proceedings of the individual in the most decided and unequivocal manner, as we learn from Thackeray's *History of Lord Chatham*:

"24th Nov., 1763.—Mr. Pitt, though very ill, came down to the House on crutches, and vehemently reprobated the facility with which Parliament was surrendering its own privileges; but he carefully impressed on the House that he was merely delivering a constitutional opinion, and not vindicating the libel or its author. He condemned the whole series of *North Britons*, and called them illiberal, unmanly, and detestable. 'He abhorred,' he said, 'all national reflections: the King's subjects were one people; whoever divided them

journal for the year 1762:—"September 23. Colonel Wilkes, of the Buckinghamshire militia, dined at our mess. I scarcely ever met with a better companion: he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge; but a thorough profligate in principle as in practice, his life stained with every vice, and his conversation full of blasphemy and indecency. These morals he glories in; for shame is a weakness he has long since surmounted. He told us himself, that in this time of public discussion he was resolved to make his fortune. This proved a very debauched day: we drank a good deal, both after dinner and supper; and when at last Wilkes had retired, Sir Thomas Worsley and some others (of whom I was not one) broke into his room, and made him drink a bottle of claret in bed."

was guilty of sedition. The author did not deserve to be ranked among the human species: he was the blasphemer of his God, and the libeller of his King. He had no connexion with him; he had no connexion with any such writer!'"

MR. PITT'S SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN STAMP ACT.

With this great man, manner did much. One of the fairest specimens which we possess of Pitt's oratory, is his speech, in 1766, for the repeal of the American Stamp Act. In Almon's *Register*, the report is tolerably exact, and exhibits, although faintly, its leading features. "But," says Mr. Butler, "they should have seen the look of ineffable contempt with which Pitt surveyed the late Mr. Grenville, who sat within one of him, and should have heard him say with that look,—'As to the late ministry,—every capital measure they have taken, has been entirely wrong.' They should also have beheld him, when, addressing himself to Mr. Grenville's successor, he said: 'As to the present gentlemen,—those, at least, whom I have in my eye,'—(looking at the bench on which Mr. Conway sate)—'I have no objection: I have never made a sacrifice by any of them.—Some of them have done me the honour to ask my poor opinion, before they would engage to repeal the Act;—they will do me the justice to own, I did advise them to engage to do it,—but notwithstanding—(for I love to be explicit),—I cannot give them my confidence.—Pardon me, gentlemen,' (bowing to them)—'confidence is a plant of slow growth.'

"Those who remember the air of condescending protection, with which the bow was made, and the look given, when he spoke these words, will recollect how much they themselves, at the moment, were delighted and awed, and what they themselves then conceived of the immeasurable superiority of the orator over every human being that surrounded him. In the passages which we have cited, there is nothing which an ordinary speaker might not have said: it was the manner, and the manner only, which produced the effect."

The whole speech is very fine: "I sought for merit," said Pitt, "wherever it was to be found; and I found it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew it into your service, a hardy and intrepid race of men. Men, who when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state in the war before last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your *side;* they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world. Detested be the national prejudices against them! they are unjust, groundless, illiberal, unmanly. When I ceased to serve His Majesty as Minister, it was not the *country* of the man, (Lord Bute,) by which I was moved;—but *the man of that country wanted wisdom*, and held principles incompatible with freedom."

Another account of this speech was written by Lord Charlemont to Mr. Henry Flood, of which the following is the substance:

"Mr. Pitt has spoken several times: his first speech was near two hours long. He began by abusing the late ministry, and in particular G. G., who did not choose to answer him: he then found fault with the present also, insinuating that they were under ill influences: 'I say influences in the plural, because I would not be understood to mean only that influence which is most suspected.' By this he is supposed to have hinted at the too great influence of the Duke of N——. He then spoke of the American affair, and boldly and distinctly declared that the act of taxation was *illegal;* that the colonies could only be taxed by their representatives; and concluded by insisting that the Act should be repealed as illegal. This produced a warm debate; the majority of the House seemed to be of opinion that, if the tax were to be taken off, it should be done upon a supposition that it was too heavy for the colonies to bear, but the rescinding of the Act should be accompanied by an explicit declaration of the right of taxation. Poor expedient! The question of adjournment was put and carried. Yesterday the debate was resumed, and Mr. Pitt

declared it as his opinion, *that by this illegal act the original compact with the colonies* was actually broken, &c. Heavens, what a fellow is this Pitt! I had his bust before, but nothing less than his statue shall content me now."—(*Note to Thackeray*, vol. ii. p. 711.)

A bill for the repeal of the Stamp Act was soon afterwards carried by a considerable majority of the House; in commemoration of which, a colossal statue of Mr. Pitt was erected at Charlestown, in South Carolina. The character and costume of the figure are Ciceronian; the sculptor was Wilton, one of the founders of our Royal Academy, and well known for his bust of Lord Chatham. The pedestal bears the following inscription:

"IN GRATEFUL MEMORY
OF HIS SERVICES IN GENERAL,
AND TO AMERICA IN PARTICULAR,
THE COMMONS HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY
OF SOUTH CAROLINA
UNANIMOUSLY VOTED
THIS STATUE
OF
THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.,
WHO
GLORIOUSLY EXERTED HIMSELF
IN DEFENDING THE FREEDOM OF AMERICANS,
THE TRUE SONS OF ENGLAND,
BY PROMOTING A REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT,
IN THE YEAR 1766.
TIME
SHALL SOONER DESTROY
THIS MARK OF THEIR ESTEEM,
THAN
ERASE FROM THEIR MINDS
THE JUST SENSE
OF HIS PATRIOTIC VIRTUE."

"THE GREAT COMMONER."

This "common phrase for Mr. Pitt" had been by Pitt himself previously applied to Sir John Barnard, the great London

merchant, and one of the members for the City. He died in 1749, and Pitt seems to have inherited the distinction. Walpole writes, June 9, 1766:

"*The Great Commoner* is exceedingly out of humour, and having duped himself, taxes the Ministers with perfidy; he would never connect with them in or out, and who, having proscribed half of them, would not vouchsafe to treat with the rest. The people who think everything right that he does, or does not, and who, as often as he changes his mind backwards and forwards, think that right too, take all the pains they can to indulge his pride. He has been at Bath; they stood up all the time he was in the rooms, and while he drank his glass of water; and one man in Somersetshire said to him as he passed through a crowd, 'I hope *your Majesty's* health is better!' I am glad,—no, I don't know whether I am not sorry,—that he is not at Quito, where they have insisted on crowning one of their fellow-subjects King of Peru."

This year, (1766,) Lord Chatham's town residence was the mansion in Bond-street, (now the Clarendon Hotel,) which had been let to "the Great Commoner" by the Duke of Grafton.

THE FIRST GERM OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

In Mr. Pitt's powerful speech in the debate on the Address in 1766, we find this first germ of Parliamentary Reform:

"There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this House. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here? Is he represented by any Knight of the Shire, in any county in this Kingdom? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number! Or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough—a borough which its own representatives never saw? This is what is called 'the rotten part of the constitution.' It cannot continue a century; if it does not drop, *it must be amputated.*"

Lord Chatham, some years after, reproduced the same image on the same subject, but with a juster conclusion:

"The boroughs of the country have been properly enough called the rotten parts of the Constitution, and without entering into any invidious particularity, I have seen enough to justify the appellation. But, in my judgment, my Lords, these boroughs, corrupt as they are, must be considered the natural infirmity of the constitution. Like the infirmities of the body, we must bear them with patience, and submit to carry them about with us. The limb is mortified; but *the amputation might be death.*"

Walpole writes, Jan. 23, 1770: "Lord Chatham, not content with endeavouring to confound and overturn the legislature; has thrown out, that *one member more ought to be added to each county;* so little do ambition and indigence scruple to strike at fundamentals!"

Lord Chatham, on the preceding day, had made his celebrated speech on the state of the nation, which had the good fortune to be ably reported by Sir Philip Francis, and attracted the particular attention of Junius. The following is the passage which gave Walpole so much offence:—"Since we cannot cure the disorder, let us endeavour to *infuse such a portion of new health into the constitution, as may enable it to support its most inveterate diseases.* The representation of the counties is, I think, still preserved pure and uncorrupted. That of the greatest cities is upon a footing equally reputable; and there are many of the larger trading towns which still preserve their independence. The infusion of health which I now allude to would be to permit every county to elect one member more in addition to their present representatives." Sir Philip Francis's report of this speech was first printed by Almon, in 1792. Junius, in a letter to Wilkes, of the 7th of September, 1771, says: "I approve highly of Lord Chatham's idea *of infusing a portion of new health into the constitution, to enable it to bear its infirmities;* a brilliant expression, and full of intrinsic wisdom." There can be little doubt that Junius and (?) Sir Philip Francis were present in the House of Lords when this speech was delivered.—See *Chatham Correspondence,* vol. iii. p. 406.

Thus was the question of Parliamentary Reform doubtfully and awfully opened by Lord Chatham, and subsequently adopted and again rejected by his wiser son, William Pitt.

PITT AND SIR FLETCHER NORTON.

A sharp encounter occurred in 1766, during the debate on the presentation of a petition from the North American provinces against the Stamp Act. Mr. Pitt having addressed the House, Sir Fletcher Norton rose with great heat, and said, He could hardly keep his temper at some words that had fallen from the right honourable gentleman. He had said that the original compact had been broken between us and America, if the House had not the right of taxation. Pitt rose to explain—Norton continued: "The gentleman now says, I mistook his words; I do not now understand them." Pitt interrupted him angrily, and said, "I did say the Colony-compact would be broken—and what then?" Norton replied, "The gentleman speaks out now, and I understand him; and if the House go along with me, the gentleman will go to another place."* Pitt at this looked with the utmost contempt, tossed up his chin, and cried, "Oh! oh! oh! oh!" "I will bear that from no man," said Norton; "changing their place did not make Englishmen change their allegiance. I say the gentleman sounds the trumpet to rebellion; or would he have strangers in the gallery go away with these his opinions? He has chilled my blood at the idea." "The gentleman," rejoined Pitt, "says I have chilled his blood: I shall be glad to meet him in any place with the same opinions, when his blood is warmer."—Walpole's *George III.*, ii. 272.

LORD CHATHAM AND LORD TEMPLE.

In 1766, the partisans of Pitt's "loving brother," Lord Temple, published a most acrimonious pamphlet, containing

* To the bar of the House, whither members are ordered when they violate the rules or privileges of Parliament.

accounts of private interviews between Pitt and Temple, such as could only be derived from the private letters or private conversation of the latter. To this pamphlet appeared a reply, equally acrimonious and far more able. In some few passages there may even perhaps be traced the Great Commoner's master-hand. Thus, it contains a wish that "private conversations had not thus been shamefully tortured into a thousand time-serving forms." Thus also it disdainfully sums up the character of Earl Temple as follows: "Till his resignation with Mr. Pitt he was looked upon merely as an inoffensive and good-natured nobleman, who had a very fine seat, and was always ready to indulge anybody with a walk in his garden, or a look at his furniture. How he has suddenly commenced such a statesman as to be put in competition with Mr. Pitt is what I am at a loss to determine. But this I will take upon me to say, that had he not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train, and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in, and gone off with no other degree of credit than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality." A highly competent critic, Lord Chesterfield, observes of this last sentence, that it expresses such extreme contempt of Lord Temple and in so pretty a manner, that he suspects it to be Mr. Pitt's own.

PITT CREATED EARL OF CHATHAM.

When, in 1766, Pitt undertook the formation of a new Ministry, as the appointments in succession became known or surmised, great was the public curiosity to learn what place Pitt had fixed on for himself. At last the curtain was undrawn at Court, and the Duke of Grafton thus spiritedly describes the scene: "Being appointed to the Queen's House, I found Lord Northington and Lord Camden already there. Mr. Pitt was in with the King. The two Lords appeared to be in most urgent conversation, and much agitated. On perceiving it, I naturally was turning from them after my bow. But they

begged to impart to me the subject of their concern, asking me whether I had any previous knowledge of Mr. Pitt's intention of obtaining an Earldom, and thus placing himself in the House of Lords, whereas our conception of the strength of the administration had been till that moment derived from the great advantage he would have given to it by remaining with the Commons. On this there could be but one voice among us, nor indeed throughout the kingdom. When Mr. Pitt left the closet, we had only to receive notice of the measure as a matter fixed, and not for deliberation. The reception we gave to the communication was so evident that it could not escape a penetrating eye."

The peerage appears to have been Lord Chatham's own spontaneous, unconsulting act, and the King took no further part in the business than to comply with the Minister's request. The following is the letter in which his final compliance was announced:

"*Richmond Lodge, July* 29, 1766,
"25 *m. p.* 5, *p.m.*

"MR. PITT,

"I have signed this day the warrant for creating you an Earl, and shall with pleasure receive you in that capacity to-morrow, as well as intrust you with my privy seal—as I know the *Earl of Chatham* will zealously give his aid towards destroying all party distinctions, and restoring that subordination to Government which can alone preserve the inestimable blessing, Liberty, from degenerating into licentiousness.

"GEORGE R."

Not only did the colleagues of Pitt murmur at his taking a peerage, but everywhere it was condemned, since by leaving the popular branch of the Legislature, he deserted the popular cause. By his enemies, William Pitt was now compared to William Pulteney,—each, they said, a man of high eloquence and high ascendancy,—each in his day called the Great Commoner,—each lured from the paths of duty and honour by an Earldom,—each doomed hereafter to oblivion and

contempt. In the City, which had been the stronghold of Pitt's popularity, its decline was most apparent. There it had been designed to celebrate his return to power by a general illumination. Lamps for the purpose were already placed around the Monument. But no sooner did the Londoners read in the *Gazette* that their Prime Minister was now the Earl of Chatham than the festivity was countermanded, and the lamps were taken down. From Blackheath, Lord Chesterfield observes: "There is one very bad sign for Lord Chatham in his new dignity, which is, that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice at it, and all his friends are stupified and dumb-founded." From Dublin, Mr. Burke exclaims: "There is still a little twilight of popularity remaining around the great Peer, but it fades away every moment."*

Walpole writes thus spitefully, Aug. 1, 1766: "Well! Europe must have done talking of Mr. Pitt; there is no longer such a man. He is Lord Privy Seal and Earl of Chatham. I don't know how Europe will like it, but the City and the mob are very angry. The latter, by which I do not mean to exclude the former, prove that it was only a name they were attached to, for as he has not advised a single measure yet, they can have no reason to find fault. Such as know why they are angry, though they will not tell you their true why, dislike his quitting the House of Commons, where he had more opportunity of doing jobs for them." A few weeks later, Sept. 9, Walpole writes: "Lord Chatham continues to be ill-treated by the mob and the gout, and is going to Bath." A month later, Oct. 10, Walpole writes strangely: "Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours; looks well and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits."

What most astonished the public in the whole arrangement was the manner in which Pitt disposed of himself: he appropriated the almost sinecure place of Lord Privy Seal, and leaving the old scene of his glory, went to the Upper House as Viscount Pitt and Earl of Chatham. "The joke here is," wrote Lord Chesterfield to a friend on the occasion, "that he

* Abridged from Lord Mahon's *Hist. England*, vol. v. p. 161.

has had *a fall upstairs*, and has done himself so much hurt that he will never be able to stand upon his legs again. Everybody is puzzled how to account for this step; though it would not be the first time that great abilities have been duped by low cunning. But, be it what it will, he is now certainly only Earl of Chatham, and no longer Mr. Pitt in any respect whatever."

Chesterfield again writes, Aug. 1, 1766: "Everybody is puzzled to account for this step; such an event was, I believe, never heard nor read of, to withdraw in the fulness of his power and in the utmost gratification of his ambition from the House of Commons (which procured him his power, and which alone would ensure it to him), and to go into that *Hospital of Incurables*, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable, that nothing but proof positive should make me believe it—but so it is."

This third administration of Lord Chatham's is said to have been composed rather of creatures than of colleagues, the subordinate offices being filled up with very heterogeneous materials. This was the ministry which Mr. Burke described with such profuse pleasantry and truth, saying:

"He (Lord Chatham) made an administration so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white: patriots and courtiers, King's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues, whom he had assorted at the same boards, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, 'Sir, your name?'—'Sir, you have the advantage of me!'—'Mr. Such-a-one, I beg a thousand pardons!' I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and

points, in the same truckle-bed."* — *Speech on American Taxation.*

Lord Chatham's Ministry, it must be allowed, was in every respect liberal; and it is difficult to account for the extraordinary odium which was attached to his election to the peerage. Few attempted to defend the "Great Commoner's" ambition to sit in the House of Lords. An almost solitary epigram, amidst a heap of abuse, made this half apology:

The Tories, 'od rat 'em,
Abuse my Lord Chatham,
For what—for commencing a peer?
But is it not hard
He should lose his reward,
Who has purchas'd a title so dear?

In every station,
Mr. Pitt serv'd the nation,
With a noble disdain of her pelf:
Then where's the great crime,
When he sees a fit time,
If a man should for once serve himself?

But the populace looked upon the peerage as a bribe, for which Pitt had sold himself to Bute, who, it was still confidently believed, ruled at court, and that none could be ministers except by placing themselves at his disposal. A caricature in Almon's *Political Register* for October, 1767,—"The Wire-master and his Puppets,"—represents the members of the present ministry as so many puppets moved by wires, directed by the Scotch favourite, Bute, from the palace of St. James's. The gouty Lord Chatham stands prominent in

* Alluding to Lord North and Mr. George Cooke, joint Paymasters. Pitt's *first* ministry, formed in December, 1756, lasted only until April following, when George II., having taken a decided aversion to his Prime Minister, through his conduct in the affair of Admiral Byng, dismissed Lord Temple from the Admiralty, which act led, as intended, to Mr. Pitt's resignation, and threw the country into a frenzy in his favour. After several unsuccessful negotiations, on June 29, 1757, the King re-appointed Mr. Pitt Secretary of State, this being his *second* ministry; and the Duke of Newcastle, whom, a few months before, Mr. Pitt had peremptorily excluded, again became First Lord of the Treasury.

front, with one of his crutches broken. On one side, Lord Holland (believed to have had a hand in Lord Bute's secret influence), peeps in, and gives his signal—"A little more to the left, my lord." On the other side, Britannia sits weeping, and exclaims, "It is sport to you, but death to me." Below, those who are out of place, among whom the Duke of Newcastle is conspicuous, are looking on at the performance, while the devil is pulling away the prop of the stage on which the puppets are moving, to make greater diversion for the spectators. Four lines from Swift explain the scene:

> The puppets, blindly led away,
> Are made to act for ends unknown;
> By the mere spring of wires they play,
> And speak in language not their own.

ATTACK ON LORD CHATHAM IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS BY THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Towards the close of 1766, during the debate on the Bill of Indemnity, Lord Chatham said, that when the people should condemn him, he should tremble; but would set his face against the proudest connexion in the country. The Duke of Richmond took this up with great heat and severity, and said he hoped the nobility would not be browbeaten by an insolent minister. The House calling him to order, he said with great quickness, he was sensible truth was not to be spoken at all times and in all places. Lord Chatham challenged the Duke to give him an instance in which he had treated any man with insolence; if the instance was not produced, the charge of insolence would lie on his Grace. The Duke said he could not name the instance without betraying private conversation; and he congratulated Lord Chatham on his new connexion, the Duke looking, as he spoke, at Lord Bute.

Walpole says: "Notwithstanding his success, Lord Chatham was stunned by so rough an attack from the Duke of Richmond, a young man not to be intimidated by supercilious nods, or humbled by invective, which his Grace had shown

himself more prone to give than receive. The silence of the place, and the decency of debate there, were not suited to that inflammatory eloquence by which Lord Chatham had been accustomed to raise huzzas from a more numerous auditory. Argument, at least, would be expected, not philippics. Whether these reflections contributed or not to augment the distaste which the ill-success of his foreign, and the errors he had committed in his domestic, politics had impressed on his mind, certain it is that the Duke of Richmond had the honour of having the world believe that by one blow he had revenged himself and his party, and driven his proud enemy from the public stage; for, from that day, Lord Chatham, during the whole remainder of his Administration, appeared no more in the House of Lords, really becoming that invisible and inaccessible divinity, which Burke has described, and in three months as inactive a divinity as the gods of Epicurus." Upon this passage Sir Denis Le Marchant, the able editor of Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of George III.*, notes: "If this supposition be true, it is an extraordinary coincidence that the Duke of Richmond should, eleven years later, have made the speech which unquestionably hastened Lord Chatham's death."

CHATHAM'S LOVE OF OFFICE.

Of Lord Chatham's tenacity of office, and his incapacity or reluctance to execute its duties, we find, in his *Correspondence*, records extending over a space of two years. A third time First Minister, with an almost dictatorial power, leading a cabinet composed rather of creatures than of colleagues; enjoying at once the whole confidence of the Crown, and the supreme favour of the people, this great and omnipotent statesman does—nothing—absolutely nothing. The ostensible cause or excuse of this strange desertion of his duties was the *gout;* but all his contemporaries were of opinion that the gout was a frequent pretext. Mr. Burke hints as much in a speech: "If

ever he (Lord Chatham) fell into a fit of the gout, *or if any other cause* withdrew him from public cares, when his face was for a moment hid, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass."

Thus, Lord Chatham entirely and most pertinaciously withdrew himself from all share in his own administration. He would see nobody—write to nobody—hear nothing—do nothing. In vain did the King write to him on every important occasion with the utmost confidence in his counsels, and the greatest tenderness and consideration for his indisposition; in vain did he appeal to a sense of duty and patriotism with an ability and earnestness approaching to eloquence: the crisis, he tells him, on one occasion, "would almost awaken the great men of former ages, and should therefore oblige Lord Chatham to cast aside any remains of his late indisposition."

To a series of similar appeals His Majesty could obtain nothing but such "fustian" answers as this:

"June 25, 1767.

"Under health so broken as renders at present application of mind totally impossible, may I prostrate myself at your Majesty's feet, and most humbly implore your Majesty's indulgence and compassion not to require of a devoted servant what in his state of weakness he has not power to trace with the least propriety for your Majesty's consideration?" &c.

Pitt's colleagues were equally unsuccessful. On his way from Bath, in February, 1767, he stopped at the inn at Marlborough, and was there confined for a fortnight. There were several most important affairs depending, and the Duke of Grafton, his own special friend, and indeed, nominee, offered to go down to receive his personal "directions;" which proposition Lord Chatham declined with a stately negative. And again, some months after, (May 27, 1767,) Lord Chatham being at Northend, a villa close to London, and the affairs of the Government, both in the Lords and Commons, in a most critical state, the Duke of Grafton solicited, as a

personal favour, and "relief to himself, an interview of one quarter of an hour, or of even a few minutes," to receive the Minister's advice and direction. To this application, urged with all earnestness and delicacy, Lord Chatham begged "to be allowed to decline the honour."

At last, the emergency becoming more pressing, the King was induced to propose, as Lord Chatham could not come to him, he would go down to Lord Chatham at Northend. The King in his chariot was the *Deus ex machinâ;* and under this pressure, to escape the royal visit, Lord Chatham consented to see the Duke of Grafton—but, as it seems, only once, or at most twice, for a few moments, and to no purpose!

Of this hindrance to the public business an instance happened, which seems to have greatly perplexed the Minister and his circle. A charter for a certain mining company was to pass the privy seal, but some objection being made to it, it became necessary that the Lord Privy Seal should hear the parties. The confusion into which this unexpected difficulty threw the court, the cabinet, and Lord Chatham's family, is quite ludicrous: every one, even the King himself, seemed afraid to take any steps that could in any way offend or even discompose the Minister: at last, after a six weeks' search for precedents and expedients, Lord Chatham was forced to resign the seal into the hands of three commissioners, who heard the cause, and on the 21st of March, 1768, the seal was immediately re-delivered to my Lord at Hayes by a deputation of the Privy Council.

At length, Lord Chatham discovered, for the first time, that his deplorable state of health rendered it necessary that he should resign, which he had no sooner done than there was a sudden improvement in his health; he soon resumed his attendance in the House of Lords; and threw himself into faction with a vigour and brilliancy of genius equal or superior to those of his best days.

Lord Chatham, in spite of his own experience, his success in 1759, when he governed with the Whig party, and his failure in 1767, when he attempted to govern without them,

still clung, in spite of uncertain health, and the small number of his followers, to the notion of being sole Minister, supported by the King and the country. Thus, in the end of the year 1774, Burke writes to Lord Rockingham:* "One cannot help feeling for the unhappy situation in which we stand from our own unhappy divisions. Lord Chatham shows a disposition to come near you, but with those resources (query *reserves*), which he never fails to have, as long as he thinks that the closet door stands ajar to receive him. The least peep into that closet intoxicates him, and will to the end of his life." In this spirit he spoke when he called upon Lord Rockingham in the beginning of January: "Lord Chatham, in point of looks, is very well, and in the extent of our conversation I thought his countenance denoted more than a transient appearance of a tendency to something like cordiality; but our interview lasted near a full hour, and I confess I was neither much edified, and perhaps had as little reason to be satisfied with some of the ideas and some of the expressions which he dropped."

CLAMOUR IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—DIGNIFIED CONDUCT OF LORD CHATHAM.

Mr. Thackeray relates the following strange occurrence, (in 1770,) in the House of Lords, "by which a meeting at the lowest tavern would have been disgraced, and which plainly proves that passion reduces men, whether clothed in ermine, or in the most abject garb of poverty, to the same disgraceful level."

The Duke of Manchester having risen to make a motion relative to the state of the nation, spoke in strong terms of the supineness and inability of the administration. His Grace then adverted particularly to the state of Gibraltar and Minorca;

* Lord Rockingham himself was no orator. When Lord Sandwich, with ready talent and with much bitterness, attacked the Prime Minister in the House of Lords, he made no reply, and Lord Gower, addressing Lord Sandwich, said, "How cruel it is of you to worry the poor dumb animal so."

the former of which, he said, was utterly defenceless.—He was here interrupted by Lord Gower, who desired that the House might be cleared of all but those who had a right to sit there. There was a standing order of the House, he said, against the presence of every one who was not a Peer. The order was then read, when the Duke of Richmond rose and defended what the Duke of Manchester had said, observing, that though it was very true that any Lord had a right to order the House to be cleared, yet that their doing it now would alarm the people, who would immediately suppose that they were *afraid* their proceedings should be known. Immediately a violent outcry arose, and all became noise, clamour, and confusion.

Clear the House! Clear the House! were the only sounds which were intelligible. Shocked at the indecency of the scene, and hoping that some respect would be paid to his services and years, Lord Chatham now rose, and addressed the furious assembly: but the form of the noble senator was beheld with indifference, and his words were uttered in vain. The tumult continued. Members of the House of Commons, as well as strangers, were compelled to withdraw by the personal interference of several of the younger peers. But Lord Chatham's nature was not easily to be overborne. After continuing to speak for some time without being able to command attention, he requested the Duke of Richmond to inform the Speaker that he desired to speak to the construction of the standing order. This appeal also was ineffectual. Not even the interposition of Lord Mansfield could restore order. The clamour and tumult increased. At length, disgusted with the uproar, and wearied in attempting to subdue it, Lord Chatham declared that if he was to be denied the privilege of a Peer of Parliament in the exercise of free debate, his presence among them was unnecessary and absurd. He then, accompanied by about eighteen Lords, quitted the House with a dignity which never forsook him, and which was now heightened by the contrast which the conduct of others presented.

The Members of the House of Commons were subsequently

compelled to withdraw. They then returned in a considerable body with a bill, having delivered which, they were again compelled to retire.

LORD CHATHAM DENOUNCES "THE MONIED INTEREST."

This memorable denunciation occurs towards the close of Lord Chatham's speech upon the Spanish Insults to the British Flag, in 1770.

"The public credit of the nation" (said his Lordship) "stands next in degree to the rights of the constitution; it calls loudly for the interposition of Parliament. There is a set of men, my Lords, in the City of London, who are known to live in riot and luxury upon the plunder of the ignorant, the innocent, the helpless—upon that part of the community which stands most in need of, and best deserves, the care and protection of legislature. To me, my Lords, whether they be miserable jobbers of Change-alley, or the lofty Asiatic plunderers of Leadenhall-street, they are equally detestable. I care but little whether a man walks on foot, or is drawn by eight horses or six horses; if his luxury be supported by the plunder of his country, I despise and detest him. My Lords, while I had the honour of serving His Majesty, I never ventured to look at the Treasury but at a distance; it is a business I am unfit for, and to which I never could have submitted. The little I know of it has not served to raise my opinion of what is vulgarly called the *monied interest;* I mean, that blood-sucker, that muck-worm, which calls itself the friend of Government—that pretends to serve this or that administration, and may be purchased on the same terms by any administration,—that advances money to Government, and takes special care of its own emoluments. Under this description I include the whole race of commissaries, jobbers, contractors, clothiers, and remitters. Yet I do not deny that, even with these creatures, some management may be necessary. I hope, my Lords, that nothing I have said will be understood to extend to the honest, indus-

trious tradesman, who holds the middle rank, and has given repeated proofs that he prefers law and liberty to gold. I love that class of men. Much less would I be thought to reflect upon the fair merchant, whose liberal commerce is the prime source of national wealth. I esteem his occupation, and respect his character."

LORD CHATHAM AT BURTON-PYNSENT.

This fine estate lies within a cove on the top of a bold ridge of hills, which rises, with a steep ascent, 400 feet from West Sedgmoor, on the north side of the parish of Curry-Rivel, in central Somersetshire. The scenery is beautiful: the slope is finely indented, and clothed with hanging woods, which alternately swell into bold projections, and recede into hollows, forming a grand profile when viewed from east or west. Burton-Pynsent occupies the very summit of the ridge: the house is large and irregularly built; the principal front, north, commanding a rich and extensive prospect of the flat country between Mendip and the Quantock Hills, the Channel and Welsh mountains. Immediately under the eye is a moor, level as a bowling-green, and finely turfed, to the extent of nearly six miles in length, and from one to three miles in width, skirted with villages: from this point more than thirty churches might be distinctly seen in the time of Collinson, the historian of Somerset, in 1791. At about two furlongs from the mansion, on the north-west point, is a fine column of white stone, 140 feet high, built on a smooth green projecting knoll, with a steep declivity of more than 300 feet, down to the edge of the moor. This pillar was erected by Lord Chatham to the memory of Sir William Pynsent, and bears on the pedestal the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM PYNSENT.

HOC SALTEM FUNGAR INANI MUNERE.

The south or back front of the house looks into a level park, thickly wooded with elm and other trees: the pleasure-

grounds on the brow of the hill are elegantly disposed; and the place must have proved a charming retreat to a man of Pitt's tasteful appreciation of the beauties of natural scenery heightened by art; to which the battle-field of Sedgmoor, the scene of Monmouth's defeat, adds the interest of historical association.

Chatham was fond of this retreat, and in his letters calls himself the Somersetshire Hermit. His Countess, in her

BURTON-PYNSENT, SOMERSET.

reply to one of his letters from Bath, gives this interesting picture of the family group at Burton-Pynsent: "Nine o'clock come, the duties of our Sunday evening done, and the little ones retired to bed, I musing by the fire, in comes my dearest love's letter. What a charm did it immediately spread over my whole mind, and with what delight and gratitude to the Almighty did I read that my prayers had been answered! The honour paid to the dear Hermit are natural. Superstition leads a few, and true devotion the other part."

Mr. Pitt was at Burton-Pynsent when, in 1766, the King's mandate reached him, summoning him to return to office. Only a few days before he had written to a personal friend: "France is still the object of my mind whenever thought calls me back to a public world, infatuated, bewitched; in a word, a riddle too hard for Œdipus to solve. . . Farming, grazing, haymaking, and all the Lethe of Somersetshire, cannot obliterate the memory of days of activity."

On receiving the King's and the Chancellor's letters, Pitt wrote suitable replies to both, wishing, in pompous phrase, that he could "change infirmity into wings of expedition," and promising to set off, as he did, without delay, to London. The journey, in those days, a long and weary one, was rapidly travelled by Pitt, though "the flying machine," as it was termed, did not finish its journey in less than four days. The editor of the *Chatham Papers* adds, with exultation, "Now (in 1838) the journey is accomplished in 15 hours!" Eight years afterwards it was accomplished in less than four hours!

To Dr. Addington Lord Chatham writes thus from Burton-Pynsent, in 1771, giving some account of his favourite son, William:

"All your friends here, the flock of your care, are truly sensible of the kind attention of the Good Shepherd. Our dear William has held out well, on the whole. Pitt lives much abroad, and grows strong: the hounds and the gun are great delights, without prejudice to literary pursuits. I sometimes follow him after a hare, *longo sed proximus intervallo.* My last fit of the gout left me as it visited me, very kindly. I am many hours every day in the field, and as I live like a farmer abroad, I return home and eat like one. . . . . Your obliging inquiries justify all details about health and regimen. Ale, then, goes on admirably, and agrees perfectly; my reverence for it, too, is increased, having just read, in the manners of our remotest Celtic ancestors, much of its antiquity and invigorating qualities. The boys all long for ale, seeing papa drink it; but we do not try such experiments. Such is the force of example, that I find I must

watch myself in all I do, for fear of misleading: if your friend William saw me smoke he would certainly call for a pipe."

LORD CHATHAM'S INVITATION TO GARRICK.

In the year 1772, Garrick, while on a visit at Mount Edgcumbe, received from Lord Chatham the following invitation in verse:

"Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, bright'ning all the bay;
To my plain roof repair, primæval seat!
Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet,
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find,
Ambition cur'd, and an impassioned mind;
A statesman without power, and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause;
Vot'ry alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And, interspers'd, an heart-enlivening train
Of sportive children frolic o'er the green;
Meantime, pure love looks on, and consecrates the scene.
Come, then, immortal spirit of the stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of ev'ry age!
Come, taste the simple life of Patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or gold."

To which Mr. Garrick returned the following answer:

"When Peleus' son, untaught to yield,
Wrathful forsook the hostile field,
His breast still warm with heav'nly fire,
He tun'd the lay, and swept the lyre.

"So Chatham, whose exalted soul,
Pervaded and inspir'd the whole,
Where far, by martial glory led,
Britain her sails and banners spread,
Retires (though wisdom's god dissuades,)
And seeks repose in rural shades.
Yet thither comes the god confess'd;
Celestial form! a well-known guest.

"Nor slow he moves with solemn air,
Nor on his brow hangs pensive care;
Nor in his hand th' historic page
Gives lessons to experienc'd age,
As when in vengeful ire he rose,
And plann'd the fate of Britain's foes,

While the wing'd hours obedient stand,
And instant speed the dread command.

"Cheerful he came, all blithe and gay,
Fair blooming like the son of May;
Adown his radiant shoulder hung
A harp, by all the Muses strung;
Smiling he to his friend resign'd
The soother of the human mind."

Lord Chatham acknowledges the receipt of Garrick's verses thus felicitously:

"Nothing but my hand is guilty in leaving your very obliging letter so long unacknowledged. I now make the earliest use of its returning strength, to express how much I feel your flattering sensibility, upon a small tribute to Genius and universal Talents. As our age owes more to them, for improvement as well as delight, than it is able to pay, I might have it upon my conscience, were I not to bring my unit of praise towards discharging this favourite branch of the National Debt; which, however, like the other, must, I foresee, remain to late posterity.

"Need I say what charms the verses from Mount Edgcumb have for all here; or that the sentiment which dictated them makes me justly vain? You have kindly settled upon me a lasting species of property I never dreamed of, in that enchanting place: a far more able conveyance than any in Chancery-lane; for, instead of laboriously perplexing rights, you, by a few happy lines, at once both create the title and fix the possession."

Lord Lyttelton, in reply to the letter of Lord Chatham, accompanying these lines, says:

"I am charmed with your verses, which I have sent to Garrick; who will answer them for himself. I will only say about them, that it would have been thought unconscionable in Cicero, if he had made verses as well as Catullus or Horace. It is usurpation in you to go out of your province, and because you do not rule the State, assume a dominion over Mount Parnassus! However, I forgive you, though I think you are partly a trespasser on my ground; and Garrick will

forgive you for encroaching upon his, in consideration of your being out of business at present, and as we know it is your destiny always to excel in some way or other."

LORD CHATHAM AND "JUNIUS."

Almost every writer of eminence who has applied himself to the investigation of the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," has fixed on Sir Philip Francis as the writer.

Since the publication of the *Chatham Correspondence* and the *Grenville Letters*, it appears that Junius addressed private notes both to Mr. George Grenville and the Earl of Chatham. They are not of great importance further than evincing the desire of the writer to obtain the notice of these statesmen, or to apprise them that he was in a position to assist them with his pen, or means of information. With his second letter to Lord Chatham he also sent proof sheets of those addressed to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield and Lord Camden, and which appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, Jan. 21, 1772: they were the last efforts of Junius in that channel of publicity. Whether Junius was at this time personally known to the Earl of Chatham, or became so subsequently, is uncertain; but that Chatham did become acquainted with him, and aided him with materials for some of his philippics against his opponents, Mr. John Wade (one of the editors of the *Letters of Junius*) has the written testimony of Lady Francis for affirming. The other parties who became privy to the secret, appear to have been the King and his minister Lord North, from whom Francis received his valuable appointment in the East Indies.—See *England's Greatness*, by John Wade, 1856.

"Chatham" (says Walpole) "was little scrupulous about means to attain his political ends, and Junius, as I have heard from later disclosures, was not his only auxiliary." Mr. Calcraft was his confidential political agent; and after his death, in 1787, Sir Philip Francis got back "the Calcraft papers" and destroyed them, thus doubtless closing one im-

portant source of verification; but any deficiency of proof from this precaution of Francis has been most amply filled up by later intelligence.

Sir Denis le Marchant says, in his notes to Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of King George III.*, "The evidence of Sir Philip Francis being the author of Junius has been observed by an eminent lawyer who took no part in the controversy, to be such as would be held conclusive by a jury on a question of fact. The authorship of Junius has even been attributed to Lord Chatham himself, one of the best-abused personages in that great political marvel; and so lately as 1858, a Mr. William Dowe, of New York, published a work to prove the above identity, but with considerably less success than several other speculations in the same field.

LORD CHATHAM SENDS HIS SECOND SON TO CAMBRIDGE.

In the year 1773, Lord Chatham, having fixed upon the law for the profession of his second son, (William,) sent him to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. His health being delicate, he was accompanied by Mr. Wilson, who lived with him for some time in the same college apartment. Lord Chatham wrote to the master of the college, expressing his wish that the two public tutors, Mr. Pretyman and Mr. Turner, should respectively devote an hour each day to his son's improvement. Thucydides had ever been a favourite author with Lord Chatham, and, by his express desire, was the first Greek book which his son read after he came to the University: the only other book which the father specified was Polybius; further he did not interfere with the system of academical education. At fourteen years old, William Pitt was eminently distinguished from the general order of boys, having already profited by the conversation and example of his father: in sitting at table with him, in walking with him about his grounds, and in attending him in his sick chamber, opportunities of benefiting by his long experience and his

great mind were offered, which were different from, and superior to, any knowledge to be acquired from books; and to these advantages is attributable Pitt's early display of his manly and astonishing qualities.

Lord Chatham writes from Burton-Pynsent, Oct. 30, 1773, to his son, in this playful strain:

"With what ease of mind and joy of heart I write to my loved William, since Mr. Wilson's comfortable letter of Monday. I do not mean to address you as a sick man: I trust in heaven that *convalescent* is the only title I am to give you in the ailing tribe; and that you are now enjoying the happy advantage of Dr. Glynn's acquaintance, as one of the cheerful and witty sons of Apollo, in his poetic, not his medical, attribute. But, though I indulge, with inexpressible delight, the thought of your returning health, I cannot help being a little in pain, lest you should make *more haste than good speed* to be well. . . . How happy the task, my noble, amiable boy, to caution you *only against pursuing too much* all those liberal and praiseworthy things, to which less happy natures are perpetually to be spurred and driven! I will not tease you with a long lecture in favour of *inaction*, and a competent *stupidity*, your best tutors and companions at present. You have time to spare, consider there is but the *Encyclopædia*, and when you have mastered all that, what will remain? You will want, like Alexander, another world to conquer. Your mamma joins me in every word; and we know how much your affectionate mind can sacrifice to our earnest and tender wishes. Brothers and sisters are well; all feel about you, think and talk of you as they ought. My affectionate remembrances go in great abundance to Mr. Wilson. *Vive, vale*, is the unceasing prayer of your truly loving father,

"CHATHAM."

By a letter in the *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 27, we learn that William Pitt, at the age of seven, already anticipated his future destiny. The children's tutor, Mr.

Wilson, writing to congratulate the *Countess of Chatham* on the new rank, adds:

"My *Lord* Pitt is much better, *Lady* Hester quite well, and Mr. William very near it. The last gentleman is not only contented in retaining his *papa's name*, but perfectly happy in it. Three months ago he told me, in a very serious conversation, 'He was glad he was not the eldest son, but that he *could serve his country in the House of Commons like his papa.*'"

LORD CHATHAM AND DR. FRANKLIN.

During Dr. Franklin's residence in England as provincial agent from the United States, he was received with great courtesy by Lord Chatham. On his Lordship making a motion in the Lords concerning America, on Jan. 20, 1775, he took Franklin to the House, and saying aloud to the door-keeper, "This is Dr. Franklin, whom I would have admitted into the House," they readily opened for him the door near the bar. In commenting upon the debate, Dr. Franklin says: "I was quite charmed with Lord Chatham's speech in support of his motion. He impressed me with the highest idea of him as a great and most able statesman." And in a letter to Lord Stanhope, he says: "Dr. F. is filled with admiration of that truly great man (Lord Chatham). He has seen in the course of life sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in the present instance he sees both united, and both, as he thinks, in the highest possible degree." Franklin subsequently visited Lord Chatham at Hayes, and dined with him and his family; and on coming to town his Lordship called upon the Doctor in Craven-street, to consult him on his bill relating to conciliatory measures with America, "he being," says Franklin, "not so confident of his own judgment, but that he came to set it right by mine, as men set their watches by a regulator. He stayed with me," says the Doctor, "near two hours, his equipage waiting at the door; and being there while people were

coming from church, it was much taken notice of and talked of, as at that time was every little circumstance that men thought might possibly any way affect American affairs. Such a visit from so great a man on so important a business, flattered not a little my vanity; and the honour of it gave me more pleasure, as it happened on the very day twelve months that the ministers had taken so much pains to disgrace me before the Privy Council."

Franklin paid a second visit to Lord Chatham at Hayes, to discourse on his Lordship's plan, and was present next day in the House of Lords when Chatham introduced his measure. It was vehemently opposed by Lord Sandwich, who could not believe it to be the production of any British Peer, and, adds Franklin, "that it appeared to him rather the work of some American; and turning his face towards me, who was leaning on the bar, said he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up, one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country had ever known. This drew the eyes of many Lords upon me; but as I had no inducement to take it to myself, I kept my countenance as immovable as if my features had been made of wood.

"Lord Chatham, in his reply to Lord Sandwich, took notice of his illiberal insinuation, that the plan was not the person's who proposed it: declared that it was entirely his own; a declaration he thought himself the more obliged to make, as many of their Lordships appeared to have so mean an opinion of it; for if it was so weak or so bad a thing, it was proper in him to take care that no other person should unjustly share in the censure it deserved. That it had been heretofore reckoned his vice not to be apt to take advice; but he made no scruple to declare that if he were the first minister of this country, and had the care of settling this momentous business, he should not be ashamed of publicly calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with the whole of American affairs as the gentleman alluded to, and so injuriously reflected on; one, he was pleased to say, whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom,

and ranked with our Boyles and Newtons; who was an honour, not to the English nation only, but to human nature. I found it (adds Franklin) harder to stand this extravagant compliment than the preceding equally extravagant abuse; but kept as well as I could an unconcerned countenance, as not conceiving it to relate to me."

THE AMERICAN WAR.—THE "TAPESTRY" SPEECH.

During the greater part of the year 1775, and throughout the whole of 1776, the state of Lord Chatham's health compelled him to be absent from Parliament. He was now extremely infirm; but the sense of personal inconvenience, of health, and of life, was absorbed in the consideration of his country's danger. On May 30, 1777, his Lordship attended in his place to make another motion deprecating hostilities with America: he came to the House wrapped in flannels, and supported on crutches. His speech, in the vigour and brilliancy which it displayed, was a strong instance of the triumph of the mind over the infirmities of the body. In this speech occurred the memorable sentence: "You talk of your numerous friends to annihilate the Congress, and of your powerful enemies to disperse their army: *I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch!*" which is described to have been one of the most emphatic and effective sentences ever pronounced by him.

In the discussion which followed Lord Chatham's speech on the Address, on the opening of the Session of 1777 (Nov. 18), Lord Suffolk undertook to defend the employment of the Indians in the American war, his Lordship contending that, besides its *policy* and *necessity*, the measure was allowable on *principle*, for that "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the *means that God and Nature put into our hands.*" This last expression rekindled the flame of Lord Chatham's indignation, and (says Thackeray) "occasioned one of the sublimest bursts of eloquence which history has recorded."

"*I am astonished!*" exclaimed his Lordship, suddenly

rising from his seat, "shocked! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country:—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!" After calling upon the House to protest against such notions "standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty, 'That God and Nature put into our hands!'" —and calling upon the Right Reverend Bench of Bishops, and the learned Judges—and invoking the genius of the constitution, Lord Chatham proceeded in this outburst of indignation: "From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country! In vain he led your glorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion, the *Protestant religion*, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, to extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war!* Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, and liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity."

On the 2nd of December, Lord Chatham spoke upon the Duke of Richmond's motion on the State of the Nation. The arrival of intelligence from America soon proved the condition of the country to be more calamitous than the sagacity of Lord Chatham had predicted. The truth was not to be concealed—General Burgoyne and his army were prisoners of

war; upon which disaster Lord Chatham made a motion in a striking speech.

We add a few details to show how apposite was Lord Chatham's illustration of his "Tapestry Speech."

Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk, was eminent for his services against the Spanish Armada, the destruction of which was represented in the tapestry. Howard, Earl of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England, who commanded the fleet upon that glorious occasion, was another of Lord Suffolk's ancestors, and to him Lord Chatham more especially refers.

The great orator was not the first Peer who had illustrated his speech from these hangings. About thirty years before, Lord Chesterfield made a similar allusion in a speech on the then war: "he turned with a most rhetorical transition to the tapestry, and said with a sigh, that he feared that there were on historical looms at work now."—*Walpole*, 1745.

Lord Chatham alludes to these hangings in a letter to the Countess Stanhope, in one of the debates on the Falkland Islands, in 1771: "The House being kept clear of hearers, we are reduced to a snug party of unhearing and unfeeling Lords and the tapestry hangings; which last, mute as Ministers, yet tell us more than all the Cabinet on the subject of Spain, and the manner of treating with an insidious and haughty Power."

This tapestry was of Dutch workmanship, and was woven, according to Sandrart, by Francis Spiering, from the designs of Henry Cornelius Vroom, an eminent painter of Haarlem. It had been bespoken by Lord Howard, and was sold by him to James I. It originally consisted of ten compartments, forming separate pictures, each surrounded by a wrought border, including the portraits of the officers who held commands in the English Fleet. Engravings were made from these hangings by Mr. John Pine, and published in 1739. The tapestry was destroyed in the great Fire in 1834, except a few fragments which were saved from the flames.

LORD CHATHAM'S LAST APPEARANCE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

We now approach the closing scene. On the 7th of April, 1778, the Duke of Richmond, hitherto the ally and supporter of all Lord Chatham's American policy, moved an address to the Crown, representing in detail the expenses, losses, and misconduct of the war, entreating His Majesty to dismiss his Ministers, and to withdraw his forces by sea and land, from the revolted provinces. Lord Chatham saw that the address involved, though no in direct terms, the acknowledgment of American Independence; and on the motion being communicated to him the day before it was to be made, he apprised the Duke, "with unspeakable concern, that the difference between them, and the point of the independence and sovereignty of America, was so very wide, that he despaired of bringing about any reasonable issue. He was still ill, but hoped to be in town to-morrow!" On that morrow he appeared in the House of Lords for the last time.

The Earl having arrived at Westminster, refreshed himself awhile in the Lord Chancellor's room, until he learned that Parliamentary business was about to begin. He was then led into the House of Peers by his son, the Hon. William Pitt, and his son-in-law, Lord Mahon. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, and covered up to the knees in flannel. Within his large wig little more of his countenance was seen than his aquiline nose, and his penetrating eye, which retained all its native fire. The Lords stood up, and made a lane for him to pass, while he gracefully bowed to them as he proceeded. Having taken his seat on the bench of the Earls, he listened to the speech of the Duke of Richmond with the most profound attention.

After Lord Weymouth had spoken against the address, Lord Chatham rose with slowness and difficulty from his seat, leaning on his crutches. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it; looking upward, he said: "I thank God that I

have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which is so deeply impressed on my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave. I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this House!"

The reverence, the attention, the stillness, of the House were here most impressive: had any one dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard. At first Lord Chatham spoke in a low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and became as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more so than at any former period. He recounted the whole history of the American War; the measures to which he had objected; and all the evil consequences which he had foretold; adding, at the end of each period, "And so it proved."

When his Lordship sat down, Lord Temple said to him, "You have forgot to mention what we have been talking about—shall I get up?" Lord Chatham replied, "No, no; I will do it by and by."

In the course of his speech, in reply to Lord Chatham, the Duke of Richmond is said to have shown much asperity in its delivery; and the Earl, who heard the greater part of the speech with composure, occasionally indicated, both in his countenance and gesture, symptoms of displeasure.

When the Duke of Richmond had concluded, Lord Chatham made an eager effort to rise, as if impatient to give utterance to his feelings. But the body now proved itself unequal to sustain the energies of the mind. After repeated attempts to retain his erect position, Lord Chatham suddenly pressed his hand to his heart, and fell down in convulsions. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, Lord Stamford, and other Peers, caught him in their arms.

Alarm and agitation prevailed. The House was immediately cleared, the debate adjourned, and every consideration absorbed in anxiety for the life of Lord Chatham. But affliction for his situation did not deprive his friends of their

presence of mind. The Hon. James Pitt, his youngest son, although not more than seventeen years of age, was particularly active and useful in rendering assistance to his venerable father. His Lordship was conveyed to Mr. Sargent's house in Downing-street, and the medical assistance of Dr. Brocklesby, who was fortunately in the House at the time of his seizure, was immediately procured. Recovering, in some degree, from the attack, he was removed to Hayes, where his friend and physician, Dr. Addington, was unremitting in his attentions.

Walpole writes, on April 8: "Lord Chatham fell in the Senate—not by daggers, nor by the thunder of Lord Suffolk's eloquence. He had spoken with every symptom of debility, repeated his own phrases, could not recollect his own ideas; and, which was no new practice, persisted in our asserting sovereignty over America, *though he could not tell by what means*. It was only new to confess his ignorance. The Duke of Richmond answered him with much decency and temper, though Lord Chatham had called *pursuit without means* timid and pusillanimous conduct. The Earl was rising to reply, but fell down in a second fit of apoplexy, with strong convulsions and slabbering at the mouth. I do not doubt but the *Morning Post* will allow the Duke more rhetoric than it ever acknowledged, in order to ascribe Lord Chatham's fall to his Grace's invectives; but he, who is all tenderness and sensibility, was so affected, that at night the Duchess of Richmond desired me not to name it: yet Lord Chatham is not dead, and to-day is better, if existing after two strokes can be called so. To be sure, his biographer would have a fairer field had he died in his vocation. . . . . Now, I reckon him politically dead. He will probably neither recover strength nor faculties; his family will, if possible, prevent his re-appearance, and the Court will scarce inoculate a half-dead skeleton on their other infirmities. Lord Chatham certainly went to the House to express resentment at their having only dabbled with him indirectly, but his debility, or perhaps some gleam of hope of yet being adopted, moderated his style: his water-gull, Lord Temple, was at his elbow."

Next day, April 9, continues the narrative: "Lord Chatham has again appeared in the House of Lords, and probably for the last time. He was there on Tuesday (April 7) against the earnest remonstrance of his physician; and, I think, only to make confusion worse confounded. He had intended to be very hostile to the Ministers, and yet to force himself into all their places by maintaining the *sovereignty* of America, to which none of the Opposition but his own few followers adhere; and they cannot, like a strolling company in a barn, fill all the parts of a drama with four or five individuals. It appeared early in the speech that he had lost himself: he did not utter half he intended, and sat down; but rising to reply to the Duke of Richmond, he fell down in an apoplectic fit, and was thought dead. They transported him into the Jerusalem Chamber,* and laid him on a table. In twenty minutes he recovered his senses, and was conveyed to a messenger's house adjoining, where he still remains. The scene was very affecting; his two sons, and son-in-law, Lord Mahon, were round him. The House paid a proper mark of respect by adjourning instantly."

Walpole, in his *Last Journals*, gives this further account of the sad scene: "Lord Chatham appeared in the House; he had told his particular friends that he laboured under great anxieties, yet must adhere to maintain the sovereignty over America. He complained that the Court had been tampering with his physicians and everybody about him, but had made no direct offers to himself, (which probably was the cause of his anger); he declared he would protest against ever compounding with the Ministers that had ruined this country, yet would not consent to the Independence of America, and would say that, before that could be done, the Prince of Wales ought to be brought to the House and give his consent to it —he did afterwards hint at that—and it looked a little as if his anger made him wish to spirit up the Prince. It soon appeared that Lord Chatham was exceedingly weak, and his

* This is evidently a mistake for the Painted Chamber; the Jerusalem Chamber being in the west front of Westminster Abbey.

head not clear. He repeated his own words several times, and could not recollect the name of the Princess Sophia. He asserted the sovereignty, and bade the Lords not fear a French invasion; we had resisted Danish invasions, Norman usurpations, and Scottish inroads (the two first instances were directly contrary to his purpose); he said he wished for no place, nor was any man's enemy; but he knew so little what he said, and was so weak, that he sat down. The Duke of Richmond answered Lord Weymouth and Lord Chatham, but with great tenderness and respect to the latter, who was going to reply, but fell down in a second fit of apoplexy. . . . In about twenty minutes, he recovered his speech. 'The first thing he said was, 'I was going to recommend Prince Ferdinand for general.' That was very likely, both from his regard for the Prince and from his aversion to Lord George Germaine." He was carried to a messenger's house adjoining, and next day was conveyed to Hayes.

DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM.

However much the attention of Dr. Addington might alleviate the sufferings of his patient, no human powers could restore Lord Chatham. He lingered until the 11th of May, when, says the Rev. Mr. Thackeray, "he breathed his last with that fortitude which had ever distinguished him as a man, and with that resignation which is the peculiar characteristic of a Christian."

"His bed," says Macaulay, "was watched to the last with anxious tenderness by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by his political opponents, and regarded with more awe than love even by his political associates. But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes."

The evening was far advanced before the sorrowful intelligence was communicated to Colonel Barré, who then repaired

to the House of Commons, and announced the death of Lord Chatham. After a solemn pause, Colonel Barré moved an address to the Throne, requesting His Majesty to give directions for a Public Funeral; to which was added, by amendment, a public monument in Westminster Abbey: to these requests, His Majesty acceded. An annuity of 4000*l.* was subsequently settled upon the heir of Lord Chatham, to whom the title should descend; and a grant of 20,000*l.* was voted for the payment of his Lordship's debts. In the Debate in the House of Lords on the second reading of the Bill for settling the annuity, among the Peers who protested against the Act was Markham, Archbishop of York. "This," says Walpole, "was mean revenge in Markham for Lord Chatham having censured his sermon, which the Archbishop had not the spirit to take notice of in the House while Lord Chatham lived."

Walpole's announcement of this sad event, his comments and those of his correspondents, will be read with interest. To Sir Horace Mann he writes: "May 11th. Lord Chatham died this morning. . . . Well! with all his defects, Lord Chatham will be a capital historic figure. France dreaded his crutch to this very moment; but I doubt she does not think that it has left a stick of the wood!—no offence to Mrs. Anne (Pitt), who, I allow, has great parts, and not less ambition: but *Fortune* did not treat her as a twin."

On May 15, Walpole writes to the Rev. William Mason: "The first thing I heard on landing in Arlington-street was Lord Chatham's death, which in truth I thought of no great consequence, but to himself; for either he would have remained where he was, or been fetched out to do what he could not do,—replace us once more on the throne of Neptune. The House of Commons has chosen to make his death an epoch which is to draw the line between our prosperity and adversity. They bury him, and father his children. In this fit of gratitude two men chose not to be involved, but voted against attending his funeral: one was the Archbishop

of Canterbury (Cornwallis), who owed the tiara to him; the other Lord Onslow, who formerly used to wait in the lobby to help him on with his great-coat."

To this Mr. Mason coarsely replies: "Pray give me an account of the funeral, and if you have time, order your gardener to pluck a bouquet of onions, and send it with my compliments to Lord John (Cavendish), that he may put them in his handkerchief to weep with greater facility."

Voltaire had died lately, (May 30,) which assists Mason to point another irreverent joke. He writes to Walpole, July 1, that he had been attending at Hornby Castle, and saying dust to dust over his patron, Lord Holdernesse's remains; "but," he adds, "when I consider that you did not seem to interest yourself much in the funeral of Lord Chatham, I suspect my poor Earl's would not be thought of much consequence by you. Indeed, nobody of any rank ever seems to have stolen out of life in a more *incog.* manner than he has done; for, all Frenchman as he was, Voltaire would hinder his being talked about, even on his darling continent. So that, what with Lord Chatham's death here, and Voltaire's death there, his memory seems to have slipped between two stools; and so rest his soul, if Dr. Priestley chooses to let him have one, whether material or not is not in his case much material: excuse the pun for the sake of the sense, if you be candid enough so to do."

In Walpole's reply to this letter he says: "If your Mecænas's fame (Lord Holdernesse) is overwhelmed in Lord Chatham's and Voltaire's, it is already revenged on the latter's. Madame du Deffand's letter of to-day says, he is already forgotten. *La belle poule* has obliterated him, but probably will have a contrary effect on Lord Chatham. All my old friend has told me of Voltaire's death is, that the excessive fatigues he underwent by his journey to Paris, and by the bustle he made with reading his play to the actors and hearing them repeat it, and by going to it, and by the crowds that flocked to him; in a word, the agitation of so much applause at

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eighty-four threw him into a strangury, for which he took so much laudanum that his frame could not resist all, and he fell a martyr to his vanity. Nay, Garrick, who is above twenty years younger, and full as vain, would have been choked with such doses of flattery, though he would like to die the death."

COPLEY'S PICTURE OF THE FALL OF LORD CHATHAM IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

This melancholy scene has been painted by John Singleton Copley, and is his best-known work. The size of picture is 7 ft. 6 in. high by 10 ft. 1 in. wide.; it was painted in 1779–80, and was presented to the National Gallery in 1828, by the Earl of Liverpool. The heads in the picture, of which there are 55, are all portraits; the peers are in their state-robes; the prominent figure to the right is the Duke of Richmond. The picture was engraved on a large scale by Bartolozzi; and the painter sent an impression to General Washington, and another to John Adams. Allan Cunningham says: "Perhaps, in his choice of subject, the painter's thoughts wandered to his own native America; at all events, he obtained the praise of the illustrious Washington. 'This work,' said he, 'highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eye when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist that produced it.'" The painter refused fifteen hundred guineas for the picture; it was purchased, we know not at what price, by Lord Liverpool, who used to say that such a work ought not to be in his possession, but in that of the public; these words were not heard in vain by the Earl's successor, who munificently presented the picture to the Nation.

It is strangely misnamed in the official Catalogue of the National Gallery, which is also in error in stating, "the scene represented took place in the Old House of Lords (the Painted Chamber);" whereas the old House of Lords was the old Parliament Chamber, which then occupied the site of the Royal Gallery, built by Soane; the old Court of Requests,

or White Hall, of the Palace being then fitted up for the House of Lords.

Walpole sarcastically alludes to this picture, when writing to the Countess of Ossory, in 1795, he excuses himself for not going to the House and making a speech, at the threshold of fourscore, saying: "As I have none of the great abilities and renown of the late Lord Chatham, so I have none of the ambition of aping his death and tumbling down in the House of Lords, which I fear would scarce obtain for me a sixpenny print in a magazine from Mr. Copley."

The painter, it need scarcely be added, was the father of Lord Lyndhurst; upon which circumstance, and the subject of the picture, Lord Mahon has this well-graced apostrophe:

"Who that reads of this soul-stirring scene—who that has seen it portrayed by that painter, whose son has since raised himself by his genius to be a principal light and ornament of the same assembly—who does not feel, that were the choice before him, he would rather live that one triumphant hour of pain and suffering than through the longest career of thriving and successful selfishness?" (*Hist. England*, vol. iii.)

Walpole relates the following *bon mot*: "A man, I forget his name, has made a drawing, which he says is for a companion to Copley's 'Death of Lord Chatham.' As the latter exhibits all the great Men of Britain, this is to record the Beauties: but what do you think is the subject he has pitched upon? The *Daughter of Pharaoh* saving Moses. The Princess Royal is the Egyptian Infanta, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester, Cumberland, Devonshire, Rutland, Lady Duncannon, &c., not all Beauties. Well, this sketch is to be seen *over against Brooks's*. George Selwyn says he could recommend a better companion for this piece, which should be *the Sons of Pharaoh* (faro) at the opposite house.

THE FUNERAL OF LORD CHATHAM.

Although men of all parties had concurred in decreeing posthumous honours to Chatham, his corpse was attended to the grave almost exclusively by opponents of the Government,

Nor were the arrangements for the Funeral made with unanimity befitting the sad event.

On May 13, Lord Shelburne moved that the Lords should attend Lord Chatham's funeral, and there was, on a division, a majority of one vote for it; but proxies being called for, the numbers were equal, which, in the Lords, is reckoned a negative.

There appears to have been much unseemly squabbling as to the place of interment. The Common Council having resolved to bury Lord Chatham at St. Paul's, the Sheriffs acquainted the House of Commons with that desire; when Dunning, T. Townshend, Barré, and Burke recommended compliance. Rigby made a most indiscreet speech against the Common Council, expressing the utmost contempt for them, which was answered severely by Barré, who told Rigby he ought to prefer St. Paul's, as there would be room enough for his person (which was very corpulent). The motion was ordered to lie on the table. The King told Lord Hertford he would not meddle with it—they might do what they would with the corpse, but he would not let the Guards go into the City.

On May 21, Walpole writes to the Rev. William Cole: "The City wants to bury Lord Chatham in St. Paul's, which, as a person said to me this morning, would literally be 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.'" And on May 31, Walpole again writes to his reverend correspondent: "I shall certainly not go to the funeral. I go to no puppet-shows, nor want to see Lord Chatham's water-gull, Lord Temple, hobble chief mourner."

The remains of Lord Chatham were brought from Hayes, and lay in state at the Painted Chamber, at Westminster, on the 7th and 8th of June. On the following day, the funeral procession moved from the Painted Chamber, through Westminster Hall, New Palace-yard, part of Parliament-street, Bridge-street, and King-street, and the Broad Sanctuary, to the great western door of Westminster Abbey. The banner of the Lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barré, attended by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham.

Burke, Savile, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession. "The chief mourner was young William Pitt. After the lapse of more than twenty years, in a season as dark and perilous, his own shattered frame and broken heart were laid, amid the same pomp, in the same consecrated mould, about twenty yards from the north entrance to the Abbey."

Walpole notes: "Not one of the Court attended the funeral but Lord Townshend and Lord Amherst. Thus, the Court made its behaviour completely ridiculous, by showing, after showering such honours and rewards on him and his family, how much it had acted against its inclination." The Diarist has, however, this still stronger condemnation of its conduct: "Garrick, the celebrated actor, died on the 19th (Jan. 1779), and a most extravagant pomp being exhibited for his funeral, in Westminster Abbey, Edmund Burke, who would not leave the trial (of Admiral Keppel), to attend his duty in Parliament, came post to town to attend the player's funeral, and returned to Portsmouth that very night. Yet even in that zeal he acted injudiciously, for the Court was delighted to see a more noble and splendid appearance at the interment of a comedian than had waited on the remains of the great Earl of Chatham, though *his* funeral was appointed by the order of the House of Commons."

Writing to Sir Horace Mann, Walpole says: "Fanaticism in a nation is no novelty; but you must know that, though the effects were so solid, the late appearance of enthusiasm about Lord Chatham was nothing but a general affectation of enthusiasm. It was a contention of hypocrisy between the Opposition and the Court, which did not last even to his burial. Not three of the Court attended it, and not a dozen of the Minority of any note. He himself said, between his fall in the House of Lords and his death, that, when he came to himself, not one of his old acquaintances of the Court, but Lord Despencer, so much as asked him how he did. Do you imagine people are struck with the death of a man, who were not struck with the sudden appearance of his death?

We do not counterfeit so easily on a surprise, as coolly; and when we are cool on surprise, we do not grow agitated on reflection."

A few days after, "a great secret came out, which Lord Temple diligently published. But a little before Lord Chatham's death, Lord Bute had sent Eden (Lord Suffolk's deputy, and one of the three Commissioners to America) to him with offers of making him Prime Minister, and of a Dukedom, and that Lord Bute would come in with him as Secretary of State. Lord Chatham treated the message and the messenger with the utmost contempt, and said, 'Tell the fellow, that if he dares to come out I will impeach him.' He had even intended on the day he had his fit to have divulged the message to the House of Lords. He spoke of it at his own table with ridicule, laughed at a Dukedom without an estate, said he should be Duke and no Duke, and ironically called Lady Chatham, *Your Grace.*"—(Walpole's *Last Journals.*)

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not, in both Houses of Parliament, ten personal adherents. But death restored him to his old place in the affections of his country. Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great, and that which had stood so long? The circumstances, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great Statesman, full of years and honours, led forth to the Senate-house by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of his country, could not but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. The few detractors who ventured to murmur were silenced by the indignant clamours of a nation which remembered only the lofty genius, the unsullied probity, the undisputed services of him who was no more.

MEMORIALS TO LORD CHATHAM.

The national Monument voted by Parliament is placed on the west side of the north transept of Westminster Abbey, within a few yards of the grave of Chatham. It is principally

MONUMENT TO LORD CHATHAM, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

See page 107.

of statuary marble, and was designed and executed by John Bacon, R.A. The parliamentary grant for the purpose was 6000*l.*; but out of this sum, the sculptor paid 700*l.* in fees to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, exclusive of the expenses of the erection of the monument!

The entire elevation exceeds 33 feet in height, and has an air of colossal grandeur. The basement is a rock, on which is seated Britannia, and at her feet are figures of Ocean and Earth. In the centre of the design, upon a sarcophagus, are figures of Prudence and Fortitude; and immediately over them, in a niche at the upper part of the pyramid which forms the background, is a statue of Lord Chatham, in his parliamentary robes, in an attitude of debate. The general sentiment of the composition is—that, by the united exertions of that Prudence and Fortitude which distinguished the illustrious deceased as Minister of the country, Great Britain had risen triumphant both by Sea and Land over all the efforts which had been aimed against her Independence, her Prosperity, and her National Ascendancy. The vastness of the figures, 7 and 8 feet in height, their excellent execution, and their pyramidical grouping, render this one of the sculptor's finest works:

> Bacon there
> Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
> And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.—*Cowper.*

When it was proposed to erect the monument, the selection of the designs from those sent in by the competing artists was conceded to the Royal Academy; but Bacon preferred to avail himself of his private influence with the King, and having procured an audience for the purpose of showing his model, obtained His Majesty's commands to make the monument. Bacon also wrote the inscription on the base:

"Erected by the King and Parliament, as a testimony to the virtues and abilities of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; during whose administration, in the reigns of George the Second and George the Third, Divine Providence exalted Great Britain to a height of prosperity and glory unknown to any former age. Born 15th of Nov., 1708; died 11th of May, 1778."

The King, after approving and adopting this inscription, said to the sculptor, "Now, Bacon, mind you do not turn author; stick to your chisel."

The citizens of London resolved to erect in their Guildhall a monument to Chatham, which was also executed by Bacon, who received for the work 3000 guineas. The statesman is represented as a Roman senator standing upon a rock; his attitude is oratorical and commanding; his left hand directs the helm of Government his right hand is placed affectionately on the shoulders of Commerce, who is presented by a murally-crowned figure of the City of London: in the foreground is Britannia seated on her Lion, receiving contributions from the four quarters of the Globe, represented by Infants. The whole effect is magnificent, though not in the highest style of sculpture. On the plinth is a laurelled medallion charged with the cap of Liberty, and above is the inscription from the pen of Edmund Burke:

"In grateful Acknowledgement to the Supreme Disposer of events, who, intending to advance this nation for such time as to his wisdom seemed good, to an high Pitch of Prosperity and Glory, by an Unanimity at home; by Confidence and Reputation abroad; by Alliance wisely chosen and faithfully observed; by Colonies united and protected; by decisive Victories by sea and land; by Conquests made by Arms and Generosity in every part of the Globe; by Commerce, for the first time, united with, and made to flourish by, War;—was pleased to raise up as a proper instrument in this memorable work,

WILLIAM PITT.

The Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, mindful of the Benefits which the City of London received, in her ample Share in the general Prosperity, have erected to the memory of this eminent Statesman and powerful Orator, this monument in her Guildhall, that her Citizens may never meet for the Transaction of their Affairs, without being reminded that the means by which Providence raises a Nation to Greatness, are the Virtues infused into great men, and that to withhold from those Virtues, either of the Living or the Dead, the Tribute of Esteem and Veneration, is to deny to themselves the Means of Happiness and Honour.

"This distinguished Person, for the Service rendered to King George II. and to King George III., was created

EARL OF CHATHAM.

The British Nation honoured his Memory with a public Funeral, and a public Monument amongst her illustrious men in Westminster Abbey."

But the most tender tribute to the memory of Lord Chatham was naturally that dictated by private affection. His Countess erected at Burton-Pynsent a marble urn, sculptured by Bacon, upon the pedestal of which is inscribed:

"SACRED TO PURE AFFECTION,
THIS SIMPLE URN
STANDS A WITNESS OF UNCEASING GRIEF FOR HIM,
WHO,
EXALTING IN WHATEVER IS MOST ADMIRABLE,
AND ADDING TO THE EXERCISE OF THE SUBLIMEST VIRTUES,
THE SWEET CHARM OF REFINED SENTIMENT, AND POLISHED WIT:
BY GAY SOCIAL CONVERSE,
RENDERED, BEYOND COMPARISON, HAPPY
THE COURSE OF DOMESTIC LIFE;
AND BESTOWED A FELICITY, INEXPRESSIBLE,
ON HER,
WHOSE FAITHFUL LOVE WAS BLESSED IN
A PURE RETURN,
THAT RAISED HER ABOVE EVERY OTHER JOY
BUT THE PARENTAL ONE,
AND THAT STILL SHARED WITH HIM.
HIS GENEROUS COUNTRY, WITH PUBLIC MONUMENTS,
HAS ETERNIZED HIS FAME;
THIS HUMBLE TRIBUTE
IS BUT TO SOOTHE THE SORROWING BREAST
OF PRIVATE WOE."

On the front of the urn is a medallion with the head of Lord Chatham; and on the opposite side is another medallion inscribed:

"TO
THE DEAR MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM PITT,
EARL OF CHATHAM,
THIS MARBLE
IS INSCRIBED
BY HESTER,
HIS BELOVED WIFE."

The urn and pedestal were, many years since, removed to Stowe.

CHARACTERISTICS, RETROSPECTIVE OPINIONS, AND PERSONAL TRAITS.

PITT'S AFFECTATION AND PERSONAL HABITS.

Mr. Pitt had one fault, which of all human faults, is most rarely found in company with true greatness. He was extremely affected. He was an almost solitary instance of a man of real genius, and of a brave, lofty, and commanding spirit, without simplicity of character. He was an actor in the Closet, an actor at Council, an actor in Parliament; and even in private society, he could not lay aside his theatrical tones and attitudes. "We* know that one of the most distinguished of his partisans often complained that he could never obtain admittance to Mr. Pitt's room till everything was ready for the representation, till the dresses and properties were all correctly disposed, till the light was thrown down with Rembrandt-like effect on the head of the illustrious performer, till the flannels had been arranged with the air of a Grecian drapery, and the crutch placed as gracefully as that of Belisarius or Lear."

The able writer of the paper in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 131, has well observed that "Mr. Pitt, like a great actor, and like the Grecian orators, who *were* great actors, reserved all his dignity for the *proscenium*, and seemed to think of the shiftings, and changes, and managements behind the scenes, as inconsiderable circumstances, with which one who was to fill a great share in the public view must necessarily comply. If it were not for this hypothesis, we should

wonder that any man could think the publication of a great portion of the *Chatham Correspondence* would be otherwise than injurious to the public character of 'the great Lord Chatham.' "

After his acceptance of a peerage, and his gloomy seclusion from his ministerial colleagues, when he shut himself up in his rooms at the Castle Inn, Marlborough, everybody who travelled that road was amazed by the number of his attendants. Footmen and grooms, dressed in his family livery, filled the whole inn, though one of the largest in England, and swarmed in the streets of the little town. The truth was that Chatham had insisted that, during his stay, all the waiters and stable-boys at the Castle should wear his livery.

Lord Mahon was assured by Mr. Thomas Grenville, almost a contemporary of that period, that this story had no foundation in fact. It used to be told by Lord Holland, and most clearly, as Lord Mahon thinks, arose from his imperfect recollection of a passage resembling it, but really quite different (since referring only to Lord Chatham's own servants brought from Bath) in Lord Orford's (then MS.) Memoirs. See in them, vol. ii. pp. 416-17.—Notes to Lord Mahon's *Hist. England*, vol. v. p. 176, third edit.

Lord John Russell, in his notes to the *Correspondence of C. J. Fox*, however, states that "Lord Shelburne told the above story to his son, the present Lord Lansdowne, and can scarcely have been mistaken."

Pitt was scrupulously exact in his dress. It is said that he never was seen on business without a full-dress coat and a tie-wig. He was also a rigid observer and exactor of respect towards himself and others when in authority, and never permitted his under-secretaries to sit down before him. Charles Price used to say that, at the levee, Lord Chatham was accustomed to bow so low, that the persons behind him could see the tip of his hooked nose between his legs.

His granddaughter, Lady Hester Stanhope, describes his

eyes as grey, yet, by candlelight, from the expression that was in them, one would have thought them black. When he was angry, or speaking very much in earnest, nobody could look him in the face. His memory on things even of a common nature, was very strong: on passing a place where he had been ten years before, he would observe that there used to be a tree, or a stone, or something that was gone, and on inquiry, it always proved to be so: yet he travelled always with four horses, at a great rate.

Walpole describes Lord Chatham as a *comedian*, even to his dress; and in May, 1774, to excuse his absence from Parliament, by visible tokens of the gout, he had his legs wrapped in black velvet boots; and as if in mourning for the King of France, he leaned on a crutch covered with black velvet.

A few weeks after his retirement from office, in July, 1769, Lord Chatham appeared at the Levee to present his duty to the King. Men gazed at him with eager curiosity as on one risen from the grave; above two years and a half had elapsed since he had last shown himself in public. The King was very gracious, and whispered to him to come into the Closet after the Levee, which Lord Chatham did accordingly, and remained in conversation with His Majesty twenty minutes. This was the last conversation that ever took place between them, and its details were unknown. "Perhaps he was sent for," says Burke, "or perhaps he came of his own accord, to talk some significant, pompous, creeping, explanatory, ambiguous matter in the true Chathamic style."* These words, it must be owned, describe with considerable aptness, though not without exaggeration—as even now we may trace them —Lord Chatham's epistolary faults. However respectful was the tone adopted by Burke in public towards Lord Chatham, he forgot this respect in his celebrated *Observations on the late State of the Nation*, where he likens the great orator to

* Burke once called Lord Chatham "the sublime of mediocrity." Did not M. Thiers borrow from this when he said Madame de Stael's writings were "the perfection of mediocrity?"

a hawk, adding, the style of Lord Chatham's "politics is to keep hovering in the air over all parties, and to souse down where the prey may prove best."

The character of Mr. Pitt has often suffered by the exaggerations and untruths related with the view of magnifying his importance. Thus, as a specimen of the lofty spirit with which he did the public business, it is confidently related that "a fleet and army were assembled: the destination was kept a profound secret. It is not a little remarkable that when Mr. Pitt ordered the fleet to be equipped, and appointed the period for its being at the place of rendezvous, Lord Anson said, 'it was impossible to comply with the order; the ships could not be got ready in the time limited; and he *wanted to know where they were going*, in order to victual them accordingly.' Mr. Pitt replied that if the ships were not ready at the time required, he would lay the matter before the King, and *impeach his Lordship* in the House of Commons. This spirited menace produced the men-of-war and transports, *all ready*, in perfect compliance with the order." This extravagant usurpation is told in Almon's *Anecdotes*, but is altogether unfounded; for had Mr. Pitt the folly to have attempted it, he would not have remained an hour the colleague of Lord Anson, after having, as the anecdote itself relates, thus convicted him of ignorance, falsehood, or disaffection.

Almon relates another story, still more generally believed: "During Mr. Pitt's administration, he wrote the instructions (for the naval officers) himself, and sent them to the Lords of the Admiralty to be signed; *always ordering his secretary to put a sheet of white paper over the writing.* Thus they were kept in perfect ignorance of what they signed, and the secretary and clerks of the board were all in the same state of exclusion."

This absurd story is asserted by the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 133 (it is believed, the Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker), to be utterly false: so unconstitutional a proceeding would have been an idle and gratuitous insult; "for the same

object might have been accomplished by the regular and not unusual form of an order from the Admiralty Board to their sea-officers, to obey such instructions as they should receive from his Majesty through the Secretary of State,—a mode of proceeding convenient, and indeed, almost necessary in conjoint expeditions, and particularly where great secrecy is desirable; but we can venture to say that the *modes* of transacting business between the Secretary of State and the Admiralty were in no respect different in Mr. Pitt's time from what they had been in the Duke of Newcastle's." Yet, Lord Brougham appears to credit this story.

Thackeray states his belief that Almon received this information from Lord Temple; but, if this were the case, it would not make it more credible.

Pitt possessed extraordinary power of application to business. Mr. Cummins, the celebrated American Quaker, used to say of him: "The first time I come to Mr. Pitt upon any business, I find him extremely ignorant; the second time I come to him, I find him completely informed upon it."

MR. PITT'S "GOUT."

Mr. Pitt was, from his youth, subject to Gout, which is supposed to have been hereditary; and he was during his whole life afflicted with it to a degree that frequently and seriously interfered with his parliamentary and official duties. But his contemporaries, friends and foes, all believed that Mr. Pitt and his hereditary enemy occasionally understood each other, and that a *convenient* fit of the gout was always ready, upon adequate occasion—either to excuse his absence, or to enhance the merit and effect of his attendance, upon particular questions. It was even remarked that when Mr. Pitt came down to the House of Commons in all the paraphernalia of gout, he would sometimes, in the ardour of debate, forget his disease, and throw about his muffled limbs with great agility.

In 1744-5, "Mr. Pitt," says Philip Yorke, "who had been laid up with gout ever since the Session began, came down (on the vote of the addition to the Army in Flanders), with the mien and *apparatus of an invalid*. What he said was enforced with much grace, both of *action* and elocution. He opened by saying, that if this was to be the last day of his life, he would spend it in the House of Commons, since he judged the condition of his country to be worse than that of his own health. . . . . He showed how much the question was changed from what it was last year, when a certain fatal influence (Grenville) prevailed in His Majesty's Councils. . . . . He complimented Mr. Pelham on his love of his country and capacity for business. He thought a *dawn* of salvation to his country had broke forth, and he would follow it as far as it would lead him. He should be the greatest dupe in the world if those now at the helm did not mean the honour of their master and the good of the nation; and if he found himself deceived, nothing would be left but to rest with an honest despair," &c. All this was open to much personal imputation; but Mr. Pitt treated an allusion of that kind, which was made by a young member, with such an "air of disdain," as silenced further criticism: as Mr. Yorke adds, "his *fulminating* eloquence deterred all opposition, and the motion passed with only one dissentient voice."

In some quarters, this malady was suspected to be feigned with a view to escape the vexation, or avoid the responsibilities of office; but this idea was unfounded. Nor was it gout, which Lord Chatham's friends put forth to the public at the time; but it was the absence of gout; for Lady Chatham writes, in 1767, that no improvement can be expected in her Lord's health "until he can have a fit of the gout." After Lord Chatham's return from Marlborough, his new physician, Dr. Addington, administered some strong remedies which dispelled the gout from his limbs, but scattered it about his body, and especially upon his nerves. "Hence," says Lord Mahon, "arose the dismal and complete eclipse which for upwards of a year his

mental powers suffered. There was no morbid illusion of the fancy, but there was utter prostration of the intellect." This mental incapacity was unfeelingly exaggerated by Junius, who, in one of his early Letters, glances at Lord Chatham as "a lunatic brandishing a crutch."

Walpole humorously notes, Nov. 18, 1768: "Lord Chatham has got a regular fit of the gout after so long an intermission. Many think this indicates his re-appearance. If anything can re-produce him on the stage, the gout and the smell of war can. He might not like to make it while minister. There is nothing to check him when out of place."

Elsewhere Walpole describes Chatham as "having recourse to his old mummery of acting the gout;" and he thus describes a visit which his cousin, Thomas Walpole, paid to the Earl: "He found him in bed with affected fatigue or gout: he was sitting up in bed, with a satin eider-down quilt on his feet. He wore a duffil cloak without arms, bordered with a broad purple lace. On his head he had a nightcap, and over that a hat with a broad brim flapped all round. It was difficult not to smile at a figure whose meagre jaws and uncouth habiliments recalled Don Quixote when he received the Duenna to an audience after he had been beaten and bruised, and was wrapped in serecloths."

Lord Mahon remarks: "It is strange how large a space in the History of England at this period must be devoted to the details of his personal health and of his family feuds. The fate of the nation seemed to hang suspended on the gout and on the Grenvilles. Whether one sick man did or did not feel a twinge in his foot at Hayes—whether that sick man would or would not shake hands with his brother from Stowe, or his brother from Wotton,—such are the topics which we have here to treat as the most important State affairs."

These misrepresentations were often made colourable by his friends. Lord Holland, in a letter to John Campbell, Esq., May 11, 1769, says: "You must observe I don't mention Lord Chatham. Nobody does now, and that is a step, as far as it goes, to your more favourable opinion of him. I believe

Lord Temple has been telling lies these three months, and no longer than last Sunday, assured several people that Lord Chatham had prevailed to have the prorogation of Parliament put off for three or four days, and would come down and speak; whereas the poor man has been all the time confined to his room, if not to his bed. If I knew nothing of Lord Temple but this profligate and scandalous lying disposition, I should hate him as I do."

During these attacks of gout, however, the public looked with the greatest anxiety on what they fancied was the sole impediment to Pitt's ample vengeance on our foreign enemies for previous disasters, as wrote a poet in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, on Feb. 12, 1757:

> The land to rescue from impending fate,
> Pitt rose, the smooth-tongued Nestor of the State.
> The world in prospect saw our fame advance,
> Our thunder rolling through the realm of France.
> But heav'n (in mercy to the trembling foe)
> Bade the gout seize his senatorial toe.
> Thus, when Tydides swept the ranks of fight
> And drove opposing hosts to realms of night,
> Swift from young Paris flew a whizzing spear,
> Stopt the stern hero in his full career,
> Quick gliding, through the foot an entrance found,
> And nail'd the bleeding warrior to the ground.

Gout also furnished many caricatures. One under the title of "The Courier," makes a joke of the Duke of Cumberland's unsuccessful visit to the gouty foot at Hayes: the sign is that of a blown bladder, inscribed "Popularity," and underneath, "By W. P."

"The gouty Colossus," an attack of the Court-party, in 1766, represents the statesman raised on lofty stilts, his gouty leg resting on the Royal Exchange, in the midst of London and Westminster, which are surrounded by a cloud of bubbles, inscribed "War," "Peace," &c.; this stilt is called "Popularity." The other stilt, called "Sedition," he stretches over the sea, towards New York (seen in the distance), fishing for popularity in the Atlantic. The long staff on which he rests, is "Pension." Above the orator's head hangs the broad hat of the commonwealth, and raised in the air on one side,

Lord Temple is occupied in blowing the bubbles which support the Great Commoner's fame. Below are these lines:

Tell to me, if you are vitty,
Whose wooden leg is in de citty,
Eh bien drole, 'tis de great pity.
Doodle do.

De broad-brim hat he thrust his nob in,
De while St. Stephen's throng are throbbing,
One crutch in America is bobbing.
Doodle do.

But who de yonder old man there, sir?
Building de castle in de air, sir?
Oh! 'tis de Temple, one may swear, sir!
Doodle do.

Stamp Act, le diable! dat's de job, sir,
Dat stampt it in de stiltman's nob, sir,
To be America's nabob, sir.
Doodle do.

De English dream vid leetle vit, sir;
For de French dey make de Pit, sir,
'Tis a pit for them who now are bit, sir.
Doodle, noodle, do.

INTREPIDITY OF LORD CHATHAM.

No individual ever possessed greater intrepidity than Lord Chatham. This great quality of his mind was conspicuous in every action of his life as a statesman, an orator, and a man. His administration displays a series of the most spirited designs that ever statesman conceived. He evinced the same courage in prosecuting as in conceiving these designs. It was this feeling, imparted by him to the nation, which enabled him to break through those trammels of individual and party opposition by which ordinary ministers have been restrained, and to extend the glory of his country over the four quarters of the globe.

His great intrepidity was of that inherent quality which neither age nor infirmity, nor even the prospect of death, can subdue. In a debate which took place in the House of Lords, after he had entered upon his grand climac-

teric, although suffering from an excruciating disorder, in animadverting upon the declining liberties of his country, and the growing spirit of the colonies, he asserted, with all the buoyant vigour of youth, that were it not for invincible obstacles, he would retire from Great Britain, and spend the remainder of his days in a country which he believed to be the asylum of liberty and manly virtue.

But the last scene of his life affords the most astonishing instance of his intrepidity. In that hour, the perilous position of his country was fully presented to his view. He himself had been compelled to avow that he knew not in what manner she could be extricated. But no change of national fortune could shake his resolution. "The Almighty," says the Rev. Mr. Thackeray, "has planted in some breasts feelings which are scarcely extirpated in the moment of dissolution. When Charles the Twelfth was mortally struck by the bullet at Frederickshall, the soul of the soldier prevailed even in the agonies of death, and his right hand was found upon the hilt of his sword. When Lord Chatham rose for the last time in the House of Lords, the messenger of death was upon him; and he fell, labouring with his last breath to vindicate the rights of his country."

ALLEGED INSANITY OF LORD CHATHAM.

Walpole, who, it must be recollected, is almost invariably very severe upon the conduct of Lord Chatham, observes, in April, 1767, that he "either was not, or would not, be in a condition to strike any great stroke. Though he still continued to take the air publicly, his spirits and nerves were said to be in the lowest and most shattered condition. Added to the phrenzy of his conduct, a new circumstance raised general suspicion of there being more of madness in his case than mere caprice and impracticable haughtiness: he had put himself into the hands of Dr. Addington—a regular physician, it is true, but originally a mad doctor, innovating enough in his practice to be justly deemed a quack. The physician, it was

supposed, was selected as proper to the disease; whereas, if all was not a farce, I should think that the physician rather caused the disease, Addington having kept off the gout, and possibly dispersed it through his nerves, or even driven it up to his head. So long did Lord Chatham remain without a fit of the gout, and so childish and agitated was his whole frame, that if a word of business was mentioned to him, tears and trembling immediately succeeded to cheerful, indifferent conversation. Some passages, too, indicated a fond kind of dotage; yet do I very much doubt whether the whole scene was not imposition, and the dictates of disappointment, inability, and pride, rather than the fruits of a brain extraordinarily distempered. A slave to his passions, a master dissembler, and no profound statesman, his conduct was more likely to be extravagant by design than from the loss of his senses. As he re-appeared in the world, and yet governed his domestic affairs with the same wild wantonness and prodigality, it is probable that there was not more folly in his secession from business than could be accounted for in so eccentric a composition. If it was nothing but singularity and passion, Lord Chatham was certainly the first man who ever retired from business into the post of Prime Minister."

His grievous plight is described as follows, by the secretary of his brother-in-law, Mr. Greville, who had no doubt excellent means of information: "Lord Chatham's state of health is certainly the lowest dejection and debility that mind or body can be in. He sits all the day leaning on his hands which he supports on the table; does not permit any person to remain in the room; knocks when he wants anything; and having made his wants known, gives a signal without speaking to the person who answers his call to retire."

Walpole writes, April 5, 1767: "Lord Chatham now does not only not see the Ministers, but even does not receive letters. The world, on the report of the Opposition, believe his head disordered, and there is so far a kind of colour for this rumour, that he has lately taken Dr. Addington, a physician in vogue, who was originally a mad doctor. The

truth I believe is, that Addington, who is a kind of empiric, has forbidden him doing the least business, though he lives out of town, and everybody sees him pass in his coach along the street. His case, I should think, is a symptomatic fever, that ought to turn to gout; but Addington keeps him so low that the gout cannot make its effort. Lord Chatham's friends are much alarmed, and so they say is Addington himself; yet, what is strange, he calls in no other help."

May, 1767: "At this period came to my knowledge a transaction, which persuaded me of the reality of Lord Chatham's madness. When he inherited Sir William Pynsent's estate, he removed to it, and sold his house and grounds at Hayes, a place on which he had wasted prodigious sums, and which yet retained small traces of expense, great amounts having been consumed in purchasing contiguous tenements to free himself from all neighbourhood. Much had gone in doing and undoing, and not a little portion in planting by torch-light, as his peremptory and impatient temper could brook no delay. Nor were these the sole circumstances that marked his caprice. His children he could not bear under the same roof, nor communications from room to room, nor whatever he thought promoted noise. A winding passage between his house and the children was built with the same view. When at the beginning of this, his second administration, he fixed at Northend, by Hampstead, he took four or five houses successively, as fast as Mr. Dingley, his landlord, went into them —still, as he said, to ward off the noises of the neighbourhood. His inconsiderate promptitude was not less remarkable at Pynsent. A bleak hill bounded his view: he ordered his gardener to have it planted with evergreens; he was asked, 'With what sorts?' He replied, 'With cedars and cypresses.' 'Bless me, my Lord,' replied the gardener, 'all the nurseries in this county, (Somersetshire,) would not furnish a hundredth part.' 'No matter; send for them from London:' and they were fetched by land-carriage.

"Yet were these follies committed when no suspicion was had of his disorder. But by these and other caprices, he had

already consumed more than half the legacy of Pynsent. His very domestic and abstemious privacy bore a considerable article in his housekeeping. His sickly and uncertain appetite was never regular, and his temper could put up with no defect. Hence a succession of chickens was boiling and roasting at every hour to be ready whenever he should call.

"He now, as if his attention to business demanded his vicinity to town, bent his fancy to the re-possession of Hayes, which he had sold to Mr. Thomas Walpole. Lady Chatham, in letters, begged in the most pathetic terms, that he would sell them Hayes again. She urged that it would save her children from destruction; and that her children's children would be bound to pray for him; requesting that he would take some days to consider before he refused. He did; and then wrote to her that he was very averse from parting with the place, on which he had laid out so much money; but if the air of Hayes was the object, Lord Chatham was welcome to go thither directly for a month, or for the whole summer; that he would immediately remove his family, who were there, and Lord Chatham would find it well aired. This she declined accepting. Mr. Walpole then sent to her Nuthall, Lord Chatham's intimate friend and law-adviser. She who had never appeared to have a will or thought of her own, but to act with submission to her lord's nod, now received Nuthall alone, and brought him not to own to her lord, that she had yet received any letter from Mr. Walpole, but to deliver it as just arrived, if Lord Chatham should ask for the answer, and then carried him to her lord. He seemed in health, and reasonable; but asking if Nuthall knew anything about Hayes, and being told the contents of the letter, he said, with a sigh, 'That might have saved me.' Lady Chatham, seeming to be alarmed, said: 'My lord, I was talking to Mr. Nuthall on that subject; we will go and finish our discourse,' and carried him out of the room. She then told me they had agreed to sell the Wiltshire estate, (part of Pynsent's,) and with part of the produce re-purchase Hayes, which, however, they must mortgage, for they owed as much as the sale would amount

to. Mr. Walpole, distressed between unwillingness to part with Hayes, and apprehension that Lord Chatham's ill health would be imputed to him, as that air might have been a remedy, consulted the Chancellor; the latter, on hearing the story, said, 'Then he is mad,' and sent for James Grenville. Asking when he had seen Lord Chatham, Grenville replied: 'The day before, and had found him much better.' Lord Camden said: 'Did he mention Hayes?' 'Yes,' said Grenville, 'and then his discourse grew very ferocious.' No doubt, there was someting in these words of Grenville that had the air of a part acted: one can scarce believe a brother-in-law would have been so frank, had there been no concerted plan in the frenzy; yet what wonder if anything seemed more credible than the fictitious madness of a first minister in no difficult situation?

"From this period the few reports of the few who had access to him, concurred in representing him as sedate, conversible, even cheerful, till any mention was made of politics: then he started, fell into tremblings, and the conversation was broken off. When the session was closed, these reports wore away; and as he remained above a year in close confinement at Hayes, unconsulting, and by degrees unconsulted, he and his lunacy were totally forgotten, till new interests threatened his re-appearance, which, after many delays, at length happened, though with no solution given by any friend of so long a suspension of sense or common sense. Mr. Walpole had yielded Hayes."—(*Memoirs of the Reign of George III.*, vol. iii.)

About the middle of the session of 1767, just as Lord Chatham was seeking a chancellor of the exchequer in place of Charles Townshend, he began to be afflicted by a strange and mysterious malady. His nerves failed him; he became wholly unequal to the transaction of any public affairs, and secluding himself in his own house, he would admit no visitors, and admit no papers on business. In vain did the King address him in repeated messages and letters. In vain did his most trusted colleagues sue to him for one hour's con-

versation. As the spring advanced, he retired to a house at Hampstead, and was able at intervals to take the air upon the heath, but was still at all times inaccessible to all his friends. His illness was, of course, no secret to his enemies, who conjectured that he must speedily quit either his post or the world; to them it little mattered which.

The utter secession of Lord Chatham from his own government broke the mainspring by which that government was moved. Even during his earlier periods of office, his ascendancy had been very far greater than most prime ministers possess. The old Duke of Newcastle was wont to describe with comic terror, "the dread the whole Council used to be in lest Mr. Pitt should frown!" His ascendancy had now grown paramount; but his retirement from all business and control loosened the patchwork administration, which Burke afterwards described with so much caustic humour.

When, in 1766, the Duke of Grafton asked Chatham's leave to travel down to his bedside at the Castle Inn, Marlborough, for one hour's conversation—for one gleam of light, he was answered in stately phrase that the same illness which hindered Lord Chatham from proceeding on his journey must likewise disable him from entering into any discussion of business.

Walpole writes, Sept. 9, 1767: "Lord Chatham is really or intentionally mad,—but I still doubt which of the two. Thomas Walpole has wrote to his brother here (at Paris), that the day before Lord Chatham set out for Pynsent, he executed a letter-of-attorney, with full powers to his wife, and the moment it was signed, he began singing."

Upon this Wright notes, in the *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. iii., pp. 282, 289: "Lord Chatham's enemies were constantly insinuating that his illness was a *political* one; for the *real* state of his health at the time Walpole was penning this uncharitable passage, see Lady Chatham's letter to Mr. Nuthall of the 17th of August, and his lordship's own grateful and affectionate letter to Mr. Thomas Walpole, of the 30th of October."

DR. ADDINGTON, LORD CHATHAM'S PHYSICIAN.

The rise of Dr. Addington in the world was this: Lord Chatham's first coachman being taken ill, the postilion was sent to the town for the family doctor; but not finding him, and not knowing what to do, he returned, bringing with him Mr. A., then a practitioner of the place, and excused himself to Lord Chatham by saying, he hoped his Lordship would not be offended, for everybody told him Mr. A. was a good doctor. Lord Chatham spoke to him, and desired him to go and see the coachman, which he did, and then returned to report what was the matter with him. Lord Chatham was so pleased with Mr. A., that he took him as apothecary for the servants, then for himself; and finding he spoke good sense on medicine, and then on politics, he at last made him his physician.—(*Lady Hester Stanhope's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 189.)

Dr. Addington, after practising for some time in London with considerable distinction, retired to Reading, and there, in 1745, married Mary, daughter of the Rev. Haviland John Hiley, of Reading; and in 1757 was born their eldest son, Henry Addington, afterwards Viscount Sidmouth. Hence his Lordship's political *sobriquet* of "the Doctor;" and in George Cruikshank's clever wood-cut caricatures of the unpopular Minister, made familiar to thousands of readers from their illustration of the political squibs and satirical drolleries of William Hone, "the Doctor" invariably carries his professional insignia of the clyster bag and pipe.

In 1778, Dr. Addington obtained much notoriety by a strange attempt in which he engaged, in conjunction with Sir James Wright, the medical attendant of the Earl of Bute, to bring about a political alliance between that nobleman and Lord Chatham. The negotiation, which of course came to nothing, appears to have originated solely with the two physicians, who afterwards quarrelled upon the subject.

Little (says Cunningham) did Walpole or anybody else foresee that the son of this empiric should, within a very few

years after Walpole's death, be Prime Minister of England, and that his cant appellation (from his father's profession) would be that of "the Doctor."—*Note to Walpole's Letters*, vol. v. p. 45.

LORD CHATHAM IN DOMESTIC LIFE.

It is gratifying to find that the statesman who had devoted his life to the severest application in the public cause, should have had an accomplished and interesting family to soothe his declining years, and to exhilarate his hours of relaxation. Few men were able to enjoy these blessings with a juster sense of their value. Although for nearly forty years he had been accustomed—

> The applause of listening senates to command,

he well knew how to appreciate the happiness of domestic life. His conduct in every domestic relation was through his life most exemplary and delightful. When his health permitted, he never suffered a day to pass without giving instruction of some sort to his children, and seldom without reading a chapter of the Bible with them. He was also ever the promoter of innocent and cheerful recreations, and particularly encouraged them when they tended to improve the intellect of his children. His son William occasionally wrote verses; and before he went to the University, he was concerned with his brothers and sisters in writing a play in verse, consisting of five parts, which they acted before Lord and Lady Chatham and some friends of the family.

He was fond of retirement in the country. One of his residences was South Lodge, in Enfield Chase: here, whether he entertained his friends by occasionally reading to them the finest passages from Shakspeare's plays, or whether he occupied himself in projecting and executing alterations in his grounds, all bespoke the man of high spirit, taste, and genius. He was an extremely fine reader of the drama; among Shakspeare's historical plays, his favourites were Henry IV. and V. Invariably, when he came to the comic portions of

those plays, he gave the book to one of his relations, who having read the above passages, he again took the book and resumed. His taste in laying out his grounds was exquisite. In the pleasing gardens of South Lodge, he designed a Temple of Pan, and its accompaniments, which are highly commended by Mr. Whately, in his *Observations on Modern Gardening*. Mr. Hayley likewise mentions Mr. Pitt's admirable taste in selecting points of picturesque scenery. He was once, whilst Secretary of State, directing some improvements in the grounds of a friend near London, when he was unexpectedly called to town by the arrival of some important despatches. On receiving the summons in the evening, he immediately sallied out, attended by all the servants he could get together with lanterns, and planted stakes in the different places for which he intended clumps and trees.

Lord Chatham's fondness for landscape-gardening led him into communication with that celebrated master of the art, Launcelot (Capability) Brown. Chatham had a great regard for him, and thus speaks of him in a letter to Lady Stanhope: "The chapter of my friend's dignity must not be omitted—he writes Launcelot Brown, Esq., *en titre d'office*. Please to consider he shares the private hours of Majesty, dines familiarly with his neighbour of Sion, and sits down to the tables of all the House of Lords, &c. To be serious, he is deserving of the regard shown to him, for I know him upon very long acquaintance to be an honest man, and of sentiments much above his birth."

Sir Richard Lyttelton, writing to Mr. Pitt, after his retirement from office in 1762, says: "This will probably find you in your sweet retreat, surrounded by your pretty prattlers. I should be happy to hear that, like another Socrates, you were playing at shuttlecock with them." Curiously enough, Sir Richard's speculation appears to have been correct, as the following note addressed by Mr. Pitt to Lady Chatham will testify: "The principal event of Hayes is Hetty's chase of a butterfly, which she pursued over the daisy lawn, with the

ardour of a little nymph of Diana's train; the sport was growing too hot, and we wisely agreed to whip off, and renew the hunt another day."

Lord Brougham says: "His (Chatham's) disposition was exceedingly affectionate. The pride, bordering upon insolence, in which he showed himself encased to the world, fell naturally from him, and without any effort to put it off, as he crossed the threshold of his own door. To all his family he was simple, kindly, and gentle."

Lord Mahon, in the Appendix to the fourth volume of his *History of England*, inserts the following interesting letter "as *a portrait of Lord Chatham in private life;* as a proof that his eagerness for rural improvement was a stirring, and real, and not, as was sometimes alleged, a pretended passion. Perhaps, also, in publishing this letter (continues his Lordship), I may be somewhat swayed by the—I hope pardonable pride of seeing my paternal seat connected with so great a name. I should add that the road as planned by Lord Chatham, was executed, and still exists:

"'*Chevening,** Oct. 18, 1769.

"'The date of this letter fully shows how largely we have been desirous to construe the obliging and kind offer of our respected friends at Geneva, and that we use the powers which the Lord and Lady of this delightful abode have so bounteously given us, to the utmost extent of our commission.

"'Next week will, I imagine, fix us at Hayes, if the gout, which has begun to give some gentle remembrances, should not interfere. Now that we have the pleasure to be still at Chevening, allow me, dear Madam, to enjoy it the most sensible way, in the absence of our friends, which is, by talking to them of it. . . . . At present, give me leave to be a little notable, and to talk of purchasing farms, instead of wasting them in the thing called Taste. I cannot help,

* Chevening House, at Sevenoaks, Kent, was built from the plans of Inigo Jones, and very much resembles old Buckingham House, St. James's Park, which was almost demolished for George the Fourth in planning Buckingham Palace.

then, presuming to offer my advice, and not to hesitate a moment in giving full powers to Mr. Peel to conclude with Mr. Winter, if he will sell, be the price almost what it may. I can venture to assure you, that the acquisition will add to the general value of Chevening, as the seat of your family, more than what it costs. . . . . I have the pleasure to confirm what your Ladyship has heard, that a way is found through the valley by the park-farm, which will gain the ascent so imperceptibly, that all the hill, in effect, vanishes: this road would, I dare say, be made perfectly good for coaches for thirty pounds. I have examined very attentively the course it should run, and I will venture to pronounce, that the approach from the London side to Chevening, from the point where you would leave the Sundridge-road, is (at the same time that the descent is so soft, one may trot up and down,) the most beautiful approach to any place in England. Mr. Brampton, who is very intelligent and an excellent servant, will have given your Ladyship some particulars relating to this matter. I confess, I cannot help warmly recommending the immediate execution of this essential work; and if I can be of any use, in conjunction with Mr. Brampton, I shall think myself honoured, if you will appoint me joint overseer of the way; almost the only office an old cripple is fit for. I carry my ambition to be remembered at Chevening so far, that I wish it may be said hereafter, if ever this plan for the road should go into execution, He, the overseer, who made this way, did not make the peace of Paris!

"'I am, ever, &c.,
"'CHATHAM.'"

No man could be more abstemious than Pitt: yet the profusion of his kitchen was a wonder even to epicures. Several dinners were always dressing; but, as we have already explained, his appetite was fanciful; and at whatever moment he felt inclined to eat, he expected a meal to be instantly on the table.

As a table companion, Mr. Pitt was enchanting. Mr.

Wilkes, in the *North Briton*, No. 31, closes a humorous comparison, after Plutarch's manner, of Mr. Pitt with Mr. Rigby, in the following words: "In their more private characters, both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Rigby have generosity and spirit: in other things they differ; Mr. Pitt is abstemious, temperate, and regular. Mr. Rigby indulges more in convivial pleasure, is an excellent *bon vivant*, amiable and engaging. Mr. Pitt, by the most manly sense, and the fine sallies of a warm and sportive imagination, can charm the whole day; and as the Greek said, his entertainments please even the day after they are given. Mr. Rigby has all the gibes, and gambols, and flashes of merriment, which set the table in a roar; but the day after, a cruel headache *at least* frequently succeeds.—In short, I wish to spend all my days with Mr. Pitt, but I am afraid that at night I should often skulk to Mr. Rigby and his friends."

PITT AS AN ORATOR.

"He was born an orator," says Wilkes, "and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect and even awe: a manly figure, with the eagle eye of the great Condé, fixed your attention, and almost commanded reverence the moment he appeared; and the keen lightning of his eye spoke the high respect before his lips had pronounced a syllable. There was a kind of fascination in his look when he eyed any one askance. Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion. The fluent Murray has faltered, and even Fox shrunk back appalled from an adversary, 'fraught with fire unquenchable,' if I may borrow an expression of our great Milton."

Yet Wilkes, in his letter to the Duke of Grafton, calls Mr. Pitt "the first orator, or rather the first *comedian* of the age."

Some of Lord Chatham's sallies are examples of that approach made to the ridiculous by the sublime, which has been charged upon him as a prevailing fault, and represented under the name of *charlatanerie*, a favourite phrase with his adversaries. It is related that once in the House of Com-

mons he began a speech with the words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," —and then observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes, and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word "Sugar!" three times, and having thus quelled the house, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round, and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?" We have the anecdote upon good traditional authority: that it was believed by those who had the best means of knowing Lord Chatham is certain; and this of itself shows their sense of the extraordinary powers of his manner, and the reach of his audacity in trusting to those powers.

Some one having spoken of "the obstinacy of America," said, "that she was almost in open rebellion." Mr. Pitt exclaimed: "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest!" Then, speaking of the attempt to keep her down: "In a joint cause of quarrel, you may crush America to atoms; but in this crying injustice (Stamp Act)—I am one who will lift up my hands against it—in such a case, even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man: she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace—to sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?"

His character—drawn, he says, from long experience—of the Spaniards, the high-minded, chivalrous Castilians, we believe to be as just as it is severe. Speaking of the affair of the Falkland Islands, he said: "They are as mean and crafty as they are insolent and proud. I never yet met with an instance of candour or dignity in their proceedings; nothing but low cunning, artifice, and trick. I was compelled to talk to them in a peremptory language. I submitted my advice

for an immediate war to a trembling council. You all know the consequences of its being rejected."

The speech from the throne had stated that the Spanish Government had disowned the act of its officer. Lord Chatham said: "There never was a more odious, a more infamous falsehood imposed on a great nation. It degrades the King, it insults the Parliament. His Majesty has been advised to affirm an absolute falsehood. My Lords, I beg your attention, and I hope I shall be understood when I repeat, that it is an absolute, a palpable falsehood. The King of Spain disowns the thief, while he leaves him unpunished, and profits by his theft. In vulgar English, he is the receiver of stolen goods, and should be treated accordingly." Upon this Lord Brougham remarks, with much causticity: "How would all the country, at least all the canting portion of it, resound with the cry of 'Coarse! vulgar! brutal!' if such epithets were used in any debate now-a-days, whether among the 'silken barons,' or the 'squeamish Commons' of our time!"

In 1775, he made a most brilliant harangue on the War. Speaking of General Gage's inactivity, he said it could not be blamed: it was inevitable. "But what a miserable condition," he exclaimed, "is ours, where disgrace is prudence, and where it is necessary to be contemptible! You must repeal these acts," (he said, alluding to the Boston Ports and Massachusetts Bay Bills), "and you WILL repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will repeal them. I stake my reputation upon it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed." Every one knows how true this prophecy proved. The concluding sentence of the speech has been often quoted: "If the ministers persevere in misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I will affirm that they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the King is betrayed; but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone."

Perhaps the finest of the celebrated passages of his speeches is his allusion to the maxim of English law, that *Every Man's*

House is his Castle. "The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail —its roof may shake—the wind may blow through—the storm may enter—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter!—all his force dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

Another celebrated burst of eloquence on the old Magna Charta Barons occurs in his speech in his amendment to the Address, in the Session of 1770. "They did not," cried Chatham, "confine to themselves alone that great acknowledgment of national rights which they had wrested from their Sovereign, but delivered it as a common blessing to the whole people. They did not say, These are the rights of the great Barons, or these are the rights of the great Prelates. No, my Lords, they said in the simple Latin of the times, *Nullus liber homo*,—uncouth words, and sounding but poorly in the ears of scholars, but they have a meaning which interests us all; these three words are worth all the classics. Those Iron Barons, for so I may call them when compared with the Silken Barons of modern days, were the guardians of the people; yet their virtues, my Lords, were never engaged in a question of such importance as the present. A breach has been made in the Constitution,—the battlements are dismantled,—the citadel is open to the first invader,—the walls totter,—the Constitution is not tenable. What remains then but for us to stand foremost in the breach to repair it or perish in it?"

The effect of Pitt's eloquence in the memorable debate on the Subsidiary Treaties is thus minutely described by an eye-witness:

"You are now to suppose it one o'clock in the morning, everybody tired of the subject, the speakers themselves; then Mr. Pitt rose up, when again the whole assembly at once revived, and fixing their eyes on him, became so many statues of attention: such a torrent of eloquence I never heard before, nor had I capacity to imagine it; the various shapes of it were amazing, the severity of it was not to be borne,

those it was pointed at seemed to shrink from it,—they could nŏt sit easy on their seats: all that had been said faded away, like an artificial light before the sun; such sneers, raillery, and invective, even sentiments, reason, spirit, and fire, in voice, looks, action, address; such metaphors, allusions, choice, and turn of expression; and such a glow of incensed integrity through it all, as made his antagonists believe he spoke from his heart. He began by complimenting the Attorney-General on his great ability; praised the flower and the force of his eloquence, that they were very fine, and cost much pains in making up; and that he had laboured hard to prove that making treaties of war at the expense of England, for the safety of the Farm, or Electorate of Hanover, as it was called, was not treason, though it was expressly against the Act of Settlement; but it was no new thing for that honourable gentleman to speak with great eloquence on either side of an act of Parliament. He then showed, with great pathos, indeed, that those who were admiring this proceeding, and not those who opposed it, were the persons who were strewing thorns upon the royal pillow, and would make it impossible for the King to sleep at St. James's for the cries and clamour of a bankrupt people, if these measures were pursued. Then turning his eyes on Fox, he wondered who the daring adventurer was that advised this matter; but daring as he was, he knew he would not dare to own it; with as much safety might he leap into the sea with a millstone about his neck; but he supposed the brat would be adopted by some giddy, ambitious person, who was to spring up a Minister for the greatness of the risque and the odium of the deed: but he had lived, he said, already to see a mushroom Minister (Lord Grenville, he meant,) springing up in the morn, rot in the afternoon, and be cast on the dunghill at night, and he did not doubt that he should see this Ixion in the same state; and that, for his part, he should look on him as an enemy to his country, and hunt him as such through all his doublings and windings, in whatever shape he should appear."

Mr. Pitt, who well knew how large a part of his audience in the House of Commons, especially among the country gentlemen, were little conversant in the writings of the Augustan Age, or familiar with Horace, always displayed great caution in borrowing from those classic sources. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall tells us that in the lapse of fourteen years that he heard Pitt almost daily address the House of Commons, he questions if he made, in all, more than ten quotations. Fox and Sheridan, though not equally severe in that respect, yet never abused nor injudiciously expended the stores of ancient literature that they possessed. Burke's enthusiasm, his exhaustless memory, and luxuriant imagination, more frequently carried him away into the time of Virgil and Cicero; while Barré usually condescended, whenever he quoted Latin, to translate it for the benefit of the country members.

Wilberforce related to John Bowdler, that the quotation from Virgil which closed the peroration of Pitt's great speech on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, depicting the prosperity of Africa in the evening of her day, was suggested by the first ray of the morning sun, which was then shot through the window of the House of Commons:

> Nosque ubi primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis,
> Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

On hearing which Mr. Windham, then in opposition to Mr. Pitt, clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Inspiration!"

"During the whole session (1755-6)," says Mr. Glover, in his Memoirs, "Mr. Pitt found occasion, in every debate, to confound the ministerial orators. His vehement invectives were awful to Murray; terrible to Hume Campbell; and no malefactor under the stripes of an executioner was ever more forlorn and helpless than Fox appeared under the lash of Pitt's eloquence, shrewd and able in Parliament, as Fox undoubtedly is; Dodington sheltered himself in silence."

Once, while he was speaking, Sir William Young called out "Question, question!" Lord Chatham paused—then, fixing

on Sir William a look of inexpressible disgust, exclaimed: "Pardon me, Mr. Speaker, any agitation: when that member calls for the question, I fear I hear the knell of my country's ruin." Alluding to his small number of adherents, he said that he appeared in the House of Commons, as Eve in the garden of God, single and naked, yet not ashamed! He once said: "Magna Charta—the Petition of Right—the Bill of Rights—form the Bible of the English Constitution. Had some of the King's unhappy predecessors trusted less to the commentary of their advisers, and been better read in the Text itself, the glorious Revolution might have remained only possible in theory, and their fate would not now have stood upon record, a formidable example to all their successors."

In moving for the adjournment of a debate on the right of petition in the House of Lords (1770), at half-past one in the morning, he said: "If the Constitution must be wounded, let it not receive its mortal stab at this dark midnight hour, when honest men are asleep in their beds, and when only felons and assassins are seeking for prey."

Never did either the splendid eloquence or the resolute counsels of Lord Chatham shine forth more brightly than during the last few years of his career. In the debate on the Public Discontent, in January, 1770, notes of his wonderful speech, not published till long afterwards, were taken at the time by Sir Philip Francis. To one memorable expression of the great Earl, in this debate, Francis thus alluded many years later in a pamphlet under his own name: "Let the war take its course, or as I heard Lord Chatham declare in the House of Lords, with a monarch's voice: 'Let discord prevail for ever!' As if these words had not been strong enough, Lord Chatham went on to say: 'I know to what point this doctrine and this language will appear directed. But rather than the nation should surrender their birthright to a despotic Minister, I hope, my Lords, old as I am, I shall see the question brought to issue, and fairly tried between the people and the Government.' In this speech, also, Lord

Chatham took occasion to explain his plan for reform in our representative system. He desired that each county should return one Member more, which he called 'to infuse a portion of new health into the Constitution.' But against any idea of disfranchisement he strongly protested."

In the following session, never was Lord Chatham seen in more active opposition; and when his health permitted, he brought forward several uncompromising motions against the measures of the Government. In all these he was defeated. The adherents of the Minister endeavoured to re-assure themselves by whispers of his recent insanity. "A mad motion of the mad Earl of Chatham," says that disinterested patriot, Mr. Rigby. Of Lord Rockingham's the Earl says: "Moderation! Moderation! is the burden of the song among the body. For myself I am resolved to be in earnest for the public, and shall be a scarecrow of violence to the gentle warblers of the grove, the moderate Whigs and temperate statesmen."

In one of the debates for the repeal of the Toleration Act of William III. of subscribing certain of the Articles, in 1772, Lord Chatham ventured to describe the Church of England as being Popish in her Liturgy, Calvinistic in her Articles, and Arminian in her clergy:—"A shallow witticism," observes Mr. Gladstone, "little worthy of so illustrious a man." This saying of Lord Chatham is not to be found in the meagre parliamentary reports of his day, but was mentioned by Burke many years afterwards in the House of Commons (Mar. 2, 1790).

When towards the close of 1774 the disastrous news arrived from America, Walpole writes to Mr. Conway: "We are at our wits' end, which was no great journey. Oh! you conclude Lord Chatham's crutch will be supposed a wand, and be sent for. They might as well send for my crutch; and they should not have it; the stile is a little too high to help them over. His Lordship is a little fitter for raising a storm than laying one, and of late seems to have lost both virtues. The Americans, at last, have acted like men,—gone to the

bottom at once, and set the whole upon the whole. Our conduct has been that of pert children: we have thrown a pebble at a mastiff, and are surprised it was not frightened."

Lord Chatham, in a letter of Dec. 24th, says: "I have not words to express my satisfaction that the Congress has conducted this most arduous and delicate business with such manly wisdom and calm resolution as do the highest honour to their deliberations. Very few are the things contained in their resolves, that I could wish had been otherwise."—(*Chatham Correspondence*, vol. iv.)

That Lord Chatham was the most powerful orator that ever illustrated and ruled the senate of this empire,—that for nearly half a century he was not merely the arbiter of the destinies of his own country, but "the foremost man in all the world"—that he had an unparalleled grandeur and affluence of intellectual powers, softened and brightened by all the minor accomplishments—that his ambition was noble—his views instinctively elevated—his patriotism all but excessive—that in all the domestic relations of life he was exemplary and amiable—a fine scholar, a finished gentleman, a sincere Christian—one whom his private friends and servants loved as a good man, and all the world admired as a great one—these are the praises which his contemporaries awarded, and which posterity has, with little diminution, confirmed.

But on the other hand there were serious defects which decreased his splendour, impaired his authority, and rendered his great abilities rather glorious to himself, than for any practical purposes beneficial to his country. These defects, though of course well known to the political circles in which he moved, and deplored and censured by the sober few, were so much in the fashion of the times, and were so glossed over by his own wonderful powers, as to excite comparatively little contemporaneous observation—but since his life has become history, and been elucidated by contemporaneous letters and memoirs, they have appeared every day more and more flagrant; and the publication of his *Correspondence*—an honest

publication, we will say—has brought them out in still bolder prominence.—*Quarterly Review*, No. 131.

MR. PITT AND THE PRESS.

At various periods of his career Mr. Pitt was assailed by a torrent of papers and pamphlets condemning his plans, his measures, his principles, his politics, and even reviling his person; while the King himself was not spared for having taken him into his service, and for not dismissing him. Pitt permitted all these attacks to die unnoticed; he felt not the least smart from any of them. One day, when Mr. Grenville mentioned some of them to Pitt, he smiled and only said: "The press is like the air—a charter'd libertine."—(*Shakspeare's Henry V.*)

These were palmy days for mock political partisans. Almon states that, "Smollett, Mallett, Francis, Home, Murphy, Mauduitt, and many others, were employed: and it has been said that the sums paid to these and other hired writers during the first three years of the reign of George III., exceeded one hundred thousand pounds; and the printing charges amounted to more than twice that sum. In facilitating the views of the party, the money was well laid out, for the nation was completely duped." Almon's statements must be received doubtingly; although the above is quoted from "The Seventh Edition, corrected," of his *Anecdotes* of Lord Chatham.

MR. PITT'S BILL FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR.

Mr. Charles Butler relates that Mr. Pitt being on a visit in Essex, descanted with great satisfaction on the prosperous state of the country, and particularly on the comfortable condition of the poor. His host let the discourse drop, but contrived that on the following day Mr. Pitt should walk into the adjoining town of Halstead. It presented a spectre of the utmost poverty and wretchedness:—he surveyed it for some

time in wonder and silence; and then declared that he had no conception that England presented, in any part of it, such a scene; he made a liberal donation to its distressed inhabitants, and soon afterwards brought into Parliament a bill for the relief of the poor. Nothing (says Mr. Butler) can show the unmanageable nature of the subject more than the fate of this bill: a slight discussion of it discovered its absolute impracticability; yet Mr. Pitt possessed talents of uncommon magnitude, and had every assistance in forming and arranging the bill which the experience and ingenuity of others could supply.

CARDINAL XIMENES AND LORD CHATHAM, A PARALLEL.*

In all Lord Chatham's actions, (says Walpole,) was discernible an imitation of his model Ximenes; a model ill-suited to a free government, and worse to a man whose situation and necessities were totally different. Was the poor monk thwarted or disgraced, the asylum of his convent was open; and a cardinal who was clothed in a hair-cloth at court, missed no fine linen, no luxury, in his cloister. Lord Chatham was as abstemious in his diet; but mixed Persian grandeur with herbs and roots. His equipages and train were too expensive for his highest zenith of wealth, and he maintained them when out of place and overwhelmed with debts; a wife and children were strange impediments to a Ximenes. Grandeur, show, and a pension, could not wrestle with an opulent and independent nobility, nor could he buy them, though he had sold himself. His services to his country were far above those of Ximenes, who trampled on Castilian pride but to sacrifice it to the monarch of Castile. Lord Chatham had recalled the spirit of a brave nation, had given it victory and glory, and victory secured its liberty. As Ximenes had no such objects, the inflexibility of Ximenes

* This resemblance is less surprising when we learn that Pitt, at the outset of his administration, once, in conversation with Fox, talked much of Ximenes, who, he owned, was his favourite character in history.

was below the imitation of Camillus. It was mean ambition to stoop from humbling the crowned heads of France and Spain, to contend with proud individuals and the arrogance of factions—at least, would a real man have doated on a coronet who prided himself in lowering the peerage? Lord Chatham had been an arbiter of Europe; he affected to be the master of the English nobility; he fasted, and remained with a train of domestics whom he could not pay, More like Nicholas Rienzi than Ximenes, the lord of Rome became ridiculous by aping the tawdry pageant of a triumph. Yet, as what is here said is the voice of truth, not the hiss of satire, British posterity will ever remember that, as Lord Chatham's first Administration obtained and secured the most real and substantial benefits to this country, the puerilities of his second could not efface their lustre. The man was lessened, not his merits. Even the shameful peace of Paris, concluded in defiance of him, could not rob the nation of all he had acquired, nor could George III. resign so much as Pitt had gained for George II. Half the empire of Indostan, conquered under his Administration by the spirit he had infused, still pours its treasures into the Thames. Canada was subdued by his councils, and Spain and France—that yet dread the name, attest the reality of his services. The memory of his eloquence, which effected all these wonders, will remain when the neglect of his contemporaries, and my criticisms, will be forgotten. Yet it was the duty of an annalist, and of a painter of nature, to exhibit the varying features of his portrait. The lights and shades of a great character are a moral lesson. Philosophy loves to study the man more than the hero or the statesman; and whether his qualities were real or fictitious, his actions were so illustrious, that few names in the register of Time will excite more curiosity than that of William Pitt.—*Memoirs of George III.*, vol. ii.

BREAKING PITT ON THE WHEEL.

By his extraordinary talents and boldness, Mr. Pitt contrived to preserve his popularity in vicissitudes of sentiments

and connexions, under which any other politician of the day would have sunk. He did not, however, altogether escape censure, which was sharpened by the observation that he had hardly pocketed the Marlborough legacy, when he changed the conduct for which it had been given. So formidable, however, were "the terrors of his tongue and the lightning of his eye," that we find few traces of such reproaches having been made in Parliament, and to his face. One instance has been preserved by Horace Walpole. On the occasion of the large vote of subsidies, he writes to Sir Horace Mann, 15th April, 1746:

"You will wonder at my running so glibly over eighteen thousand Hanoverians, especially as they are to be all in our pay, but *the nation's dejection has been much facilitated by the pill given to Pitt, of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.* Last Friday was the debate on this subject, when we carried these troops by 255 against 122. Pitt, Lyttelton, three Grenvilles, and Lord Barrington, all voting roundly for them, though the chiefest Grenville two years ago had declared in the House, that he would *seal it with his blood,* that he never would give his vote for a Hanoverian—don't you shudder at such perjury? Pitt was the only one of this *ominous* band that opened his mouth, and it was to add *impudence to profligacy,*—but no criminal at the Place de Grêve was ever so racked as he was by Dr. Lee, a friend of Lord Granville, who *gave him the question, both ordinary and extraordinary.*"

This power of *breaking Mr. Pitt on the wheel* must have existed only in the strength of his facts. Mr. Pitt seems to have thought it prudent to make no reply; and we have no information of any other person's having had the courage to beard the tame lion with allusions to his present servility. But, out of doors, he was very severely handled, both in prose and verse. One ballad (by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the political balladist,) had a considerable vogue, rather from a spice of truth, which gives it pungency, than from its poetical merit; it is as follows:

THE UNEMBARRASSED COUNTENANCE.

A New Ballad.

To a certain old chapel, well known in the town—
The inside quite rotten, the outside near down—
A fellow got in who could talk and could prate;
I'll tell you his story and sing you his fate.

. . . . . .

He always affected to make the House ring
'Gainst Hanover troops and a Hanover King:
He applauded the way to keep Englishmen free,
By "*digging* Hanover *quite into the sea.*"*
By flaming so loudly he got him a name,
Tho' many believ'd it would cost him a shame;
But Nature had given him, ne'er to be harass'd,
An unfeeling Heart, and a Front unembarrass'd.

. . . . . .

This doggrel, and much more that appeared in a higher tone both of wit and argument, provoked Lyttelton to address a panegyric to his friend on his appointment as Vice-Treasurer. The first is a kind of defence of Mr. Pitt's political conversion:

. . . . . .

Blest Genius, with each shining talent born,
Whom letters polish, and whom arts adorn,
Fit as thy country calls, with equal skill,
To watch her dangers, or her triumphs fill;
Erst, Tully-like, ordain'd to loud applause,
You pleaded Liberty's, and England's cause;
Foremost in ardent patriot bands you stood,
A firm *Opposer*,—for the public good—
While power's rude hand, though by yourself disdain'd,
You felt, indignant for an injured land.
This danger past, becalm'd you now declare
A generous truce, nor wage a needless war,
By sharing *power*, be now your candour seen,
A private station would be arrant spleen;
To prove your Justice, you must Greatness bear,
And suffer honour you are doom'd to wear.

This is but indifferent verse: the concluding passage is, however, worth quoting for its prophetic anticipations of Mr. Pitt's future glory as minister of his country. The poet

* One of Mr. Pitt's strong phrases, which has not, we believe, been preserved in the *Reports*.

admits that the Irish office is hardly what should have rewarded such transcendent merit, but adds:

> Yet fear we not; tho' now in western skies
> You seem to sink; 'tis but again to rise.
> When in those strains, which wondering senates hear,
> You win with sacred truth the royal ear;
> And stand, ere long, a favourite near the throne—
> For to be favoured, is but to be known—
> Then British annals shall new wonders trace,
> Wide power unenvy'd, and domestic peace;
> Charmed into rest, loud factions shall agree,
> Nor fear a Minister, when Pitt is he!
>
> —*Quarterly Review*, No. 131; *abridged*.

A weekly paper called "The Test," was started under the editorship of Arthur Murphy, the dramatist, expressly to show up the "the orator with the unembarrassed countenance." In this, Pitt is spoken of as *William the Fourth* on account of his dictatorial deportment; or as the Man Mountain, or as Dr. Gulielmo Bombasto Podagra.

Although Pitt possessed great natural advantages, with which he occasionally struck terror into his opponents in debate, sometimes a Member could be found rash enough to assail the Great Commoner. On one occasion, Mr. Morton, Chief Justice of Chester, whom a satirist describes as

> All petulance and froth,

happened to say: "King, Lords, and Commons, or (directing his eye towards Mr. Pitt,) as that right honourable member would call them, Commons, Lords, and King." The only fault of this sentence is its nonsense. Mr. Pitt arose, as he ever did, with great deliberation, and called to order. "I have," he said, "heard frequently in this House, doctrines which have surprised me, but now my blood runs cold. I desire the words of the honourable Member may be taken down." The Clerk of the House took down the words. "Bring them to me," said Mr. Pitt, with a voice of thunder. By this time Mr. Morton was frightened out of his senses. "Sir," he said, addressing himself to the Speaker, "I am sorry to have given offence to the right honourable Member, or to the

House. I meant nothing—King, Lords, and Commons—Lords, Commons, and King—Commons, Lords, and King—*tria juncta in uno.* I meant nothing—indeed, I meant nothing." "I don't wish to push the matter further," said Mr. Pitt, in a voice a little above a whisper; then in a higher tone, "the moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honourable Member, and as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice." A pause of some moments ensued, then assuming a look of unspeakable derision, he said, in a colloquial tone, "Whenever that Member means nothing, I recommend him to say nothing."—*Charles Butler's Reminiscences.*

BURKE'S APOTHEOSIS OF LORD CHATHAM.

During the debate on the East India Question, in 1766, Burke, in one of his finest speeches, declaimed against the measure; it was the first instance of dragging to the bar men with whom the public meant to treat. They were assured that their property might be confiscated. A dangerous attempt was making for little advantage. On Lord Chatham his figures were severe, painting him as a great Invisible Power, that left no Minister in the House of Commons. The greatest Integrity (Conway) had no power there. The rest approached him veiling their faces with their wings. Let us supplicate this divinity, said he, that he would spare public credit. Augustus Hervey called him to order. "I have often suffered," added Burke, "under persecution of order, but did not expect its lash while at my prayers. I venerate the great man, and speak of him accordingly."

Another account reports this speech with a difference, as follows:

After pointing out the ill effects which so violent a measure would have on the public credit,—"But perhaps," said he, "this House is not the place where our reasons can be of any avail: the *great person* who is to determine on this question may be a being far above our view; one so immeasurably

high, that the greatest abilities, (pointing to Mr. Townshend,) or the most amiable dispositions that are to be found in this House, (pointing to Mr. Conway,) may not gain access to him; a being before whom thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers, (waving his hand all this time over the Treasury bench, which he sat behind,) all veil their faces with their wings: but though our arguments may not reach him, probably our prayers may." He then apostrophized into a solemn prayer to the Great Minister above, that rules and governs over all, to have mercy upon us, and not to destroy the work of his own hands; to have mercy on the public credit, of which he made so free and so large a use. "Doom not to perdition the vast public debt, a mass, seventy millions of which thou hast employed in rearing a pedestal for thy own statue." Here Augustus Hervey called him to order, to the regret of many.

LORD BROUGHAM'S ESTIMATE OF LORD CHATHAM.

Lord Brougham strongly remarks upon the shortcomings of Chatham's character, more especially in his intercourse with his sovereign. "Without allowing considerable admixture of the clay which forms earthly mortals to have entered into his composition (says Lord Brougham), how can we account for the violence of his feelings, when George III. showed him some small signs of kindness in the closet, upon his giving up the seals of office? 'I confess, sir, I had but too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I had not come prepared for this exceeding goodness. Pardon me, sir,' he passionately exclaimed, 'it overpowers, it oppresses me!' and he burst into tears in the presence of one who, as a moment's reflection must have convinced him, was playing a part to undermine his character, destroy his influence, and counteract all his great designs for his country's good. But some misplaced sentiments of loyalty may have produced this strange paroxysm of devotion. The colour assumed by his gratitude for favours con-

ferred upon his family and himself was of a more vulgar hue, and still less harmonized with the Great Commoner's exalted nature. On learning the King's intention to grant him a pension (in order effectually to undo him), he writes to Lord Bute a letter full of the most humiliating effusions of extravagant thankfulness—speaks of 'being confounded with the King's condescension in deigning to bestow one thought on the mode of extending to him his royal beneficence,'—considers 'any mark of approbation flowing from such a spontaneous source of clemency as his comfort and his glory,' and prostrates himself in the very dust for daring to refuse the kind of provision tendered 'by the King in a manner so infinitely gracious,' and proposing, instead of it, a pension for his family. When this prayer was granted, the effusions of gratitude 'for these unbounded effects of beneficence and grace which the most benign of sovereigns has condescended to bestow,' are still more extravagant. It is painful to add what truth extorts, that this is really not the sentiment and language with which a patriot leaves his sovereign's councils upon a broad difference of honest opinion, and after being personally ill-used by that monarch's favourites; but the tone of feeling, and even the style of diction, in which a condemned felon, having sued for mercy, returns thanks when his life has been spared. The pain of defacing any portion of so noble a portrait as Lord Chatham's must not prevent us from marking the traits of a somewhat vulgar, if not a sordid kind, which are to be found on a closer inspection of the original."

These are phrases of severe and stinging reproof of human weakness, which, however, no living statesman is more entitled to administer than the noble writer, in no single moment of his long life accustomed to gloze or flatter, or with candied tongue to lick pomp. But the closing denunciation is still stronger:

"Such was the man whom George III. most feared, most hated, and most exerted his kingcraft to disarm; and such, unhappily, was his momentary success in this long-headed

enterprise against the liberties of his people and their champions; for Lord Chatham's popularity, struck down by his pension, was afterwards annihilated by his peerage."—*Historical Sketches of Statesmen*, First Series, vol. i.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PITT'S ORATORY, BY VARIOUS HANDS.

In the brilliant sketch of the great statesman, by Lord Macaulay, in the *Edinburgh Review*, occur these striking characters of his oratory and personal traits:

"He was perhaps the only great English orator who did not think it any advantage to have the last word, and who generally spoke by choice before his most formidable antagonists. His merit was almost entirely rhetorical. He did not succeed either in exposition or in refutation; but his speeches abounded with lively illustrations, striking apophthegms, well-told anecdotes, happy allusions, passionate appeals. His invective and sarcasm were terrific. Perhaps no English orator was ever so much feared.

"But that which gave most effect to his declamation was the air of sincerity, of vehement feeling, of moral elevation, which belonged to all that he said. His style was not always in the purest taste. Several contemporary judges pronounced it too florid. Walpole, in the midst of the rapturous eulogy which he pronounces on one of Pitt's greatest orations, owns that some of the metaphors were too forced. Some of Pitt's quotations and classical stories are too trite for a clever schoolboy. But these were niceties for which the audience cared little. The enthusiasm of the orator infected all who heard him; his ardour and his noble bearing put fire into the most frigid conceit, and gave dignity to the most puerile allusion.

"On the stage, he would have been the finest Brutus or Coriolanus ever seen. Those who saw him in his decay, when his health was broken, when his mind was untuned, when he had been removed from that stormy assembly of which he

thoroughly knew the temper, and over which he possessed unbounded influence, to a small, a torpid, and an unfriendly audience, say that his speaking was then, for the most part, a low, monotonous muttering, audible only to those who sat close to him, that when violently excited, he sometimes raised his voice for a few minutes, but that it soon sank again into an unintelligible murmur. Such was the Earl of Chatham; but such was not William Pitt. His figure, when he first appeared in Parliament, was strikingly graceful and commanding, his features high and noble, his eye full of fire. His voice, even when it sank to a whisper, was heard to the remotest benches; and when he strained it to its full extent, the sound rose like the swell of the organ of a great cathedral, shook the house with its peal, and was heard through lobbies and down staircases, to the Court of Requests and the precincts of Westminster Hall. He cultivated all these eminent advantages with the most assiduous care. His action is described by a very malignant observer as equal to that of Garrick. His play of countenance was wonderful: he frequently disconcerted a hostile orator by a single glance of indignation or scorn. Every tone, from the impassioned cry to the thrilling aside was perfectly at his command. It is by no means improbable that the pains which he took to improve his great personal advantages had, in some respects, a prejudicial operation, and tended to nourish in him that passion for theatrical effect which was one of the most conspicuous blemishes in his character.

"He was no speaker of set speeches. His few prepared discourses were complete failures. The elaborate panegyric which he pronounced on General Wolfe was considered as the very worst of all his performances. 'No man,' says a critic who had often heard him, 'ever knew so little what he was going to say.' Indeed his facility amounted to a vice. He was not the master, but the slave of his own speech. So little self-command had he when once he felt the impulse, that he did not like to take part in a debate when his mind was full of an important secret of state. 'I must sit still,'

he once said to Lord Shelburne on such an occasion, 'for when once I am up, everything that is in my mind comes out.'

"It is singular, (adds Lord Macaulay,) that Pitt, a man of great parts, of great fluency, of great boldness, a man whose whole life was passed in parliamentary conflict, a man who, during several years, was the leading minister of the Crown in the House of Commons, should never have attained to high excellence in speaking. He spoke without premeditation; but his speech followed the course of his own thoughts, and not the course of the previous discussion. He could, indeed, treasure up in his memory some detached expression of an opponent, and make it the text for lively ridicule or solemn reprehension. Some of the most celebrated bursts of his eloquence were called forth by an unguarded word, a laugh, or a cheer. But this was the only sort of reply in which he appears to have excelled."

Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, Oct. 8, 1788, says: "Lord Chatham was a meteor, and a glorious one; people discovered that he was not a genuine luminary, and yet everybody in mimicry has been an *ignis fatuus* about him. Why not allow his magnificent enterprises and good fortune, and confess his defects; instead of being bombast in his praises, and at the same time discover that the amplification is insincere? A Minister who inspires great actions must be a great Minister; and Lord Chatham will always appear so, —by comparison with his predecessors and successors. He retrieved our affairs when ruined by an incapable Administration; and we are fallen into a worse state since he was removed. Therefore, I doubt, posterity will allow more to his merit, than it is the present fashion to accord to it."

Lord Nugent applied to the deceased patriot the lines addressed by Pope to the uncle of the Countess of Chatham:

> And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
> Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
> Such in these moments, as in all the past;
> "Oh, save my country, Heaven!"
> Shall be your last,"

and instanced his dying advice to his son, Lord Pitt, who was about to join his regiment at Gibraltar: "Go, my son! go whither your country calls you: let her engross all your attention; spare not a moment, which is due to her service, in weeping over an old man who will soon be no more."

One of the most celebrated estimates of Lord Chatham is the character of him drawn by Grattan:

"The Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his high character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the House of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

"The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

"A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all the classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his votaries; but the history of his

country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully,—it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe."

This first appeared in a collection of *jeux d'esprit* against Lord Townshend's Administration in Ireland, called *Baratariana*, the editor of which, for the purpose of mystification, stated it to be an extract from Robertson's forthcoming *History of America*. This misled Walpole, who, writing to the Countess of Ossory, Dec. 30, 1773, says: "Have you read the character of Lord Chatham in to-day's *Public Advertiser?* It is finely, very finely, written. I do not quite subscribe to the solidity of his Lordship's sense, or to the propriety of his means. He was a proper Prime Minister to Queen Fortune, who loves the bold, and favours most who are stretching for her prerogative. Dr. Robertson, I should think, would not be appointed historiographer soon."

Pitt desired power; and he desired it, we really believe, from high and generous motives. He was, in the strict sense of the word, a patriot. He had none of that philanthropy which the great French writers of his time preached to all the nations of Europe. He loved England as an Athenian

loved the City of the Violet Crown, as a Roman loved the City of the Seven Hills. He saw his country insulted and defeated. He saw the national spirit sinking. Yet he knew what the resources of the empire, vigorously employed, could effect; and he felt that he was the man to employ them vigorously. "My Lord," he said to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can."

Pitt, as his sister often said, knew nothing accurately except Spenser's *Faery Queene*. He had never applied himself steadily to any branch of knowledge. He was a wretched financier. He never became familiar even with the rules of that House of which he was the brightest ornament. He had never studied public law as a system; and was, indeed, so ignorant of the whole subject, that George II., on one occasion, complained bitterly that a man who had never read Vattel should presume to undertake the direction of foreign affairs. But these defects were more than redeemed by high and rare gifts, by a strange power of inspiring great masses of men with confidence and affection, by an eloquence which not only delighted the ear, but stirred the blood, and brought tears into the eyes, by originality in devising plans, by vigour in executing them.

Lord Holland, in a letter, April 20th, 1768, pays this just tribute to Lord Chatham, his old political rival. "Irresolution has been a general fault, and is surely a most fatal weakness. I think Pitt almost the only man that I have seen in power, who had not that *fault*, though he had many *others;* for which reason I wish he were again well, and for the first time in my life should be glad to see him at the head of everything, undertaking to stem that torrent which he has so long and so much contributed to swell." [Pitt *did* get well, but he took a part directly opposite to that which Lord Holland seems to have anticipated.]—*Note, by Lord John Russell.*

The Lord Advocate, Mr. Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville, in the House of Commons, on June 12, 1781, paid the following elegant tribute to the late Lord Chatham.

In reference to his Lordship's last speech, he said: "These were almost the last words that upright minister and consummate statesman ever uttered. He was a man, whom, from my earliest youth, I was always taught to look up to with reverence and admiration before I had seen him. Every opportunity I have since had of becoming acquainted with him in his senatorial character, the more it has confirmed me in my early impressions; and he was no less great in his last awful exit, than in the most splendid actions of his political life. He held the language of a patriot and sound statesman; and the capaciousness of his soul was only equalled by the integrity of his mind and the goodness of his heart. There was a quickness of conception, a warmth of imagination, and a tone and firmness of mind which were truly astonishing. He saw his object at a distance; and was unceasing in his endeavours to obtain it."

The *Quarterly* Reviewer, whom we have so frequently quoted, thus sums up his estimate of Chatham:

"Conscious of his vast superiority to all the politicians who surrounded him, he probably had sincerely persuaded himself that his being in place was a *sine-qua-non* to the prosperity of the country, and he seems to have acted all through life as if he thought that all means were just and honourable which could lead to so desirable an end. There was some truth in that self-flattering idea. Endowed as he was with irrepressible ambition and irresistible talents, he must inevitably have either ruled or disordered the State; but the misfortune was, that an overweening self-confidence disinclined, and a haughty and capricious temper disabled him from conciliating and associating in his designs the humbler but still necessary utilities of other men. He fancied he could make a political clock which should go by the mere force of the *main-spring*, without the help of cog-wheel, pendulum, or balance. The consequence was, that his system, whenever it was set a-going, ran itself out in a moment.

"The sum of all seems to be, that the qualities of the orator were more transcendent than those of the statesman,

and that his public character, when calmly considered, excites rather admiration than applause. The generosity of his sentiments did not always guide his practice; and the majestic stream of his declarations for the rights and liberties of mankind was always accompanied by eddies and under-currents of personal interest. He was too fine a genius for the lower, and too selfish a politician for the higher duties of a minister.

"Graced as he was with all the power of words,"

his talents were neither for conducting an office nor managing a party—he was neither *the sun to rule the day* nor *the moon to rule the night*—but a meteor which astonished and alarmed mankind by its supernatural splendour, but left the world, when it expired, in deeper darkness than before."

Lord John Russell, in his notes on the *Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, has this brief but eloquent character of Lord Chatham: "Factious at the commencement of his career, and impracticable at the close, he was yet a great man, and the only great man of England during this period. His flashes of eloquence scattered his opponents; and his war measures swept the enemies of his country before them. Yet, it has been said, with great truth, that Lord Chatham, though his sagacious and accomplished mind highly appreciated the value of the fair and fruitful arts of peace, he did little for them: his genius and his voice were still for war; and the world is by this time pretty well disposed to subscribe to Sir Samuel Romilly's opinion, that 'the *glories*, as they are called, of Lord Chatham's administration, produced no solid advantage to his country;' and how short a space of his career was that epoch of doubtful glory!

"He loved and venerated liberty; was free from all personal corruption, and with a sagacity and boldness seldom equalled, raised the glory and greatness of his country."

HAYES PLACE, KENT.

Lord Chatham had, from various causes, several places of residence, during his long life. The locality of his birth was St. James's, Westminster: his father resided at Stratford-House, Old Sarum; and succeeded to Boconnoc, in Cornwall. Our attention is so strongly concentrated upon the public career of the great statesman that many details of his private life have been missed by his biographers. His ill-health, doubtless, led to frequent change of air, as his many visits to Stowe and Bath prove. He did not acquire Burton-Pynsent until his 59th year. His attention to his official duties led to his residence in the environs of the metropolis. He lived, for a short time, when a commoner, at South Lodge, on Enfield Chase, stated in the *Ambulator*, 12th edit., 1820, to have been left to him by will, with 10,000*l.*: "on this bequest, he observed, 'that he should spend that sum in improvements, and then grow tired of the place in three or four years;' nor was he mistaken." At a much later period he sojourned at North End, Hampstead. His favourite residence was, however, Hayes Place, a small villa and park, in a picturesque district of Kent, where a succession of woodland scenery and rural landscapes never fails to remind the tourist that he is in one of the most beautiful portions of England.

It is difficult to state, precisely, in what year Mr. Pitt first became possessed of this property, which for nearly a quarter of a century is constantly associated with his name. Thus, Walpole styles him "the oracle at Hayes;" he is "laid up with the gout at Hayes;" royalty and cabinet ministers, and plain, unadorned, Benjamin Franklin,—alike visited the great statesman at Hayes; and here—"last of all comes death"—here Chatham died.

Hasted, the historian of Kent, tells us that Hayes Place, formerly a seat of the Scotts, was purchased of the Harrisons by Mr. Pitt, in the year 1757, which is probably incorrect, since Pitt's eldest son, John, afterwards second Earl of Chatham,

was born here Oct. 10, 1756, when Pitt writes to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq.: "I have the pleasure to acquaint you with the glad tidings of Hayes. Lady Hester was safely delivered this morning of a son." We find this in the *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i., where is also a letter somewhat earlier in the same year, May 11. In all probability, Mr. Pitt's possession of the property dates from his marriage in 1754.

Hayes Place adjoins the church of the village of Hayes, to which a lane leads at about half-a-mile from Bromley, on the road to Sevenoaks. Mr. Pitt's original purchase consisted only of the old mansion, which he pulled down, and a few acres of land. He rebuilt the house, and considerably added to the grounds. These improvements were made with skill, for Pitt possessed much natural taste in landscape gardening. At Hayes, in 1759, was born the great statesman's not less illustrious son, William Pitt.* In 1766, Mr. Pitt sold the place to the Hon. Thomas Walpole, who had the house cased with white brick; it is, however, still a building of no great beauty or pretence. In the following year, Lord Chatham became greatly desirous of returning to Hayes. Here General Wolfe dined on the evening before he left England for Quebec; as related at page 33. After his resignation, in 1761, Pitt gave up his house in St. James's-square, and resolved to live altogether at Hayes. He liked the bracing Kentish air better than the more stately Burton-Pynsent; and at Hayes, "in former years he had made improvements which his memory fondly recalled: plantations, for example, pursued with so much ardour and eagerness, that they were not even interrupted at nightfall, but were continued by torchlight, and with relays of labourers." (Lord Mahon's *Hist. England*, vol. v. p. 253.) The belts thus planted are pointed out to this day at Hayes. Mr. Walpole was reluctant to part with the property, but being pressed by Lady Chatham, he consented; the estate was accordingly re-conveyed to Lord Chatham; and it continued his favourite residence for the

* He resided, for some years, at Holwood Hill, a beautiful eminence, amidst fine forest scenery, in the adjoining parish.

remainder of his life. The house is placed in a park, which though not extensive, is pleasant; and is varied by a stream passing through it to join the Ravensbourne. The church of Hayes, which adjoins the park, has lately been enlarged: it has no attraction architecturally; but all who reverence Chatham's memory will be interested to know that in the chancel are hung the banners which were borne at his public funeral.*

Lord Chatham possessed a congenial friend at Wickham Court, near Hayes: in this manor-house lived Gilbert West, the translator of Pindar. Here, Dr. Johnson says, West "was very often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used, at Wickham, to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation." It was in West's society, at Wickham, that Lord Lyttelton was convinced of the truth of Christianity; and under that conviction wrote his celebrated *Dissertation on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul.* Lord Chatham, during his intimacy with West, formed a walk at Wickham Court; and on a summer-house in the grounds, West inscribed the following lines, in imitation of Ausonius, "Ad Villam:"

Not wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,
And not far distant stands my rural cot;
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy,
Swift as my changing wish I change the scene,
And now the country, now the town, enjoy.

* In 1833 there was living on Hayes Common, in his 92nd year, in a cottage which he had occupied fifty-seven years, one John Mumford, who in manhood had lived as coachman to Lord Chatham. He remembered his lordship riding about Hayes on a small pony; and the old man characterized Chatham's favourite pursuit as "taking up and re-planting trees:" "he was a tall, gouty man, and generally wore a great coat; he had a particular dislike to be stared at, and when he saw any person approach, would often turn down the first lane or bye-way." The old man remembered Lord Chatham's three sons when lads, and that they were fond of frequenting the stables at Hayes Place, and conversing about horses.

Sir Joshua Reynolds pinxt *J. Brown, sc.*

THE RIGHT HON.ble EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE.

DESCENT OF BURKE.

ALTHOUGH the name of Edmund Burke may be more than once read in the genealogical records of the proud Norman family of De Burgh, Bourke, or Burke, his biographers have failed to trace satisfactorily his pedigree from their high aristocratic stock. Mr. Sergeant Burke, in his *Public and Domestic Life* of the statesman, however, tells us that the popular belief of his being sprung from a branch of the De Burgh, or Clanricarde, is corroborated heraldically; the arms borne by Edmund Burke, and his proved progenitors, being precisely those of the Clanricarde family; while John Smith, the 10th Earl, on more than one occasion addressed the rising statesman as his "cousin;" yet this same Earl resumed by sign-manual, in 1752, the original surname of De Burgh, which had been corrupted into Burke.—(*Sir Bernard Burke's Peerage and Baronetage*, 22nd edit. 1860.)

These statements are entitled to consideration; although it is urged by a writer who has evidently taken much pains with the subject, that had Burke been in any way connected with the family of Lord Clanricarde, the world would have been reminded of it at the time when he was vilified as a Jesuit, and "O'Bourke, the Irish Papist." The same writer adds that the name of Burke, or Bourke, is as common in the counties of Limerick and Cork as those of Smith and Brown are in Surrey and Middlesex.*

Burke himself never laid claim to such derivative honours:

* *Athenæum*, No. 1363.

indeed, in a letter to the Duke of Bedford, he shows some contempt for the emblazonry of Heralds' College. There is better evidence to show that Edmund Burke sprang from John Bourke, Mayor of Limerick, in 1645, who, in a riot instigated by the intrigues of the Papal Nuncio, lost much of his property, was deposed from his office, and imprisoned for his devotion to the royal cause. So many stones were thrown on this day, that it was long afterwards called Stony Monday.

The father of Edmund was Richard Burke, a Protestant, and educated for an attorney. Removing from Limerick to Dublin, he took a house in Bachelor's Walk, then on Arran Quay, afterwards on Ormond Quay, and soon obtained extensive practice. About 1725 or 1726, he married a Miss Nagle, of the family of that name still existing near Castletown Roche, and descended from the Attorney-General to James II. By this lady Richard Burke became the father of fourteen or fifteen children, all of whom died young, except Garret, Edmund, Richard, and a daughter named Juliana. She married a Mr. French, a gentleman of the county of Galway; and a gentleman of the Irish Bar, who knew her long and intimately, told Mr. Prior, "Mrs. French, had nature destined her for the other sex, would have been as great an orator as her brother Edmund."

Edmund Burke was born in the house on Arran Quay, Jan. 1, according to the register in Trinity College, 1728; and according to the tablet to Burke's memory, in Beaconsfield church, 1729. Burke himself, in a letter to Lord Rockingham, states the day, Jan. 12. Now, making allowance for the difference in style, and the difference in the civil and historical year, which existed at the time of Burke's birth, they seem reconcileable the one with the other. Burke, it is admitted, was born on the 1st of January, O. S., and, therefore, according to one computation, in 1728, and to the other, in 1729; the difference in the day being explained by the change in the style.

John Galt, the biographer of West, the painter, relates that when he was travelling in Italy, he was so struck with

the resemblance of the chief of the Benedictine monk at Ravenna, to Edmund Burke, that he could scarcely persuade himself he was not the same person. Galt then confidently asserts the resemblance was not accidental, "for *the Protestant orator was indeed the brother of the monk.*" Galt does not give any proof, and is supposed to be in error, while none of the family, or its earliest connexions, knew any other than the three brothers. Nevertheless, the story of the relationship, connexion, or personal likeness, between the statesman and the chief of the Benedictines may have led to the oft-repeated assertion of Edmund being a Jesuit: even his monastic cast of features may have fostered this belief.

BURKE'S FIRST SCHOOLMASTER.

At Castletown Roche the young Edmund was first put out to school, and the ruins of the schoolroom are traditionally pointed out to this day. The village schoolmaster, O'Halloran, lived to a great age, and his uniform boast was that he was the first who had put a Latin Grammar into the hands of Edmund Burke. Mr. Prior relates that when Edmund went there to look after his property, in 1766, O'Halloran hearing that his boy, as he called him, had got into Parliament, went to the house where he was staying, and recognised him dressing in a room over the door, when the boy as quickly remembered his old master's face. Running quickly downstairs, his shirt-collar open, his beard half shaven, he seized him eagerly by both hands, and, said O'Halloran, "asked all about me, and about the little boys his schoolfellows, and said you must stay all day with me, O'Halloran, and gossip about old times;—and sure enough I did;—but was this all, do you suppose? No, to be sure it was not;—didn't he put five golden guineas into my hand as I was coming away?" Mr. Haviland Burke, to whom this anecdote was related, asked a cottager in the neighbourhood whether he knew anything of a noted man named Burke, who once lived in that quarter? "To be sure I do," was the reply; "hasn't everybody heard of Edmund Burke?"

His delicate health disabled him from joining his brothers in their outdoor amusements; and when they were at play, Edmund was commonly seen reading. To this Richard Burke alluded, when, being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in the House of Commons by his brother, and questioned by Malone as to the cause,—"I have been wondering," said he, "how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember *when we were at play he was always at work.*"

BURKE AT SCHOOL AT BALLITORE.—HIS GRATITUDE TO HIS MASTER.

The tolerance of Burke's disposition was, doubtless, fostered by his early years being passed among members of the most opposite religious persuasions. He knew what Protestantism was; at home he saw examples of Roman Catholicism; the last two years of his boyhood were spent among a household of rigid Dissenters; and his next schoolmaster was a member of the Society of Friends. This was Abraham Shackleton, who kept a large boarding-school at Ballitore, a retired village in Kildare. Thither Edmund Burke was removed, with his two brothers, Garret and Richard, on May 26, 1741. "Quiet, modest, earnest, intelligent, ever ready to oblige, always careful not to wound the feelings of others, the engaging manners of the boy, Edmund Burke, were conspicuous from the first, and rendered him a general favourite." Among his schoolfellows were Dr. Brocklesby, the eminent London physician; the Rev. Michael Kearney, brother to one of the Bishops of Ossory; and Thomas Bushe, father of the Irish Judge. Shackleton soon found the habits of his pupil Burke indicative of more solidity than commonly belongs to his period of life; his steadiness of application, facility of comprehension, and strength of memory, insured the commendation and regard of his master; and the grateful pupil never forgot his obligations. "In the House of Commons," says Macknight, "he paid a noble tribute to the memory of

Abraham Shackleton, declaring that he was an honour to his sect, and that sect one of the purest. He ever considered it as one of the greatest blessings of his life that he had been placed at the good Quaker's academy, and readily acknowledged it was to Abraham Shackleton that he owed the education that made him worth anything. A member of the Society of Friends had always peculiar claims on his sympathy and regard."*

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, No. 227, states there to have been living at Ballitore, in 1854, Mr. George Shackleton, a descendant of Abraham Shackleton, who had a quantity of letters written to his old schoolmaster, and also to his son Richard. When the latter attended yearly meetings in London, he always went on to Beaconsfield. Burke was so much attached to Richard, that on one of these visits he caused Shackleton's portrait to be painted and presented to him; and it was then in the possession of the above family.

BURKE AND HIS FRIEND RICHARD SHACKLETON.

Burke remained three years at Ballitore. Here his chief favourite and friend was the master's only son, Richard Shackleton, who has left an interesting account of Burke's boyish peculiarities; and being three or four years older, Shackleton was fully competent to form an opinion. "Edmund (he writes,) was a lad of most promising genius; of an inquisitive and speculative cast of mind. He read much while a boy, and accumulated a stock of learning of great variety. His memory was extensive; his judgment early ripe. He would find in his own mind in reasoning and communing with himself such a fund of entertainment that he seemed not at all to regret his hours of solitude. Yet he was affable, free, and communicative, as ready to teach as to learn.

* "When Mr. Burke was informed that Mr. West was a Quaker, he said that he always regarded it among the most fortunate circumstances of his life, that his first preceptor was a member of the Society of Friends."—*Early Life and Studies of Benjamin West.*

He made the reading of the classics his diversion rather than his business. He was particularly delighted with history and poetry, and while at school performed several exercises in the latter with a manly grace." A very favourite study, as he once confessed in the House of Commons, was the old romances, Palmerin of England, and Don Belianis of Greece, upon which he had wasted much valuable time.

Prior relates of him while at school, that seeing a poor man pulling down his own hut near the village, and hearing that it was done by order of the parish conservator of the roads upon the plea of its being too near the highway, young Burke exclaimed, that were he a man, and possessed of authority, the poor should not thus be oppressed; and there was no characteristic of his subsequent life more marked, than a hatred of oppression in any form, or from any quarter.

Upon the steward of Ballitore academy, a shrewd North of Ireland Presbyterian named Gill, young Shackleton wrote verses, and young Burke exercised his boyish logic in argument. Gill, in after life, delighted to hear of Burke's celebrity, and when he last visited Ballitore in 1786, after the opening of the impeachment of Hastings, the old steward, who regarded this measure as another illustration of the humane spirit displayed by the boy, was then verging on his eightieth year. Mr. Burke accosted him with his accustomed kindness, and introduced his son, which condescension deeply affected the old man, who could scarcely say how proud he was to see Burke; adding, "you have many friends in Ireland, sir." "I am happy, Mr. Gill, that you are one of them, —you look very well.—Am I much changed since you last saw me?" The old man replied, it being evening, that he was almost too *dark* with age to observe; when Mr. Burke took a candle and held it up to his own face, to give the aged servant a better view of it; a scene which, the relater of the anecdote says, those who were present cannot easily forget.

Young Burke and his friend Shackleton wrote verses together, and translated classic poems; and their school friendship became matured into lasting regard: they kept up an

epistolary correspondence during the remainder of their lives; and the politician confessed to tears on the receipt of intelligence of his dear friend's death.

EDMUND SPENSER AND EDMUND BURKE.

Through the Nagles, Burke was in a distant degree connected with the poet Spenser—Spenser's eldest son, Sylvanus, of Kilcolman, in the county of Cork, having married Ellen, daughter of David Nagle, Esq., of Monanimy. The great grandfather of Burke possessed some property in the county, and subsequently settled near the village of Castletown Roche, five or six miles from the ruins of Kilcolman castle, the residence for a considerable time of Spenser, who wrote there the whole or the greater part of his *Faerie Queene*. Burke's health was very delicate in boyhood, when he frequently exchanged the close atmosphere of Arran Quay for the fresh air of Castletown Roche, where the natural beauties and historical associations of the neighbourhood charmed the intelligent and imaginative boy. There was the old castle which the Lady Roche, in the absence of her lord, defended against Cromwell's soldiers. There was the stream Awbeg, the fair and bright Mullah of Spenser, with its weeping waves; and there, amidst the ruins of Kilcolman, the boy Burke loved to sit reading the *Faerie Queene* in the very scenes of its inspiration; "and," says Macknight, "many a splendid sentence and poetical allusion, which gave such a peculiar fascination to the driest subject when treated by Burke, may easily be traced to the bard of Kilcolman, whose mind was filled with all that is beautiful in humanity, who was, as his *View of the State of Ireland* amply testifies, not only a great poet, but also a true political philosopher." The coincidences of expression between Burke and Spenser are very numerous; and Burke's estimate of the poet is very striking:—"Whoever relishes and reads Spenser as he ought to be read, will have a strong hold of the English language."

BURKE AT COLLEGE.

Burke quitted Ballitore with "a large and miscellaneous stock of learning for his years." Next day he entered his name in Trinity College, Dublin, as pensioner. His tutor told him he was a good scholar, and more fit for his study than three parts of his class, and in a month gave him "the first nine chapters of Burgersdicius, six last Æneids, Enchiridion, Tabula Cebetus," which this same tutor recommended as "a fine picture of human life." In ten days, Burke writes to Shackleton: "sitting at my own bureau with, oh hideous Burgersdicius;" Goldsmith equally complained of the repulsive Burgersdicius. Oliver, who was at Trinity with Burke, states that he did not distinguish himself in his academical exercises; and Dr. Leland, another of his contemporaries, supports Goldsmith's statement; still he was not negligent of essential collegiate studies. But he never seems to have applied himself systematically to one branch of study, or seriously to have laboured for gold medals or prize books; still, his extensive reading gave him wider views than could be acquired from the usual text-books of a college. Of modern authors he took most pleasure in Milton, whom he delighted to illustrate at his Debating Society. He greeted Ossian's Song of the Son of Fingal with more applause than he bestowed on Shakspeare; though his veneration of him was by no means enthusiastic. He loved Horace and Lucretius, and defended against Johnson the paradox that though Homer was a greater poet than Virgil, yet the Æneid was a greater poem than the Iliad.

Burke was a member of the arena for juvenile debaters of Trinity, called the Historical Society, which was the arena of his incipient oratory. He was likewise a distinguished member of a literary club instituted in Dublin in 1747, of which he was sometimes secretary, and sometimes president; and in the original minutes of this society, his early taste for Milton is thus recorded:—"Friday, June 5, 1747. Mr. Burke being ordered to read the speech of Moloch, *received applause for*

the delivery, it being in character. Then the speech was read and criticised upon, its many beauties illustrated. . . Then was Belial's speech read, to the great delight of the hearers, whose opinion was that Homer only can be compared to Milton, not only for the beauties that shine in every verse, but likewise for the just and lively colours in which each character was drawn; for that none but Homer, like him, ever supported such variety and exactness in the speeches of such a contrast and variety of persons." "These notices," writes Mr. Walker, of Dublin, "suggest an opinion that the finest oratory of modern times might owe its origin and perfection to the poetry of Milton."

In the correspondence of Burke and his friends, we find allusions to certain contributions to the press. One writes:—"Ned (Burke) is busy about the next *Reformer*, or he would write to you." There is also reference to a comedy believed to have been written by Burke, but which Thomas Sheridan, who then directed the Dublin Theatre, "a pitiful fellow," had the bad taste to reject.

One of his favourite poets at this time was Waller. "'Tis surprising how so much softness and so much grandeur could dwell in one soul." Young's *Night Thoughts* made so deep an impression upon Burke, that he could repeat long passages from memory; and in a copy of the work which often formed a travelling companion in his youthful days, the following lines, stated to be in his handwriting, have been mentioned as written on one of the fly-leaves:—

> Jove claim'd the verse old Homer sung,
> But God himself inspired Young.

No irregularities in college life have been laid to Burke's charge. He joined a large body of students in forcing an apology on their knees in the college courts, from certain persons who had abused them for taking the part of Thomas Sheridan, in the great theatrical riot of 1747. Burke has minutely described the proceedings in one of his letters. At a performance of Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, the decisive conflict occurred, during which an apple was thrown at one of the

foremost students, and he was violently abused; when the whole University, considering themselves abused in the person of their member, the assailants sought pardon on their bended knees, as above described.

Shortly before this, Burke had experienced a narrow escape from death, or serious injury. He writes:—"As I sat in a shop under Dick's coffee-house, the back house which joined it fell and buried the coffee-house keeper and his wife in the ruins." On the same day his chronicle is enlivened with the more humorous misadventure of a long chase through the streets after his *hat and wig*, which had been blown off.

Amidst the heat of party spirit, it was said that Burke quitted the University without a degree. This (says Prior) is untrue. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1748, and of Master in 1751. He was presented with the further degree of LL.D. in 1791.

BURKE'S EARLY VERSES.

When Burke left Ballitore for the college of Dublin, the correspondence between the two friends began: the letters between 1744 and 1747 afford specimens of Burke's early style; and especially indicate in his tender years the piety and virtue which adorned his whole life. These letters exhibit frequent inclinations for versifying; indeed, Burke, at this period, seldom wrote a letter to a friend without enclosing some specimens of his verse; here is one from a letter to Richard Shackleton:

Ye beauteous nymphs who haunt the dusky wood,
Which hangs recumbent o'er the crystal flood,
Or risen from water, as the water fair,
'Mong the cleft rocks divide your amber hair;
Oft, as delighted with my rural lay,
Earnest you listen'd all the summer's day,
Nor thought it long;—with favour hear my vow,
And with your kind assistance help me now.
And you, whose midnight dance in mystic round,
With a green circle marks the flowery ground,
O, aid my voice that I may wake once more
The slumbering echo on the Mulla's shore.

Thou chief of floods, Blackwater, hoary sire,
With all thy beauties all my breast inspire,
To trace the winding channel of thy course,
And find the hidden wonders of thy source.

Such attempts at versifying, Burke's mature judgment led him to abandon. They rarely rise above common-place specimens of the art, however excellent may be their tone and feeling. Nevertheless, he was more of a versifier in his youth than was ever supposed until some time after his death. When Sir James Mackintosh said that had Burke ever acquired the habit of versification, *he would have poured forth volumes of sublime poetry*, (Mackintosh's *Memoirs*, by his son,) he little suspected that while Edmund was at Trinity College, he was the most inveterate of versifiers—thus falsifying the vaticinal speculation of the metaphysical philosopher of the North; and the evidence is strengthened by Mr. Macknight's statement that Burke "continued his poetical efforts longer, and met with less success than any man who ever engaged in political life with a tenth part of his qualifications."

To show the *extent* to which Burke carried his *versificationis cacoëthes*, we may mention that one of his letters to Shackleton contains a day of his life at college, in 110 lines!

BURKE ARRIVES IN LONDON.—HIS FIRST VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Mr. Prior has printed, in his *Life of Burke*, the following characteristic letter addressed by Edmund to his old schoolfellow, Matthew Smith, describing his first impressions on viewing Westminster Abbey; which letter, it should be remembered, was written when Burke was barely of age:

"Soon after my arrival in town I visited Westminster Abbey; the moment I entered I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. Henry the Seventh's chapel is a very fine piece of Gothic architecture, particularly the roof; but I am told that it is exceeded by a chapel in the University of Cambridge

(King's College chapel). Mrs. Nightingale's monument has not been praised beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband in endeavouring to shield his wife from the dart of death, is natural and affecting. But I have always thought that the image of death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch inverted, than with a dart. Some would imagine that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly;—I don't think so; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit! When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form and as fair a face as her own. They show, besides, how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendships beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion. Such is our natural love of immortality: but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumphs: it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high; for when all the pride of the chisel and the pomp of heraldry yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half-worn-out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man that first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit! I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's Il Penseroso, was composed in the long-resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister or ivied abbey. Yet, after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression 'family burying-ground' has something pleasing in it, at least to me!"

His first impressions of London are very characteristic. He writes: "The buildings are very fine; it may be called the sink of vice; but its hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of heaven." His early impressions of "the *state* of learning in this city" are thus given: "I don't

think there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side of the water as you imagine. I don't find that genius, the 'rath primrose which forsaken dies,' is patronized by any of the nobility, so that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of 'the public.' Notwithstanding discouragement, Literature is cultivated in a high degree. Poetry raises her enchanting voice to heaven. History arrests the wings of Time in his flight to the gulf of vision. Philosophy, the queen of arts, and the daughter of heaven, is daily extending her intellectual empire. Fancy sports on airy wing like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud; and even Metaphysics spins her cobwebs, and catches some flies."

In his account of his journey, he writes: "What a contrast to our poor country, where you'll scarce find a cottage ornamented with a chimney! But what pleased me most of all was the progress of agriculture, my favourite study, and my favourite pursuit, if Providence had blessed me with a few paternal acres."

BURKE STUDIES FOR THE BAR.

Burke had been from the first intended by his father for the Bar. He entered his name at the Middle Temple in April, 1747; and early in 1750, he came to keep his terms in London. How the sensitive student must have shuddered as, on his way to his chambers, just before passing under Temple Bar, he must have seen the heads and limbs of the rebels of 1745, which were then exposed on spikes above the pediment of the Bar. His visits to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, "the chosen temples of fame," afforded him pure delight. How germane to his after life is the following reflective passage: "The House of Commons not unfrequently exhibits explosions of eloquence that rise superior to those of Greece and Rome, even in their proudest days. Yet, after all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade wind, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean sands. As to the

stage, it is sunk, in my opinion, into the lowest degree; I mean with regard to the trash that is exhibited on it; but I don't attribute this to the taste of the audience, for when Shakspeare warbles his 'native wood-notes,' the boxes, pit, and gallery are crowded—and the gods are true to every word, if properly winged to the heart."

Burke must have found forensic study irksome toil, for he writes: "The law causes no difficulty to those who readily understand it, and to those who never will understand it; and for all between these extremes, God knows, they have a hard task of it." He passed the vacations, and any intervals of leisure, in travelling about England, generally in company with his friend and distant relative, Mr. William Burke. Upon these excursions he fixed his quarters occasionally in a country town or village, leading a life of great temperance, keeping early hours, taking gentle exercise, and amusing himself with books and writing. His constitution became stronger, and enabled him to endure much severe study and active employment, to nearly the close of his life.

Writing to Shackleton, from Monmouth, August 31, 1751, whither he had gone from Bath and Bristol, he alludes playfully to his more juvenile efforts; hopes his present exercises (alluding to the law) may be attended with better success than his literary studies, on the ground that "though a middling poet cannot be endured, there is some quarter for a middling lawyer."

The two friends, while staying at Monmouth and Turlaine, were curiously watched by the inhabitants. At Monmouth "they were supposed to be fortune-hunters, and when they left the place without carrying away wives with them, they were set down as French spies. At Turlaine, they were supposed to be authors, because they read so many books; then they were thought to be merchants, because they received so many letters; and at last they were believed to be Spanish spies, because they paid attention to the manufacture of fine cloth for which Turlaine was distinguished. Their landlady was an old Jacobite, who, having

seen better days, dated all her misfortunes from the accession of the House of Hanover. The inhabitants were all hearty Jacobites, 'a sort of people,' says Burke, who thus evinced his own attachment to the House of Hanover, and his own tolerant sentiments, 'whose politics consist in wishing that right may take place; and their religion in heartily hating Presbyterianism.' "—(*Macknight.*)

Burke was not called to the Bar; nor does it appear on what account he declined the profession for which he was intended, and for the practice of which he had, to a certain degree, prepared himself. For some time, he thought of removing to America, but gave up the project on its being objected to by his father; it was said that he was offered some considerable employment in the State of New York. The dutiful letter in which Burke surrendered his own decided conviction of the propriety of accepting this "place of credit," which some persons whom he consulted, "all to a man" highly approved of—was rescued, among several others of Burke's letters, from the lining of an old family arm-chair, by some relative in the county of Galway; and transmitted to Mr. Haviland Burke, who communicated the original to Mr. Prior, who has printed the above letter in his work.

Burke now abandoned his legal studies, which he never loved, and at last abhorred. In later life, he ever spoke of the law as the noblest of sciences, the accumulated experiences of ages; but he ever maintained that its study does not liberalize the mind so much as it sharpens it; elsewhere he calls it "a narrow and inglorious study." He never returned to it for the purpose of qualifying himself for the profession; but how finely his intellect could work upon it is proved by the Report on the Lords' Journals, about the proceedings on the trial of Hastings, which is allowed by the best judges to stand alone as a masterly criticism on the law of evidence.—(*Edinburgh Review.*) *Macknight*, vol. i. p. 57.

BURKE AND HIS ARMENIAN AMANUENSIS.

A touching instance of Burke's kindness to the houseless and the wretched occurred in the year 1756. A poor Armenian, called Joseph Emin, whose family and fortunes had been blighted by Shah Abbas, fled for life with his father to Calcutta. Here he beheld, for the first time, the effects of European civilization; he was already a man in body and mind, though only in the eighteenth year of his age, when he resolved to visit Europe, to learn the arts and sciences of the great Western world, and be the regenerator of his beloved Armenia. His father, however, refused to aid him in going to England, but an English captain, after the most passionate supplications, permitted him to work his passage to these shores. He endured many hardships and insults as a lascar, on the voyage. The ship at last arrived at Wapping; and here, with the little money he received as wages, he put himself to school. He then became a servant, but his master failed, and Emin was thrown destitute into the streets. He then became a porter, and next a copying-clerk to an attorney, but fell into misery and misfortune, when his father sent him sixty pounds, on condition to pay his voyage back to Calcutta. This, however, he declined, and did not receive a farthing of his father's remittance. One Sunday afternoon he wandered into St. James's Park, and there, to his great joy recognised, walking opposite Buckingham House, a lawyer whom he had seen in Calcutta, and who was accompanied by Mr. Burke. Emin related to them minutely the singular circumstances of his life. After the party had partaken of some milk and rusks in the Little Wilderness in the Park, the lawyer went his way, and Burke took the destitute Asiatic home to his rooms, up two pair of stairs, above a bookseller's shop bearing the sign of "Pope's Head."* After some further conversation, Emin desired to

* The shop of Jacob Robinson, under the west side of the Inner Temple gateway in Fleet-street, where Pope and Warburton first met; and Robinson becoming Pope's publisher, adopted the poet's head as a sign.

know the name of the gentleman who had taken so much interest in him: the reply was, "Sir, my name is Edmund Burke, at your service. I am a runaway son from my father, as you are!" He then presented Emin with half-a-guinea, saying: "Upon my honour, this is all I have at present; please accept it." The Armenian showed him in return three guineas and a half, adding: "I am worth this much; it will not be honest to accept of that; not because it is a small sum, if it were a thousand pounds I would not. I am not come away from my friends to get money; but if you will continue your kind notice of me, that is all I want; and I shall value it more than a Prince's treasure." Burke then put a volume of the *Tatler* into Emin's hands, and after he had read two or three paragraphs, said: "Very well; I am your friend as much as it lies in my power."

Burke wrote down Emin's address, called upon him the next day, gave him advice as to what books he should read, and lent him many volumes from his own collection. Edmund subsequently introduced Emin to William Burke, who employed him in copying manuscripts.

The Armenian was grateful to his patron, and afterwards declared, that "had not Burke seen him every day, comforted him in his misery, and exhorted him to put his trust in God, he must have sunk down in despair." Better days followed. He was, by the influence of the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Cumberland, sent to Woolwich, and there learnt the "art military." On the breaking out of the war, he crossed over to the Continent, and distinguished himself in eighteen skirmishes; accompanied the expedition to St. Malo, and was the first man who set fire to the French ships. He then went to Georgia in the hope that Prince Heraclius would assist him in endeavouring to raise from their degradation the neighbouring Armenians. In this he was frustrated; and after many years' struggle, he settled in Calcutta, where his great qualities were, even to the last, acknowledged by the Indian Administration. Mr. Macknight has narrated the Armenian's career from his Autobiography,

revised by Sir William Jones, and published in 1792. His friendship with Burke ended only with their lives; "and it is very probable that the intense interest which the statesman always took in Eastern affairs, was first excited by his acquaintance with the brave and high-minded Armenian." Thirty-four years after their first meeting, Burke wrote to Emin: "Who could have thought, the day I first saw you in St. James's Park, this kingdom would rule the greater part of India? But kingdoms rise and pass away. Emperors are captive and blinded; pedlars become emperors."

BURKE'S MARRIAGE.

In the winter of 1756, or early in the following year, Burke went to Bath for his health, where his countryman, Dr. Nugent, practised as a physician, and taking his patient into his own house, he fell in love with, and shortly afterwards married, his daughter. But the register cannot be found in either Bath or Bristol; hence it is thought that the marriage took place in London. Mrs. Burke, it is generally believed, was, like her father, a Roman Catholic, and if so, the marriage may have taken place at the Roman Catholic chapel at Bath, which, with its registers, was burnt in the the riots of 1780. Then, relatives and others state Miss Nugent to have been brought up as a Presbyterian by her mother; yet Richard Shackleton distinctly states that Mrs. Burke was of the Church of Rome before her marriage; and among much other abuse vented against her husband, was that he kept a Popish priest in the house for her, upon whom he exercised his love for deistical raillery. "These," says Prior, "are sad evidences of political malice, but form an epitome, of that 'hunt of obloquy,' in Burke's own words, 'which has ever pursued me in full cry through life.'"

Whatever may have been Mrs. Burke's religious creed, she proved an excellent wife. Mr. Hardy and Sir Philip Francis spoke of her as all that was beautiful and amiable among women; and so shrewd a critic of her own sex (says Mac-

knight,) as Miss Burney, and so good and severe a woman as Hannah More, have given similar testimony. Burke repeatedly declared that "every care vanished the moment he entered under his own roof;" and one morning, on the anniversary of their marriage, he wrote and presented to Mrs. Burke a beautifully descriptive paper—*The Idea of a Wife*, —heading the paper thus, "The character of ——," leaving her to fill up the blank.

BURKE'S FIRST AVOWED WORKS.

Burke's first productions experienced various fates. His poem on the Blackwater, so much applauded by his friends, was lost by his father, who had borrowed it. Soon after he reached London, he printed some anecdotes of Henry Brooke* and Mrs. Woffington, which may probably be traced in pamphlets or periodicals of the time. The Essay on the Drama, preserved in his works, is believed to be of the same date.

His first avowed work was the *Vindication of Natural Society*, which was the first manuscript copied by Emin. This was published in 1756, in a pamphlet of 106 pages: it is, especially for a young man of 26, in all respects a very remarkable production. First, it is written in imitation of the style and manner of Lord Bolingbroke, which, in literary society, had been declared inimitable. Lord Chesterfield and Bishop Warburton, among others, are said to have accredited the *Vindication;* and so generally was this believed, that Mallet went to Robert Dodsley's shop, in Pall Mall, and there, in the presence of many critics and authors, declared the pamphlet not to have been written by Bolingbroke. Its design was to produce a correct mimicry both of that writer's style and principles, and by pushing the latter to their ultimate results, to force conviction of their unsoundness, by showing that the arguments employed by Bolingbroke against religion applied as strongly against every other institution of civilized society.†

* Author of *The Fool of Quality*, a novel, reprinted in 1859.

† To Mallet, a brother infidel, Bolingbroke left the office of ushering

The style is brilliant and flowing; but it is chiefly deserving of attention as indicating the peculiar direction the mind of the author had already taken, and as proving how early there had been formed in it at least the germs of that philosophy of morals and of society which may be traced in all his writings, and his subsequent public conduct. The following passage contains the key to the purpose of the pamphlet:

"The editor is satisfied that a mind which has no restraint from a sense of its own weakness, of its subordinate rank in the creation, and of the extreme danger of letting the imagination loose upon some subjects, may very plausibly attack everything the most excellent and venerable, that it would not be difficult to criticise the creation itself; and that, if we were to examine the divine fabrics by our ideas of reason and fitness, and to use the same method of attack by which some men have assaulted revealed religion, we might with as good colour, and with the same success, make the wisdom and power of God in his creation appear to many no better than foolishness."

A few months after this pamphlet, Burke published the second manuscript copied by Emin—his *Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, which, however, he is said to have begun when he was only 19. Its leading doctrine is, that the feeling of the *sublime* means the delight we experience whenever we have an idea of pain and danger, without being actually in such circumstances: and that the feeling of the *beautiful* means the delight

his legacy of Deism into light, which drew from Dr. Johnson, when asked his opinion of it, the exclamation: "A scoundrel! who spent his life in charging a popgun against Christianity; and a coward! who, afraid of the report of his own gun, left half-a-crown to a hungry Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."

Mr. Burke used to relate at his table, that the first Lord Lyttelton told him that Lord Bolingbroke never committed any of his works to paper himself, but invariably dictated to a secretary. This accounted for the tautology and repetitions so common in his writings. In company he was fluent and eloquent, speaking, or rather dictating to his hearers with an air of authority more resembling the formal harangue of the House of Commons than the usual tone of conversation, and seldom allowing himself to be contradicted or interrupted.—*Prior.*

that is excited in us by all such qualities in things as induce in us a sense of affection, tenderness, or some other passion the most nearly resembling these: while we are yet altogether unaffected by the physical passion, the object of which is the beauty of women. To Hume this tract was a pretty treatise, to Johnson a model of philosophical criticism: it was well received by the public, and immediately brought the author into much notice.

Among those who testified to its merits was Goldsmith, who spoke well of it in the *Monthly Review;* admitting the criticism to be elaborate and excellent, he objected to many parts of the theory, and especially to the materialism on which it founded the connexion of objects of pleasure with a necessary relaxation of the nerves; but these objections, discreet and well-considered, gave strength and relish to its praise; and Burke spoke to many of his friends of the pleasure it had given him.

To the second edition he prefixed a brief Discourse on Taste, and an excellent Preface, in return for a copy of which his father sent him 100*l.*

BURKE, AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS IN LONDON.

At the expiration of the usual time, Burke was not called to the Bar. He became, however, still more strongly attached to general literature, and in London met many old friends, school and college acquaintances. He renewed his friendship with Dr. Brocklesby, then practising in Broad-street, and living with the strictest economy, "never suffering himself to have a want that was not accommodable to his fortune."

Meanwhile, Burke's father knew nothing of his son's leaving professional routine: he did not stop the remittances, but made them so sparingly, that to literature Edmund began to look for subsistence. He had already become acquainted with Arthur Murphy, who, a few months previously, had commenced his *Gray's Inn Journal.* He found

the young philosopher full of information: they may have often met at George's coffee-house, in the Strand, one of Murphy's haunts, and at Macklin's British Inquisition, in Covent Garden; but the tone of Murphy's dedication of his Translation of Tacitus to Burke does not bespeak any close intimacy. Edmund next joined the Robin Hood Debating Society, held in Essex-street; but, as the debaters were only allowed to speak seven minutes, Burke had little room for his flowers of oratory to expand. He was now a constant attendant in the pit of Drury-lane Theatre; and through Murphy, or some other means, was introduced to Garrick, and between them was formed a friendship which only ended with their lives. Burke's frequent visits to the green-room may have given rise to a scandalous story of an intrigue with Margaret Woffington, the probability of which is disproved in Mr. Macknight's Memoirs, by the actress's absence from England until 1756.

Dr. Bisset *tamely* says of this accusation: "He frequently passed his leisure hours in the company of Mrs. Woffington. This several of his detractors have endeavoured to make a subject of ridicule. But it is certain that this lady's conversation was no less anxiously courted by men of wit and genius, than by men of pleasure. It is equally certain that he was, on the whole, a man of great temperance. Whether he was so completely chaste as to resist the attractions of that engaging woman, I cannot affirm. If instead of standing candidate for being Professor of Logic at Glasgow, he had applied for orders in the Kirk, and Mrs. Woffington had been within its jurisdiction, an inquiry would probably have been instituted; but as that was not the case, I have no means of satisfying the curious in that branch of biography."—*Life of Burke*, p. 26.

BURKE'S ENGLISH HISTORY, AND DODSLEY'S ANNUAL REGISTER.

Burke had already a high reputation, when his father died. He now wrote for the booksellers with great industry. In April, 1757, he completed for Dodsley an *Account of the European Settlements in America*, in two volumes, which Dugald Stewart termed a masterly sketch, and the Abbé Raynal profited by in his history. This work reached a seventh edition, yet is not retained in Burke's works: hence it was doubted whether it was really written by him; but the assignment of the copyright to Dodsley, for fifty guineas, is in Burke's handwriting, and was sold at an auction of autographs, by Evans, in Pall Mall, in 1837.

About 1757, Burke, under pressure of temporary difficulty, is said to have sold his books, as disclosed by the arms pasted in some of them. Yet, he worked hard for the press, and was kept from discreditable shifts. He now lived at Battersea; and before the close of the year, he sent to press an *Abridgment of English History*; only 70 pages were then printed, and may be seen in the British Museum; they were found by Nicol, the successor of Dodsley, in Pall Mall, and given by him to Dr. Burney. These 70 printed pages extend only to the year 388 of the Christian era, whereas Burke's manuscript reaches 1216, and was published in the quarto edition of his writings, some years after his death. He is supposed to have discontinued his History because Hume was engaged on the same labour; but this is improbable, as Burke is known to have declared the earlier part of Hume's work to be very superficial; and Hume himself is said to have acknowledged to Burke that he had not studied, but merely dipped into, the original authorities.

Burke now arranged with the Dodsleys to publish a view of the history, politics, and literature of each year, to be called the *Annual Register*. The first volume appeared in 1759: it contained a history of the War, from its com-

mencement in 1755 to the end of 1758, with illustrative State papers; the history of the year is followed by the chronicle; characters; extraordinary adventures, including an account of the sufferings of the persons confined in the Black Hole at Calcutta, in June, 1756; literary and miscellaneous essays; poetry, including pieces by Akenside, William Whitehead, and the King of Prussia; and lastly, reviews of books published in 1758, including Jortin's *Erasmus* and Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*. This and several of the succeeding volumes were so popular that they ran through five or six editions. Burke wrote the historical chapters, and superintended the work generally, for which he only received 100*l*. a-year, as proved by receipts in existence, signed by Burke. It has been stated that he continued editor for thiry years; but there are receipts preserved to show that a Mr. Thomas English prepared the historical portion from 1767 to 1791; so that Burke's editorship did not extend beyond seven or eight years; but he is believed to have afterwards been a contributor. The History of the War was reprinted from the Registers, and went through more than one edition. We have scarcely an instance of such sound writing in any Annual Register of our day, if we except the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, to which Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Southey contributed.

The *Register* for 1759 records the splendid triumphs of the conquest of Guadaloupe, the bombardment of Havre, the defeat of the French fleet off Cape Lagos, the acquisitions of Ticonderossa and Crown Point, the achievements of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, with the consequent surrender of Quebec, and the destruction of the fleet and armament under Conflans, on the coast of Brittany: "thus we wind up this wonderful year!"

How touching are these few sentences: "The death of Wolfe," says Burke, "was, indeed, grievous to his country, but to himself the most happy that could be imagined; and the most to be envied by all those who have a true relish for military glory. Unindebted to family connexions, unsup-

ported by intrigue or faction, he had accomplished the whole business of life at a time when others are only beginning to appear; and at the age of thirty-five, without feeling the weakness of age or the vicissitude of fortune, having sacrificed his honest ambition, having completed his character, having fulfilled the expectations of his country, he fell at the head of his conquering troops, and expired in the arms of Victory."

In the same *Register* there is a review of Johnson's *Rasselas*, by Burke, concluding thus: "Though the author has not put his name to this work, there is no doubt that he is the same who has before done so much for the improvement of our taste and our morals, and employed a great part of his life in an astonishing work for fixing the language of this nation, whilst the nation which admires his works, and profits by them, has done nothing for the author." In this plain-speaking, Burke made the first public suggestion of Johnson's pension, which was soon afterwards granted.

BURKE'S "AFFLUENCE OF CONVERSATION."

On Christmas-day, 1758, a large company was assembled round Garrick's dinner-table in Southampton-street, Strand. Burke, Samuel Johnson, and Arthur Murphy were of the party. Burke and Johnson had met before at Garrick's table, and were now intimate; for the lexicographer submitted to contradiction in discussions with his companion twenty years younger than himself, which he would tolerate from no other person, whatever his talents or experience. A mutual admiration seems to have been the joint feeling between them; although sharp contentions and clashings of opinion occasionally disturbed their conversation. But Johnson eminently practised in himself and loved in others "good talk;" and no man ever praised another more than the Doctor praised Burke. When Johnson and Boswell were supping at their inn at Oxford, their conversation turned upon the fame of men being generally exaggerated in the

world, when Boswell mentioned Burke as an exception. Johnson emphatically replied: "Yes; Burke *is* an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual." At another time he said: "Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind: he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full." And once, when Johnson was ill and unable to exert himself as much as usual without fatigue, Mr. Burke having been mentioned, he said: "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." So much was Johnson accustomed to consider conversation as a contest, and such was his notion of Burke as an opponent.

Then Johnson spoke of Burke's "affluence of conversation"—"common conversation,"—which corresponded with the general fame he had in the world. "Take up whatever you please, he is ready to meet you." Then, Burke was a most extraordinary man, who never failed to impress whomsoever he met with; next did Johnson say: "No man of sense could meet Mr. Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England." Or, "If you met him for the first time in the street where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside for shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say—This is an extraordinary man. Now, you may be long enough with me, (added Johnson,) without finding anything extraordinary." Johnson's remark is confirmed by a story of Burke and a friend going to see Lichfield cathedral, when one of the Canons undertaking to show them the building, was struck with the splendour, depth, and variety of the conversation of one of the strangers. No matter what topic started,—whether architecture, antiquities, ecclesiastical history, the revenues, prosecutions, or the lives of the early ornaments or leading members of the church; he touched upon them all with the readiness and accuracy of a master. They had not long separated when the Canon told a friend that he had been conversing with a man of the

most extraordinary powers of mind and extent of information, which it had ever been his fortune to meet with; he went to the inn to inquire who the stranger was, and found it to be the celebrated Mr. Burke.

Johnson delighted to ask Murphy: "Are you not proud of your countryman?" adding occasionally: "Cum talis sit utinam noster esset." Grattan considered Burke the greatest man in conversation he had ever met with. The care with which he introduced a conversation, and the subtlety with which he carried it on, were illustrated by Goldsmith, when he said in reply to an eulogy on Johnson's power of conversation: "But is he like Burke, who winds into his subject like a serpent?" How much too has Goldsmith conveyed in this witty line of "Retaliation:"

Our Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains.

BURKE AT "THE CLUB."

In 1763, a knot of good and great men first met in the Turk's Head tavern, in Gerard-street, Soho, and formed a Club, headed by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Johnson, the most clubable man in London, caught at the notion eagerly, and suggested as a model a club which he had founded in Ivy-lane, some fourteen years before, but was now broken up. The members at Gerard-street were limited to nine: Mr. Hawkins, as one of the Ivy-lane club, was invited to join; and of course Edmund Burke, who had lately parted company with Single-speech Hamilton, and left Dublin and politics for a time. The notion of the club delighted Burke, and he brought with him his father-in-law, Dr. Nugent. The chair was taken every Monday night by a member in rotation, when all were expected to attend, and sup together; and conversation, from which politics only were excluded, was kept up till a late hour.

Of this club, Hawkins was a most unpopular member; even his old friend, Johnson, admitted him to be out of place here. He had objected to Goldsmith at the club, as "a

mere literary drudge." Hawkins's "existence was a kind of pompous, parsimonious, insignificant drawl, cleverly ridiculed by one of the wits in an absurd epitaph: "Here lies Sir John Hawkins, without his shoes and stawkins."—(Forster's *Life of Goldsmith.*) Hawkins's "tendency to savageness," as Johnson called it, caused his early secession from the club; his own account is that he withdrew, because of late hours; but the fact was, says Boswell, that he one evening attacked Mr. Burke in so rude a manner, that all the company testified their displeasure; and at the next meeting Hawkins's reception was such that he never came again.

Lætitia Matilda Hawkins, herself, proposing to defend her father, corroborates this statement. "*The Burkes*," she says, describing the impressions of her childhood, "as the men of that family were called, were not then what they were afterwards considered; they were, as my father termed them, *Irish Adventurers;* and came into this country with no good auguries, nor any very decided principles of action. They had to talk their way in the world that was to furnish their means of living." "An Irish Adventurer," adds Mr. Forster, "who had to talk his way in the world, is much what Burke was considered by the great as well as the little vulgar for several years to come;" and he justly stigmatizes Hawkins's words as a "vulgar and insolent phrase."

Still, Burke's vehemence of will and sharp impetuosity of temper constantly exposed him to prejudice and dislike; and he may have painfully impressed others as well as Hawkins, at the club, with a sense of his predominance. This was the only theatre open to him. "Here only (says Forster,) could he as yet pour forth, to an audience worth exciting, the stores of argument and eloquence he was thirsting to employ upon a wider stage; the variety of knowledge, the fund of astonishing imagery, the ease of philosophic illustration, the overpowering copiousness of words, in which he has never had a rival." Miss Hawkins was convinced that her father *was* disgusted with the overpowering deportment of Mr. Burke, and his monopoly of the conversation, which made all the

other members, excepting his antagonist, Johnson, merely listeners. Something of the same sort is said by that antagonist, though in a more generous way. "What I most envy Burke for," said Johnson, "is, that he is never what we call humdrum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you. I cannot say he is good at listening. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table, he'll speak to somebody at the other end."

The club was an opportunity for both Johnson and Burke; and for the most part their wit-combats seem not only to have instructed the rest, but to have improved the temper of the combatants, and to have made them more generous to each other. "How very great Johnson has been to night," said Burke to Bennet Langton, as they left the club together. Langton assented, but could have wished to hear more from another person. "Oh, no!" replied Burke, "it is enough for me to have rung the bell to him."

One evening he observed that a hogshead of claret, which had been sent to the club as a present, was almost out; and proposed that Johnson should write for another, in such ambiguity of expression as might have a chance of procuring it also as a gift. One of the company said Dr. Johnson shall be our dictator. "Were I (said Johnson,) your dictator, you should have no wine; it would be my business cavere ne quid detrimenti respublica caperet:—wine is dangerous; Rome was ruined by luxury." Burke replied: "If you allow no wine as dictator, you shall not have me for master of the horse."

From the time of Garrick's death, "the Club" has been known as "the Literary Club;" although after it assumed this epithet, it gradually parted with its *literary* character,—gaining in titled members what it lost in authors by profession.

BURKE'S HUMANITY.

In the year 1762, before Philip Astley began his popular career of equestrianism, there appeared in London one Johnson, an Irishman by birth, who exhibited many feats of activity in horsemanship. He was an active, clever fellow in his way, and was much noticed by Mr. Burke, then a student of the Middle Temple, and by his friend, Mr. Netherville. Dr. Johnson and Boswell also gave a fashion to these surprising performances, which attracted Burke frequently to the circus as a spectator. The favourite performance was that of a handsome black horse: whenever Johnson wanted him, he gave three smacks of his whip, and the docile creature came out of his stable, and stood by his master's side; he then ran about the ring, until another sound of the whip brought him again to his master. One evening, the signal was disregarded. When, at length, the horse stopped, Johnson, by a violent blow between the ears, brought him to the ground, where he lay, as if dying. Mr. Burke was among the circle of spectators, from whom he leaped into the ring, and rushing up to Johnson, vehemently exclaimed: "You scoundrel! I have a mind to knock you down," and he would in all probability have done so, had not his friend Mr. Netherville interposed. Johnson then apologized, and thus the matter ended; but (says the narrator,) I shall never forget the impression of awe and admiration made upon myself and others by the solemn passion with which Mr. Burke uttered this otherwise coarse reproof. Though the circle was immediately broken, all kept at a respectful distance; perhaps this was the first time he had ever produced an effect upon an audience. I must be excused for comparing great things with small; but when I first heard him in the House of Commons pouring out a torrent of indignation against cruelty and corruption, I was reminded, after an interval of many years, of the champion of the poor black horse.

BURKE'S OUTSET IN PUBLIC LIFE.

Edmund Burke obtained, through his companion, William Burke, some important aids to his start in life: he first introduced him to Lord Rockingham; to Lord Verney, who gave him his first seat in Parliament; and to the Rev. Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York. Burke was, however, doomed to early disappointments. In the autumn of 1759, he applied for the consulship at Madrid, then vacant. His friend, Dr. Markham, took up his cause most zealously, and wrote to the Duchess of Queensberry, begging her to use her influence with Mr. Pitt, urging that Burke's "chief application has been to the knowledge of public business, and our commercial interests; that he seems to have a most extensive knowledge, with extraordinary talents for business, and to want nothing but ground to stand upon to do his country very important services." Dr. Markham added: "I value him not only for his learning and talents, but as being in all points of character a most amiable and most respectable man." Now, the Duchess was just the person to press a request upon the Minister: she would not readily take a refusal; she had extorted from Lord Bute a silk gown for Lord Thurlow;—and she transmitted Dr. Markham's letter to the proper quarter, for it is printed in the *Chatham Correspondence;* but it was not replied to. "When," says Macknight, "Mr. Pitt, in this period of victory, the most triumphant in his life and in English annals, threw that letter aside, as unworthy of his attention, he little knew what he was doing." The Minister was not likely to patronize Burke when unknown; nor was he more disposed to give him office in after life: he could not bear any rival near his throne.

About this time, Burke's connexion commenced with Single-speech Hamilton, subsequently secretary to Lord Halifax, lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Burke had rendered the government and Hamilton many services, when, in 1763, he obtained for him a pension of 300*l.* per annum from the Irish

Treasury. In those days, such pensions were by no means unusual, and were held, without imputation or blame, by persons of station and character. To Hamilton, Burke had given full value, and had a clear claim upon him for services performed; but the Secretary's demands upon his time had been large, and Burke determined to guard against this for the future. He therefore expressly stipulated for the use of his own time for literary pursuits, and without such reservation declined receiving the pension, in a letter of great spirit. An answer to this letter is not found among Burke's papers; probably, Hamilton never gave one in writing. Burke expostulated in vain: much irritation ensued; he had been coarsely called "Hamilton's jackal," and his "genius;" the Secretary was "vain, sullen, proud, cold, and envious," and he made matters worse by proposing to retain Burke out of his private fortune as in "a sort of domestic situation." It was the consideration of a bargain, and sale of independence. It was a claim for absolute servitude. "Not to value myself as a gentleman," remonstrated Burke, "a freeman, a man of education, and one pretending to literature, is there any situation in life so low, that can subject a man to the possibility of such an engagement? Would you dare attempt to bind your footman to such terms?"

At length, Burke resigned the pension* into Hamilton's hands, through that gentleman's attorney, having held it only one year; and from hence broke off all communication with him. Burke's "desperate fidelity" in this affair has only been known of late years; which reserve gave rise to a scandal, that the pension thus surrendered, from the most honourable and upright motives, was sold by him for a sum of money to pay his debts.

* A curious error occurred in the grant of this pension, which is thus corrected in a letter from Mr. Secretary Hamilton to Sir Robert Wilmot: "There is a mistake in one of the pensions which I desire may be rectified at any hazard, as I was the occasion of it. It is not William Birt who is to have a pension of 300*l.* per annum upon the Primate's list, but Edmund Burke." This information Mr. Prior received from the Right Hon. J. W. Croker.

Burke is supposed to have been the author of the excellent *single speech* which Hamilton made in the House of Commons; as well as of Hamilton's second speech, namely, that in the Irish Parliament on the motion for suffering popish regiments to be raised in Ireland. The latter also gave colour to the fiction that Burke was a papist and a Jesuit himself.

BURKE PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.

In the scramble which ensued upon the breaking-up of the Grenville administration, Mr. Burke not unreasonably looked to obtain employment. He had thus sketched the political prospect of the period, in a letter to Mr. Flood, dated 18th May, 1765: "There is a strong probability that new men will come in, and not improbably with new ideas; at this very instant, the causes productive of such a change are strongly at work. The Regency Bill has shown such a want of concert and want of capacity in Ministers—such an inattention to the honour of the Crown, if not a design *against* it—such imposition and suspicion on the King, and such a misrepresentation of the disposition of the Parliament to the Sovereign,—that there is no doubt a fixed resolution toget rid of them all, (except, perhaps, Grenville,) but principally the Duke of Bedford; so that you will have more reason to be surprised to find the Ministry standing by next week than to hear of their entire removal."

Mr. Burke had predicted wisely, and was in possession of the political secrets of the day. The King was so tired of his ministry that he even announced to them his intention to change before he had arranged who were to be their successors: his words were, "He could not bear it as it was."

The Duke of Cumberland was sent for, and was ordered to form a new administration, and treat with Mr. Pitt: "the hero of Culloden went down in person to the conqueror of America, at Hayes," who, however, flatly refused. The Duke of Newcastle was then sent for, and formed a Ministry of a

division of the Whigs, with the Marquis of Rockingham as Premier,—a young nobleman of princely fortune and fascinating manners, who made up for powers of oratory, in which he was wholly deficient, by an inestimable art of attracting and securing friends. Within a week after his nomination, through the recommendation of friends, particularly Mr. William Burke, Edmund was appointed private secretary to the Marquis; and Burke's great political life began. "The British dominions," says a political writer of the times, "did not furnish a more able and fit person for that important and confidential situation; the only man since the days of Cicero, who has united the talents of speaking and writing with irresistible force and eloquence."

In his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, (written in July, 1791,) speaking of himself in the third person, he says: "This July it will be twenty-six years since he became connected with a man whose memory will ever be precious to Englishmen of all parties, as long as the ideas of honour and virtue, public and private, are understood and cherished in this nation. That memory will be kept alive with particular veneration by all rational and honourable Whigs. Mr. Burke entered into a connexion with that party, through that man, at an age far from raw and immature; at those years when men are all they are ever likely to become; when he was in the prime and vigour of his life; when the powers of his understanding, according to their standard, were at the best; his memory exercised, his judgment formed, and his reading much fresher in the resolution, and much readier in the application than it now is."

BURKE "A JESUIT."

When the Prime Minister and his Secretary became connected, they were not at all known to each other, Burke knew nothing of Lord Rockingham's personal character or political principles, and Lord Rockingham knew nothing of Burke's private life, or his lofty disposition; and they had

scarcely begun to transact their business when the circulation of some vile calumnies threatened to put them asunder.

One day the old meddling Duke of Newcastle hastened in a great panic to Lord Rockingham, and informed him that he was the victim of an impostor—that he had taken a Papist, a Jesuit, a Jacobite, for his private secretary. The Marquis became alarmed, and sent for Burke, who at once proved not only that he was not a Roman Catholic, and had not been educated at a Catholic seminary, but that he had been really a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and had invariably been on the side of the House of Hanover. He admitted that his mother and sister and several of his connexions were Roman Catholics; and he strongly disapproved of the penal laws against Roman Catholics: his sympathy with them is shown in a letter written on the trials and executions that followed the battle of Culloden: "'Tis, indeed," he writes, "melancholy to consider the state of these unhappy gentlemen who engaged in this affair—(as for the rest, they lose but their lives)—who have thrown away their lives and fortunes, and destroyed their families for ever, in what, I believe, they thought a just cause."

Lord Rockingham avowed himself satisfied that all he had been told was a base fabrication against Burke, and assured him that every suspicion of his good faith had been completely removed. Burke, however, was much hurt, and unhesitatingly declared that he could no longer continue the Marquis's private secretary, adding: "Your lordship may tell me that you disbelieve these reports now; but a rankling of doubt must unconsciously remain in your mind, which at a future day will have some influence in your conduct towards me; and no earthly consideration can induce me to stand in such relationship with any one whose complete confidence I do not possess." Lord Rockingham was struck by this magnanimity, which strengthened Burke in his good opinion, adding that there should never afterwards be between them the slightest reserve; and never was a compact kept with more fidelity on both sides, says Lord Charlemont, the relator of the anecdote, who

adds: "Neither had he at any time, or his friends, after his death, the least reason to repent of that confidence; Burke having acted towards him with the most inviolable faith and affection, and towards his surviving friends with a constant and disinterested fidelity, which was proof against his own indigent circumstances, and the magnificent offers of those in power."

That Edmund was a Jesuit, educated at St. Omer, was a calumny invented by his detractors, and upon every occasion possible sought to be substantiated by them. When, in 1753, he made a journey to France, it was believed by many who knew the falsehood of the report of his St. Omer education, that he had simply visited that town. But even this was not the fact. He observed at his own table more than once: "He could not but consider it a remarkable circumstance (in allusion to this report), that in three or four journeys he had made in France, St. Omer happened to be the chief place in the northern provinces which he had *never* visited previous to the year 1773, and this not from design but accident."

Prior relates: Mr. Wilkes used pleasantly to say that this rumour reminded him of the *three black crows*, and gave the following account of its origin. "In reply to an argument used by Burke in the House, somebody said it was only fit for a Jesuit to urge. It was clear from his accent, name, and connexions, that he was an Irishman: an Irishman and a Papist in the opinion of some of our honest country gentlemen were synonymous: St. Omer contained a Jesuit seminary: at this seminary many Irish priests were educated:—*ergo*, it was a clear case among the wise men of Gotham, that Burke must be a Jesuit, and must have been educated at St. Omer!"

However, the calumny long clung to Burke; and, says Mr. Sergeant Burke: "It was not until after the part he took against the French Revolution that the caricaturists of his day ceased to represent him in the garb of an ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome; or that the populace withdrew from

him the nickname of 'Neddy St. Omer,' taken from the Jesuit college, a place he had actually never seen."

These rumours, and others of the same stamp, occasioned Burke's friends so much pain that they frequently begged he would give a formal contradiction to them. The reply was invariably a negative. "To people who believe such stories," said he, "it would be in vain to offer explanations." Again: "If I cannot *live down* these contemptible calumnies, I shall not deign to contradict them in any other manner."

BURKE AND BARRY, THE PAINTER.

In the year 1763, about the time that Burke had parted company with Hamilton, there arrived in Dublin a young and friendless artist, from Cork, with a letter of introduction from Dr. Sleigh to Burke, and a painting of St. Patrick. The painter was James Barry, the son of a coasting trader of Cork, who often accompanied his father to sea, but who found time to store his mind with scholastic acquirements—who had a taste for hardship and privation—adopted "No cross, no crown," as watchwords, and claimed to be a martyr. Amid such hardships he taught himself the rudiments of painting; and, aided by reading historical works, he portrayed the lofty subject we have named, with which Burke was much delighted. He talked to the young painter on his art, and enunciated some critical opinions which Barry regarded as untenable, and quoted in opposition to them Burke's own anonymous work on the *Sublime and Beautiful*. This Edmund professed to treat as a superficial book and a poor authority, when Barry, who had been captivated with its arguments, and had transcribed it throughout, fired up in defence of the unknown author. Burke humoured the joke for some time, and then confessed that he had written the book, at which the excited painter flung his arms round Burke's neck and shed tears of delight.*

* The truth of this entire story has been reasonably doubted; since Barry could scarcely have been ignorant that Burke was the author of

Burke had now discerned such evidence of genius in Barry that he brought him to London, and at his house in Queen Anne-street introduced him to the principal artists, and procured employment for him to copy pictures under Athenian Stuart. Next year, Burke, by the recommendation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, sent the young painter on the Continent, to study the leading picture galleries of Europe, and to pass some time at Rome. An annual allowance was assigned by Edmund and his brother Richard, and regularly paid to Barry for the above purpose; and a friendly correspondence was carried on between them during the five years which Barry spent abroad. Barry sent home some intelligent letters of original criticism; and Burke sent him valuable counsel and directions. The service was invaluable; for, as Barry said, "Dr. Sleigh first put me upon Mr. Burke, who has been, under God, all in all to me." While in Rome, the painter became involved in disputes with the artists and *virtuosi*, which being reported to Burke, he wrote him a long letter of admonition, in which occurs this far-seeing passage: "Believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves, which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may probably think them; but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species, if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own."

The following passage is still more prophetic of what

the work, which had been published at least five or six years before this interview. It is more probable that Barry quoted Burke's own essay in reply to some of that gentleman's arguments, which circumstance has become exaggerated into the above version.

actually happened after Barry's return home: "By degrees you will produce some of your own works; they will be variously criticised. You will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren; they will shun you. In the meantime, gentlemen will avoid your friendship for fear of being engaged in your quarrels: you will be obliged for maintenance to do anything for anybody; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement, and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined. Nothing but my real regard for you could induce me to set these considerations in this light before you. Remember we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow-citizens; and that, in particular, your business is to paint and not to dispute."

Barry brought home from his long residence on the Continent an inclination to Deism, which Burke immediately assailed with the most powerful arguments, and a few good books, particularly Bishop Butler's *Analogy;* and by these means succeeded in fixing the eccentric painter's belief in revealed religion. Yet, long afterwards, among the slanderous accusations raised against Burke for his opposition to revolutionary France was that of having been given to deistical raillery!

Barry returned to England destitute of all but art, but justly confident in his acquirements; he rose to eminence; became a member of the Royal Academy, and its Professor of Painting, but led a troubled life, in altercation with that body, and worse, with his friend Burke, which, however, he long endured. However, here is a more pleasant picture of their friendship.

Barry lived for nearly twenty years at No. 36, in Castle-street, Oxford Market, in a house almost proverbial for its dirty and ruinous state. He dwelt alone, and scarcely ever admitted any visitor; and his painting-room had been a carpenter's-shop, with scarcely any special accommodation for the change to a studio. Burke hinted a visit, and says: "To

my very apparent intimation, Barry cheerfully responded. 'Sir,' said Barry, 'you know I live alone; but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I shall have it tender and hot from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford.' The day and hour came. I was punctual, and found Barry ready to receive me. He conducted me into his painting-room, on one of the walls of which I saw hung his large and beautiful picture of Pandora. Around were placed the studies for his six pictures for the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. There were also rickety straining-frames, old statues, and a printing-press in which he printed his plates with his own hand. Over and about all I remarked the too visible marks of some laborious spiders; their webs rivalled in extent and colour pieces of ancient tapestry. I say I saw this; yet I wisely seemed to see it not. I observed, moreover, that most of the windows were in a broken or cracked condition, and that the roof had tiles but no ceiling: the light came in through many crevices above. A couple of old chairs and a deal table composed the whole furniture. Yet two things were bright,—the painter was in good humour, and the fire was burning brilliantly. The steaks were put on to broil, Barry spread a clean cloth on the table, and then put a pair of tongs into my hand, saying, 'Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter.' I acted according to his desire. The painter soon returned with the porter in his hand, exclaiming, 'What a misfortune! The wind carried away the fine foaming top of froth as I crossed Titchfield-street!' We sat down together, and commenced the feast. The steak was tender, and done to a moment, which are matters of essential consequence in such a repast. The host was lively and full of anecdote; and I can safely declare I have seldom spent a happier evening in my life."

Barry subsequently became discontented with Burke, and was even impertinent to him, because he would not withdraw his friendship from Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, courtly in himself, had strongly expressed his dislike of Barry. In this humour the latter, who was painting a portrait of Burke for

Dr. Brocklesby, made the statesman repeat his visit again and again for sittings: he being then (in 1774) incessantly engaged, Barry coolly said that Burke must send a day's notice of his sitting; to which Edmund replied in a letter of clever irony. But the painter was inflexible: he complained of Burke's sarcasm; this produced a rejoinder, which awakened the painter to apologize for his rudeness. Burke relented, and the picture was painted. But the friendship cooled; Burke became more distant, but still continued to take an interest in Barry, and to serve him. Burke died some eight years before the painter, who, wayward as he was to his patron while living, did him due honour and justice when dead. He was heard to say, "The peace of God be ever with Edmund Burke; he was my first, my best, and my wisest friend, and I behaved, indeed, too harshly to him."

Burke's prediction proved almost literally true. Barry died the victim of his own ill-temper, in locking himself up for 40 hours without medical assistance, which would probably have saved him. He left but few results of his great genius; the principal being the allegorical pictures upon the walls of the great room of the Society of Arts.

Barry is known to have consulted Burke on the designs for these paintings, and from his reply to the application there is reason to think that some portion of the merit belongs to the latter.

In 1783, the painter received from an unknown hand a free yet friendly criticism upon these pictures, which so interested Barry, that he eagerly returned an answer, as directed, to the bar of the Cocoa-tree, in Pall Mall, soliciting personal acquaintance or further correspondence. No rejoinder was ever made, or the author positively known; but the paper has always been attributed, with ample reason, to Burke, and the painter was of this opinion.

Barry was not the only instance of Burke's benevolence to an artist. Barrett, also an Irishman, and one of the best landscape-painters of his day, and a Royal Academician, having fallen into difficulties, and the fact coming to Mr.

Burke's ears, in 1782, during his short tenure of power, he bestowed upon him a place in Chelsea Hospital, which he enjoyed for the remainder of his life.

BURKE STUDIES IRISH HISTORY.

Burke, in 1766, devoted a portion of his leisure to the antiquities and native language of Ireland. Of the latter he knew a little, and about five years afterwards, communicated to his old college acquaintance, Dr. Leland, who was then writing the History of Ireland, two volumes of old Irish manuscripts, containing several of the ancient written laws of that country in an early idiom of the language, which he had accidentally discovered in London, on a bookstall. In allusion to the tongue of his native country, he observed in conversation with Johnson: "The Irish language is not primitive; it is Teutonic; a mixture of the northern tongues; it has much English in it." When the similarity of English and Dutch was mentioned, he added: "I remember having seen a Dutch sonnet, in which I found this word, *roesnopie*. Nobody could at first think this was English; but when we inquire, we find *roes*, rose, and *nopie*, nob. So we have the origin of our word *rosebuds*." His acquaintance with the filiation of languages, (says Mr. Prior,) was pronounced by several competent judges to be extensive.

BURKE IN PARLIAMENT.

In the Preface to the *Observations on the Conduct of the Minority* it is stated that Burke "declined taking any salary for his employment under Lord Rockingham, as Secretary to the First Lord of the Treasury, and at his cost he obtained a seat in Parliament." He was returned for Wendover, and on the day of taking his seat, Jan. 14, 1766, when he is, by biographers and historians, said to have taken part in the debate on the Address of Thanks; but, as this is not mentioned n the only account of the debate, which was furnished by

Burke's friend, Lord Charlemont, the above statement is discredited.

The only allusion to Burke's speeches in this year is in the *Memoirs of George III.*, by Walpole, who founded his narrative of the debate on the private notes of members taken at the time, and to be regarded as correct.

It was on Jan. 27, 1766, when, according to Walpole, there appeared in the debate on the North-American petition in 1766, a new speaker, whose fame for eloquence soon rose high above the ordinary pitch. His name was Edmund Burke, an Irishman of a Roman Catholic family, and actually married to one of that persuasion. He had been known to the public for a few years by his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, and other ingenious works; but the narrowness of his fortune kept him down, and his best revenue had arisen from writing for booksellers. Lord Rockingham, on being raised to the head of the Treasury, had taken Burke for his private secretary. He immediately proved a bitter scourge to George Grenville, whose tedious harangues he ridiculed with infinite wit, and answered with equal argument. Grenville himself was not more copious; but with unexhausted fertility, Burke had an imagination that poured out new ideas, metaphors, and allusions, which came forth ready dressed in the most ornamental, and yet the most correct language. In truth, he was so fond of flowers, that he snatched them, if they presented themselves, even from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. His wit, though prepared, seldom failed him; his judgment often. Aiming always at the brilliant, and rarely concise, it appeared that he felt nothing really but the lust of applause. His knowledge was infinite, but vanity had the only key to it; and though, no doubt, he aspired highly, he seemed content when he had satisfied the glory of the day, whatever proved the event of the debate. This kind of eloquence contented himself, and often his party; but the House grew weary at length of so many essays. Having come too late into public life, and being too conceited to study men whom he thought his inferiors in ability, he proved a very indifferent politician—

the case of many men I have known who have dealt too much in books or a profession: they apply their knowledge to objects to which it does not belong, and think it as easy to govern men, when they rise above them, as they found when themselves were lower and led their superiors by flattery. It is perhaps more expedient for a man of mean birth to be humble after his exaltation than before. Insolence is more easily tolerated in an inferior, than in an inferior mounted above his superiors.

It is therefore contended that it was in the debate upon the North-American petition* and not upon the Address, that Pitt must have risen, and pronounced on the new member the encomium, which has erroneously been reported on Jan. 14, by observing, "that the young member had proved a very able advocate; he had himself intended to enter at length into the details, but he had been anticipated, with so much ingenuity and eloquence, that there was little left for him to say; he congratulated him on his success, and his friends on the acquisition they had made."

This was a proud moment for Burke, and congratulations poured in from all quarters. Dr. Johnson, in writing to Mr. Bennet Langton, a few days after, says, in reference to the Literary Club: "We have the loss of Burke's company since he has been engaged in public business, in which he has gained more reputation than perhaps any man at his first appearance ever gained before."—(See Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. ii.)

William Burke, writing in March of the same year, says: "You have heard that his (Edmund's) success has exceeded our most sanguine hopes; all at once he has darted into fame; I think he is acknowledged one of the first men in the Commons." Again: "Ned (Edmund) is full of real business, intent upon doing solid good to his country as

* Mr. Bancroft, who has seen some American reports of these debates, also rejects the statement that Burke spoke on the Address, and follows Walpole's narrative.—*History of the United States*, vol. iv., quoted in Macknight's *Life of Burke*, vol. i.

much as if he was to receive twenty per cent. from the commerce of the whole empire which he labours to improve and extend."

The Duke of Grafton, at the close of the Session, spoke even to Pitt of Burke as the readiest man upon all points perhaps in the whole House; and that in his ministerial capacity he had had the means of testifying to Burke's scrupulous integrity; for he emphatically declared him to be one who may be thoroughly trusted wherever he acknowledged an obligation. Somewhat later, Colonel Charles Lee, writing to the Prince of Poland, remarked "that a young Irishman had sprung up, as if by magic, in the House of Commons, and had surprised every one by the power of his eloquence and the extent of his knowledge, comprehending every subject, foreign and domestic, which could employ the mind of a politician."

We have just seen that Johnson, very early in Burke's parliamentary career, recognised his consummate abilities,—"vast variety of knowledge, store of imagery, and copiousness of language;" however strong his adherence to the party Johnson strongly denominated "Whig dogs." How Goldsmith has enshrined him in his "Retaliation:"

> Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
> We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
> Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
> Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
> For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient,
> And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.
> In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
> To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Cumberland, "the Terence of England," in his Supplement to "Retaliation," sings:

> To Burke a pure libation bring,
> Fresh drawn from clear Castalian spring;
> With civic oak the goblet bind,
> Fit emblems of his patriot mind;
> Let Clio at his table sip,
> And Hermes hand it to his lip.

Still, Burke had his detractors in Johnson's circle. When Edmund was first elected Member of Parliament, Sir John Hawkins expressed a wonder at his attaining a seat, upon which, Johnson said: "Now, we, who know Mr. Burke, know that he will be one of the first men in the country."

REPEAL OF THE AMERICAN STAMP ACT.

The great question which the Rockingham administration was brought in to settle was that of the American Stamp Act; and the prudent and conciliatory measures by which the rising storm in the colonies was at this time allayed, are understood to have been not only originally suggested and planned by Burke, but to have been mainly indebted to his indefatigable activity, and zealous and persuasive advocacy, for their final adoption.

The great day for the consideration of the repeal of the Stamp Act, Feb. 21, at length arrived. Every seat in the Commons was filled. The merchants crowded the lobby, and awaited the decision. Pitt came down to the House on crutches: cheers from the American agents greeted him in the lobby. Burke passed though the crowd unrecognised and unknown. But his mind was made up for the importance of the occasion: he was resolved to stand by his patron to the last; and he manfully and cheerfully prepared for the coming conflict. General Conway, as ministerial leader, opened the debate. Jenkinson moved that the Bill should be modified, and spoke the sentiments of the King. To him Burke replied, and was much applauded for the novelty of the political philosophy which he introduced into the discussion. Pitt and Grenville both followed; the one with his usual eloquence, the other with his usual obstinacy. At half-past one, the next morning, the House divided; and the Rockingham Administration, weak as it was, carried the motion for the repeal of the Stamp Act by an overpowering majority.

Burke (says Macknight) has left a striking picture of the scene that winter's morning, when he, at the side of Conway,

pressed through the thick rank of merchants who had stood waiting during the long night, until the contest was determined. Three loud cheers were given as the gallant soldier was recognised; and Burke, though the applauding shouts were not intended for himself, sympathized keenly with this enthusiastic outburst. He looked proudly in the face of his leader, whose features reflected all the joyful excitement of the moment, and he hoped that the union then cemented among the generous friends of freedom, by a common struggle and a common victory, might be eternal.

BURKE AND FREE TRADE.

It was in the Session of 1766 that the doctrines of Free Trade were first introduced by Burke to the House of Commons. At many meetings of merchants in colonial commerce, held at the house of the Minister, Burke was a diligent attendant, and he sought for information far and wide. The petitions of the merchants were referred to a committee. Grenville violently opposed them. Burke argued strongly for free ports, suggested by the mercantile body; and one of his economical speeches gave great offence to Pitt, who subsequently said of Burke's commercial doctrines: "Nothing can be more unsound and repugnant to every first principle of manufacture or commerce than the rendering so noble a branch as the cottons dependent for the first material upon the produce of French and Danish isles, instead of British." But Pitt's displeasure was now of little moment. Burke had become politically powerful; among other testimonials to which was a memorial signed by seventy-seven merchants of Lancaster, thanking him for endeavouring to extend to the Colonies the advantages of a free trade.

BURKE AND WILKES.

The natural ascendancy of Burke is allowed to have shown itself most remarkably in the part he sustained in the out-of-

doors consultations and movements of his party; and this talent was well exercised by the Secretary, in a little confidential business with Mr. Wilkes, whom a resolution declaring general warrants illegal had drawn from his exile in Paris. He appeared privately in London early in May, 1766, accompanied by Mr. Lachlan Macleane, an old acquaintance of Burke; when Wilkes unscrupulously declared he would either make his fortune from the fears of the new Government, or do all in his power to annoy it. To ward off the confusion and disturbance which Wilkes might have stirred up, the Government found it necessary to submit to the extortion of a bad man. The Marquis of Rockingham, however, would not see him. Mr. Burke, accompanied by Mr. Fitzherbert, was sent as the Minister's deputy, when after five interviews, Wilkes demanded as a compensation for his sufferings—a free pardon, a sum of money, and a pension of 1500*l.* per annum on the Irish establishment, or equivalents! These demands were peremptorily rejected, and Wilkes was recommended to leave the country. Burke conducted the negotiation with such address and temper as to foil the political profligate, who accepted a douceur of 300*l.* or 400*l.* from the private purse of the Minister, and then retraced his steps to Paris. Such is Mr. Prior's version of the affair; but a letter of Mr. Horne, in *Junius*, vol. ii. magnifies the small douceur from the Rockingham ministry into a pension of 1000*l.* a year paid out of their own salaries, viz. from the first lord of the treasury 300*l.*; from the lords of the treasury, 60*l.* each; from the lords of trade, 40*l.* each, &c.

AMERICAN CONCILIATION.

Mr. Burke's views upon this question were that America having become a great and powerful country, it was unwise to irritate her to hostile exertion of this strength by injudicious imposts, when her natural inclination was for peace and trade: she might be influenced by mildness and persuasion, but would probably resist anything resembling arbitrary com-

mand. Mr. Burke contended for the general supremacy of Parliament and the imperial rights of the Crown as undoubted, though these should be exercised with great reserve over, not a colony but a nation, situated at a great distance and difficult if it were at all possible, to coerce. He contended that taxation should remain with their provincial assemblies; that a parliamentary revenue, such as these aimed at, was next to impossible; that the colonies be placed on the same footing toward the mother country as in 1766; that a feeling of friendly concession could alone govern a people free in spirit and in fact; that peace be sought in the spirit of peace, not in severe parliamentary enactments; that the rights of taxation being relinquished, all moderate men would be conciliated; but if more than these should be required, then it would be time for us to turn round with a decided negative.

The speech in which Mr. Burke recommended these propositions excited general admiration. Pitt considered it "very seasonable, very reasonable, and very eloquent." Mr. Fox, nearly twenty years afterwards, said that by reading this speech again and again, studying it, imprinting it on the mind, and impressing it on the heart, would be learnt that "representation was the sovereign remedy for every evil."

Lord Erskine observed: "It could only proceed from this cause, (the alleged corruption of Parliament,) that the immortal orations of Burke against the American War did not produce as general conviction as they did unmingled admiration." Mr. Burke, however, when removed from the heat of debate, more than once candidly confessed that the country gentlemen wanted a partner in bearing the burden of taxation; the King wished to see obedient subjects rather than independent allies; the body of the nation, which was as jealous of undisputed sovereignty as either, fully seconded their views; and the wisdom of the House of Commons alone, unsupported by the people, at length put an end to the contest.

One of Burke's observations at this time exhibits his characteristic foresight. Lord Rockingham had written to

him that the King and the people would soon see the error of their conduct to America. His reply was: "I do not think that weeks, or even months, or years, will bring the Monarch, the Ministers, or the People, to feeling—such a feeling, I mean, as tends to amendment or alteration of system."

William Burke, writing about this time, says: "Our friend E. B. has acted all along with so unwearied a worthiness, that the world does him the justice to believe that in his public conduct he has no one view but the public good." Lord Charlemont, shortly afterwards, writing to Mr. Flood of "our friend Burke's unparalleled success," says, "his character daily rises, and Barré is totally eclipsed by him; his praise is universal, and even the Opposition, who own his superior talents, can find nothing to say against him but that he is *an imprudent fellow*. Yesterday, a bill was brought into the Commons to exclude the importation of Irish wool from certain ports in England, when Burke supported the cause of Ireland in a most masterly manner, and the bill was rejected."

Dr. Franklin, whom Burke had known for several years, called upon him in April, 1775, the day before he finally quitted London. He opened his mind unreservedly; said that he looked to the approaching contest with the most painful feelings; that nothing could give him greater sorrow than the separation of the mother country and colonies, which now seemed inevitable from the obstinate and unaccommodating temper of England. Subsequently, Dr. Franklin wrote from Philadelphia that Burke's health formed a toast at their dinners.

Burke's feelings at various stages of the War were often deeply tinged with gloom. In August, 1776, he writes: "We are deep in blood. We expect to hear of some sharp affair every hour; God knows how it will be. I do not know how I can wish success to those whose victory is to separate from us a large and noble part of our empire; still less do I wish success to injustice, oppression, and absurdity."

THE DURATION OF MINISTRIES.

Burke delighted in exercising his irony upon the weak points of parties. Thus he wrote a serious defence of the Rockingham Administration, and soon after made an ironical reply in the form of a letter, signed Whittington; the author professing to be a tallow-chandler, and common-councilman in Cateaton-street, and like his namesake, to think himself destined to be Lord Mayor before he died. The letter was addressed to the *Public Advertiser*, and in it he says:

"*In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.* If Solomon means privy-counsellors, this nation ought to be safe beyond all others, since none can boast such a variety of ministers, and none can such a multitude of privy-counsellors.

"Ministers now-a-days, are pricked down for the year, like sheriffs; and if none were to make more of their offices than the last did, I fancy we should see them *fine off*. Now you can no more guess who is in office to-day, by the Court Kalendar of last year, than you can tell the present price of stocks by Lloyd's List of Christmas, 1745.

"But the main design of my taking pen in hand, was to refute the silly author of a late publication, called, *A short Account of a late short Administration.*

"This half-sheet accomptant shows his ill-humour in the very title: he calls one year and twenty days a *short* Administration; whereas I can prove by the *Rule of Three Direct*, that it is as much as any Ministry in these times has a right to expect.

"Since the happy accession of his present Majesty, to this day, we have worn out no less than five complete sets of honest, able, upright Ministers, not to speak of the present, whom G—d long preserve!

"First, we had *Mr. Pitt's Administration;* next, the *Duke of Newcastle's;* then, *Lord Bute's;* then, *Mr. Grenville's;* and lastly, *my Lord Rockingham's.*

"Now, Sir, if you take a bit of chalk, and reckon from

the 7th of October, 1760, to the 13th of July, 1766, you will find 5 years, 9 months, and 30 days! which, divided by 5, the total of Administrations, gives exactly 1 year and 60 days each, *on an average*, as we say in the City, and one day more, if they have the good fortune to serve in leap-year."

The letter proceeds to a very humorous and severe attack of Lord Chatham, and the Ministry which he had formed, as in the following passage:

"He has once more deigned to take the reins of government in his own hand, and will, no doubt, drive with his wonted speed, and raise a deal of dust around him. His horses are all matched to his mind; but as some of them are young and skittish, it is said he has adopted the new contrivance lately exhibited by Sir Francis Delaval on Westminster Bridge; whenever they begin to snort and toss up their heads, he touches the spring, throws them loose, and away they go, leaving his Lordship safe and snug, and as much at ease as if he sat on a wool-pack."

BURKE AND GOLDSMITH.

Among those of the Club whom Burke much esteemed, was Goldsmith. They had entered Trinity College within two months of each other; and though not then particularly acquainted, remembered each other afterwards. Occasional meetings at Dodsley's renewed the acquaintance about 1758; in the *Annual Register* for the following year, his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, is noticed with approbation; and Goldsmith's subsequent writings found favour in the *Register*.

Burke had a great turn for ridiculing Goldsmith's simplicity, which he practised, sometimes not very justifiably, for the amusement of his friends. He and an Irish acquaintance, (who lived to be Colonel O'Moore, to tell the anecdote to Mr. Croker, and perhaps to colour it a little,) were walking to dine one day with Reynolds, when, on arriving in Leicester-square, they saw Goldsmith, also on his way to the

same dinner-party, standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women, in the windows of one of the hotels. "Observe Goldsmith," said Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what passes between him and me by-and-by at Sir Joshua's." They passed on, and were soon joined at Reynolds's by Goldsmith, whom Burke affected to receive very coolly. "This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith," says the teller of the story, and he begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak; but after a good deal of pressing, said, "that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the Square." With great earnestness, Goldsmith protested himself unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those *painted Jezebels*, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" "Surely, surely, my dear friend," exclaimed Goldsmith, horror-struck, "I did not say so?" "Nay," returned Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility; "I am very sorry: it was very foolish. *I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.*"

The anecdote, (says Mr. Forster,) is more creditable to Goldsmith than to Burke, to whose disadvantage it was, probably, afterwards remembered. Burke got up a more good-humoured trick against Goldsmith at his own house, not long after this, in which a lively kinswoman was played off as a raw Irish authoress, arrived expressly to see "the Great Goldsmith," and get his subscription to her poems, with which liberal return of praise (for she had read several out aloud) the simple poet gave, abusing them heartily the instant she was gone. Garrick founded a farce upon the incident, which, with the title of the *Irish Widow*, was played in 1770.

Among Burke's dinner guests was Goldsmith, who used to plunge into art discussions with Barry, when the latter returned from abroad; and would punish Barry's dislike of Sir Joshua Reynolds, manifested even so early, by disputing the subtlest dogmas with that irritable genius. With Burke himself, Northcote says, he overheard him sharply disputing one day in his brother's painting-room about the character of the King, when so grateful was he for some recent patronage of his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and so outrageous and unsparing were Burke's anti-monarchical invectives, that unable any longer to endure it, he took up his hat and left the room.

Mr. Burke appears invariably to have studied Dr. Johnson's feelings; and Johnson exhibited due consideration for those of Burke. When Goldsmith once talked of the difficulty of living on very intimate terms with any one with whom you differed on an important topic, Johnson replied: "Why, Sir, you must shun the subject as to which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke; I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion, and effulgence of conversation; but I would not talk of him to the Rockingham party."

In 1773, after Burke's return from France, in company with Goldsmith, he visited the exhibition of *The Puppets*, in Panton-street, in the Haymarket. Great was the celebrity of these small, well-pulled, ingenious performers, for nobody could detect the wires. Burke praised the dexterity of one puppet in particular, which tossed a pike with military precision; and "Psha!" remarked Goldsmith, with some warmth, "I can do it better myself." Boswell would have us believe that he was seriously jealous of these so famous fantoccini! "He went home with Mr. Burke to supper, and broke his shins by attempting to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppets." "The anecdote, says Mr. Forster, (*Life of Goldsmith*, p. 609,) is too pleasant to be gravely objected to; but might he not only mean that the puppets jumped even worse than he did? The actual world and the puppet-show are moreover so much

alike, that what was meant for a laugh at the world might have passed for an attack on the puppet-show."*

BURKE AND HUME.

Burke first met Hume at the table of Garrick. On religion and politics their sentiments were too diametrically opposed ever to approach agreement. A difference of opinion respecting the Irish massacre of 1641 gave rise to some animated discussions between them; Burke maintaining, from documents existing in Dublin University, that the common accounts of the event were overcharged; Hume, that the statements in his history were correct.

Mr. Burke used to tell his friends, speaking of Hume familiarly, that in manners he was an easy, unaffected man, previous to going to Paris, as Secretary to Lord Hertford, the British Ambassador; but that the adulation and caresses of the female wits of that capital had been too powerful even for a *philosopher*. The result was, he returned a literary coxcomb.

He likewise remarked that Hume had taken very little pains with his History, particularly in the earlier accounts of Britain; and Hume himself, being pushed pretty hard in conversation, acknowledged to Boswell, on one occasion, that he

* On the Panton-street puppets Foote founded *The Primitive Puppet-Show* at the Haymarket. When the town was all tiptoe to welcome it, "Will your figures be as large as life, Mr. Foote?" asked a titled dame. "Oh, no, my lady," said Foote, "not much larger than Garrick." His entertainment consisted of a comedy called the *Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens*, which was a satire on sentimental comedy, and gave it a shock which it never recovered.

The Panton-street Puppets, it is believed, were exhibited in the premises on the south side of the street, formerly Hickford's great Auction-room, the back door of which opened into St. James's-street, Haymarket, facing the Tennis-court. In this room De Loutherbourg exhibited his *Eidophusicon*, with its beautiful scenic effects, which attracted Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and other leading artists of the day; and here, in 1799, the property having passed into other hands, a learned Dog, Musical Glasses, and a Monologue by John Britton, were added to the entertainments. The premises and their contents were consumed by fire in March, 1800. Strutt probably refers to the Panton-street Puppets exhibited a few years before his time (1801), with the Italian title Fantoccini.

had not paid much attention to the older historians on controverted points. Yet Hume, who was already in receipt of a pension, received a considerable increase of it, with significant intimation of the royal wish that he should apply himself to the continuation of his *English History*.

Mr. Forster, contrasting Hume's good fortune with the fate of some of his contemporaries, says: "At a grand dinner-table, round which were seated two dukes, two earls, Mr. Garrick, and Mr. Hume, a footman in attendance was announcing Sterne's lonely death in a common lodging-house in Bond-street, but Goldsmith does not yet see the shadow of his own early decay."

BURKE MEETS WARBURTON.

"I was in a large private company, (says Burke,) in which it so happened that I did not hear the names of the persons who sat on either side of me. One of them, however, attracted my attention in a very particular manner by the variety and depth of his conversation, carried on in an easy, good-humoured tone, and sometimes he was even amusing. From the latter circumstance, so contrary to what might be supposed from the violence of the controversialist, I must confess I was for some time in doubt; but at length exclaimed, 'Sir, I think I cannot mistake; you must be the celebrated Dr. Warburton: *aut Erasmus aut Diabolus.*' Warburton smiled, and we had much interesting conversation during the remainder of the evening."

To Sir Joshua Reynolds and Wilkes Burke related that Blakey, the artist, having been employed by Warburton to design the frontispiece to his edition of Pope, received directions to make him (Warburton) the principal and foreground figure in the composition, and the poet only secondary. This was done, and in the plate the light proceeds upward from Warburton to Pope, in opposition to the usual rules of art. Wilkes wittily observed: "It was not merely on that, but on all occasions, that the bishop and the poet had been looking different ways."

BURKE PURCHASES A SEAT AT BEACONSFIELD.

Burke, like his great contemporaries, Lord Chatham and William Pitt, was fond of rural quiet, and enjoyed its pure and calm delights as a relief to the care and excitement of public life, and that most unquiet phase of it— the statesman's career.

In early manhood, Burke was fond of excursions into the country. When settled in life, at one period he resided with his family at Parsons' Green, a hamlet of Fulham, where Samuel Richardson wrote his domestic novels. Burke next went to live at Plaistow, in Essex; and in the year 1768, he purchased for

GREGORIES, NEAR BEACONSFIELD.

23,000*l.*, an estate in Buckinghamshire, called Gregories, or Butler's Court, half a mile from the market-town of Beaconsfield.* The property, in the previous century, formed a portion

* Burke's address, as he used to give it himself, was simply "Beaconsfield," or "Beconsfield."

of the estate of the poet, Edmund Waller, whose family possessed the whole manor of Beaconsfield, which once belonged to Burnham Abbey. Waller built for himself on the manor a seat called Hall Barn, where he lived on his return from exile: he died here in 1687, and his widow continued to dwell here until her death in 1708.

The name of Gregories had been given to that part of the estate which Burke had purchased, by the family of Gregory, formerly its owners. Mistress Martha Gregory, who was buried at Beaconsfield, in 1704, erected the mansion, which Burke partly rebuilt, and improved. It was mostly of red brick, and consisted of a centre connected with two wings, by semicircular colonnades, and in general design resembling Buckingham House, in St. James's Park; and the county historian describes Gregories as placed amidst a "diversified combination of woods, hills, valleys, and beautiful enclosures," reminding one of Chilton, Cliefden, and Wotton. With the mansion, Burke was compelled to take the vendor's collection of pictures and sculpture, as appears by a letter written to his friend Barry. He also writes to Shackleton: "I have made a push with all I could collect of my own and the aid of my friends to cast a little root into this country. I have purchased a house with 600 acres of land in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, where I now am. (May 1st, 1768.) It is a place exceedingly pleasant; and I purpose, God willing, to become a farmer in good earnest."

A great portion of Gregories was wood-land, and there was a detached farm; but surrounding the house, which was large and handsome, there was a considerable extent of arable and pasture land, which Burke delighted to cultivate, seeking in that occupation the most agreeable retreat from the toils and vexations of politics. Some of his letters to the well-known agriculturist, Arthur Young, printed in his *Correspondence*, show with what earnestness Burke entered into the details of his farm; which he turned to economical account: when in town he had his mutton and poultry, and all other meats, except beef, and the produce of the dairy and

gardens, from his own estate, brought by his own horses, which also served for his carriage.

The proximity of Gregories to the metropolis rendered it the easy resort of Burke's distinguished friends: here also he received with the greatest hospitality and attention, the numerous foreigners who desired his acquaintance. It was his delight to accompany these strangers to the show-places in the beautiful neighbourhood; and especially to Windsor, which he had great pride in showing as a residence worthy of British Kings. When the French Revolution drove a large portion of the nobility and clergy of France to England, Burke's house received many of them, during whatever time they chose to remain; and for others he procured lodgings in the town of Beaconsfield, requesting them to use his table as their own.

How the Gregories purchase-money was procured has led to many surmises. "This," says Mr. Sergeant Burke, "arose, not from any doubt of his honour or conduct in the transaction, but from the complete secrecy he always adopted in any matter relating to himself personally." A part of the money was bequeathed to him by his father and brother, and some portion of it is believed to have come from William Burke. "The remainder," says Prior, "was to have been raised upon mortgage; when the Marquess of Rockingham, hearing of his intention, voluntarily offered the loan of the amount required to complete the purchase. It has been said that he even tendered a larger sum, which the delicacy of his friend declined to receive, accepting only what was absolutely necessary; and this upon condition of being repaid the first opportunity. Nevertheless, the money was never reclaimed, nor ever really intended to be so by the Marquess; a generous act, no doubt, on his part: but he was under great obligations to Burke. Politically, Burke was the mainstay of his party; in domestic matters he had served him by advice and assistance in the management of his estates. Mr. Lee, a barrister of eminence, at one time Solicitor-General, the legal adviser of Lord Rockingham, and the trustee of his will, has con-

firmed this account of the transaction by the following statement. When the Marquis was near his death, Mr. Lee was summoned to the sick-room. "My dear Lee," said Lord Rockingham, "there is a piece of business I wish you to execute immediately, as there is no time to be lost. Pecuniary transactions have passed between me and my admirable friend, Edmund Burke. To the best of my recollection, I have added the fullest discharge to bonds and other documents; but, lest my memory should have failed me, I, a dying man, but in the full use of my reason, desire you, as a professional man, will make out a codicil of my will, cancelling every paper that may be found containing any acknowledgment of a debt due to me from Edmund Burke." This was accordingly done; the termination of the affair is told by a delicate hint from the noble successor of the Marquis, written immediately after his death, July 3, 1782:

"I must recollect myself. It was my duty to have informed you that certain bonds are to be cancelled by a codicil of his will. He felt merit as he ought to have done, and he never did an action in his life more acceptable to your sincere friend,

"FITZWILLIAM."

Burke spent the next recess at Gregories, superintending the alterations in his house, and attending to his farm, being often in the fields in the morning as soon as his labourers. This he described as a luxury after the noise, heat, and drudgery of the House of Commons.

Two years later, Goldsmith writes to Mr. Langton: "Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place."

In a letter to his cousin, about this time, Burke writes: "We have had the most stormy and rainy season that has ever been known. I have got my wheat into the ground better than some others; that is, about four-and-twenty acres." Of prices: "Peas very high, twenty-seven to thirty shillings the quarter; so that our bacon will come dear to us this season. I have put up four hogs. I killed one yesterday,

which weighed little more than twelve score. Of the other three, one is near fifteen score, the others about twelve. I shall put up seven more for pickled pork: these weigh, when fit to kill, about seven score a-piece. To what weight do you generally feed bacon-hogs in your part of the country? Here they generally fat them to about fourteen or fifteen score. In Berkshire, near us, they carry them to twenty-five and thirty score."

Even at Beaconsfield, he could not keep out of the world's eye. He complains jocularly, in 1769, of a news-printer, who, out of the marriage of "an old man that milks my cows, and the old dairymaid, has made a flaming paragraph;" and dreading some ridicule from the account of this simple affair, sent him a message to beg against any notice of his family affairs in future in the newspapers.

To Gregories came, of course, Burke's friend, Dr. Johnson; when he showed him the fine house and grounds, Johnson coolly said: "*Non equidem invideo; miror magis.*" Boswell was not entirely without suspicion that Johnson may have felt a little momentary envy. "I attempted," continues Boswell, in a newspaper, "to comment on the above passage, in the manner of Warburton, who must be allowed to have shown uncommon ingenuity in giving to any author's text whatever meaning he chose it should carry.

"No saying of Johnson's has been more misunderstood than his applying to Mr. Burke, when he first saw him at his fine place at Beaconsfield, *Non equidem invideo; miror magis.* These two celebrated men had been friends for many years before Mr. Burke entered on his parliamentary career. They were both writers, both members of the Literary Club; when, therefore, Dr. Johnson saw Mr. Burke in a situation so much more splendid than that to which he himself had attained, he did not mean to express that he thought it a disproportionate prosperity; but while he, as a philosopher, asserted an exemption from envy, *non equidem invideo*, he went on in the words of the poet, *miror magis;* thereby signifying that he was admiring what he was glad to see; or

perhaps, that considering the general lot of men of superior abilities, he wondered at Fortune, who is represented as blind, should, in this instance, have been so just."

BURKE AND GARRICK.

Garrick and his wife were frequently invited to Gregories, at Beaconsfield. "You first," Burke writes, "sate yourself with wit, jollity, and luxury, and afterwards retire hither to repose your person and your understanding on early hours, boiled mutton, and a little clabber milk." In June, 1769, some pressing necessity compelled Burke to solicit a loan from his friend.—"My dear Garrick, I make no apology for asking a favour from you, because you need make none in refusing it. I wish then that you would let me have a thousand pounds upon my bond until this time twelvemonth. I shall at that time, possibly before, be able to discharge it, and will not fail to do so. I am, with great truth and affection, dear Garrick, most sincerely yours,

"EDM. BURKE."

Whether the money was lent does not appear. The actor's usual address in reply was "*Carissimo mio Edmundo.*" Burke had been obliged to refuse a public request of his shortly before, from its being against the wish of his constituents; but he soon afterwards sent him, as a tacit apology for the refusal, the following pleasant note, the original of which is in Mr. Prior's possession:

"(August, 1769.)

"Dear Garrick,—I send you a *Rosa sera*, a late turtle —an entertainment at least as good for the palate as the other for the nose. Your true epicureans are of opinion, you know, that it contains in itself all kinds of flesh, fish, and fowl. It is therefore a dish fit for one who can represent all the solidity of flesh, the volatility of fowl, and the oddity of fish. As this entertainment can be found no longer anywhere but at your table, or at those tables to which you give con-

viviality and cheerfulness, let the type and the shadow of the master grace his board. A little *pepper* he can add himself. The wine likewise he will supply: I do not know whether he still retains any friend who can finish the dressing of his turtle by a gentle squeeze of the lemon. Our best regards to Madam.

"Ever, dear Garrick, most faithfully yours,

"EDM. BURKE.

"Westminster, Tuesday. One day before the meeting of the that gives the finishing stroke."

Mr. and Mrs. Burke were constant visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, at their well-appointed house in the centre of the Adelphi-terrace. In the spring of 1777, Garrick chanced to be present in the gallery of the House of Commons during a debate, when he was seen by a Shropshire member, who immediately moved to clear the House. Garrick, however, contrived to conceal himself, and avoided the consequence of the illiberal motion: but next evening, the same member addressed the House on the impropriety of suffering players to hear their debates. Mr. Burke rose, and appealed to the House, whether it could possibly be consistent with the rules of decency and liberality to exclude from the hearing of their debates a man to whom they were all obliged—one who was the great master of eloquence—in whose school they had all imbibed the art of speaking, and been taught the elements of rhetoric. For his part he owned that he had been greatly indebted to his instructions. Burke said much more in commendation of Garrick, and was warmly seconded by Mr. Fox, and Mr. Thomas Townshend.

Within two years after this, on Jan. 20, 1779, Garrick died; and as Johnson said, "his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations:" but Walpole says: "Garrick is dead; *not a public loss; for he had quitted the stage.*" His remains lay in state at his house in the Adelphi, previous to their interment in Westminster Abbey, with great pomp: Walpole says, there were not at Lord Chatham's funeral half the noble coaches

that attended Garrick's. Burke was one of the mourners, and (as we have already said,) came expressly from Portsmouth, to follow the great actor's remains.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

On Sept. 2, 1767, when Chatham having accomplished the scheme of his administration, was no longer minister,—died one of its brightest members, Charles Townshend, "whom," says Burke, in parliament, "I cannot even now remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth he was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence. Perhaps, there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of more pointed and finished wit, and (where his passions were not concerned), of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor able and abstruse. He hit the House just between wind and water. And not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious, or more earnest, than the preconceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required, to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the House, and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it."

BURKE'S POWERS OF MEMORY.

The late Chief Baron Richards related to Mr. Haviland Burke, that having dined at a party where among others were Mr. Burke and an Archdeacon of Brecon, the latter, a man of

considerable learning and antiquarian research, started several subjects of conversation, that few of the hearers felt inclined or qualified to accompany him. Mr. Burke remained silent for some time, until, in the midst of a fluent account of some of the operations of Cæsar in Britain, he stopped the relater short by pointing out a material error as to facts, which changed the whole complexion of the story. The Archdeacon bowed, without making any reply. An obscure Latin author was next quoted, when Burke again corrected the clergyman as to two or three words, which was received with the same silent acquiescence. A third subject of debate was a scarce volume on ancient geography, with which Burke proved well acquainted. At the close of the evening, the Chief Baron and the Archdeacon walked home together. "Sir," observed the former, "I admired your patience when so repeatedly and I dare say unnecessarily interrupted by our eminent fellow-guest; for, from the nature of your studies, you must be a more competent judge of such matters than the bustle of politics can permit him to be." "Mr. Burke was, nevertheless, right, and I was wrong," replied the Archdeacon: "nay more; I confess I went previously prepared to speak on these subjects, for knowing that I was to meet him, and hearing that he was acquainted with almost everything, I had determined to put his knowledge to the test, and for this purpose had spent much of the morning in my study. My memory, however, proved more treacherous than I had imagined."—Abridged from Prior's *Life*.

LORD CHATHAM'S CRITICISM, AND BURKE'S REPLY.

In 1770, Burke, dissatisfied with the scanty notices published of the debates in Parliament, and finding that he "must either speak very broad, or weaken the matter and render it vulgar and ineffectual," aimed a fresh projectile in his famous pamphlet—*Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents*, a species of text-book for the Whig connexion, remarkable for the constitutional tendency of its general views,

the depth and truth of its observations, and the eloquence of style—the germ of the leading doctrines of Burke's after-life, and the political creed of his party. The author was much attacked, and among those who took exception was Lord Chatham, who wrote to Lord Rockingham that it had done harm to the party; and that, "in the wide and extensive public the whole alone can save the whole against the desperate designs of the Court." Again: "A public-spirited union is necessary among all who would not be slaves."

Twenty years after Burke made the following strong comment upon Lord Chatham's abuse:

"July 13, 1792.—Looking over poor Lord Rockingham's papers, I find this letter from a man wholly unlike him. It concerns my pamphlet. I remember to have seen this knavish letter at the time. The pamphlet is itself, by anticipation, an answer to that grand artificer of fraud. *He* would not like it. It is pleasant to hear *him* talk of *the great extensive public* who never conversed with a parcel of low toad-eaters. Alas! alas! how different the real from the ostensible public man! Must all this theatrical stuffing and raised heels be necessary for the character of a great man!

"EDMUND BURKE.

"Oh! but this does not derogate from his great, splendid side."—Rockingham's *Memoirs*, vol. ii.

BURKE'S LIBEL BILL.

One of the great measures of the busy Session of 1770–1771 was Mr. Dowdeswell's Bill on the rights and powers of juries in prosecutions for Libel. This was wholly Burke's measure, submitted previously to Lord Rockingham, and the heads of the party, and introduced by a member of station and weight. Lord Chatham privately opposed the Bill, and wanted its modification. Burke as strenuously urged that they must not give way, as there was evident design to deprive the

party of the credit of what would be one of their best and most popular measures. It is not a little curious (says Prior,) that Mr. Fox, who then likewise opposed it, took this Bill nearly to the letter, for his own Libel Bill in 1791. So far was Burke in advance of the eminent men of the day, in requiring an enactment that the jury should be judges both of the law and the fact.

To enable the reader to verify this statement, Mr. Prior has given in parallel columns, the chief heads of the Bill of 1771 and the Bill of 1791. (See *Life*, p. 341.)

PUBLICATION OF PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.—BIRTH OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

To the above measure immediately succeeded the battle of the Session, fought upon the right of the Press to publish reports of what was passing in Parliament—the contest lying between the House of Commons and the City Magistrates. It began by Colonel Onslow moving, on the 5th of February, that the resolutions against the publication of debates should be read. To this Charles Turner, Member for York, strongly objected, and was warmly supported by Burke, urging that not only the debates but the divisions ought to be published. The motion, however, passed unanimously.

On Feb. 8, Colonel Onslow complained that two printers continued to misrepresent speeches, in defiance of the above resolution, and they were ordered to attend at the House, when in vain Burke warned the majority not to proceed to extremities, declaring that the liberty of the press, and the standing order, if rigidly enforced, could not exist together.

The printers did not appear on the appointed day; another order was made for their attendance, but the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms failing to bring either of the recusants to the bar, the House addressed the Crown to issue a royal proclamation against the printers, and to offer a reward for their capture.

Meanwhile, Colonel Onslow called "three brace" of printers to the bar, and Burke and Turner divided three-and-twenty

times. After several divisions, Burke said: "I will not, under the general idea of carrying into execution a standing order, give my countenance to these proceedings. You are walking in new and untrodden ways. There is not an inch of this ground that has not been contended with the people. Power, not exercised with wisdom, will be found to be terror, and will end in weakness." The Speaker grew sick and weary, when Burke, commiserating his distress, agreed with him that his position was lamentable, but assured him that the stand must be made; that if they contented themselves with only giving a single negative they might have printers at the bar by dozens; and that nothing should deter him from going on with the divisions. Two o'clock in the morning came, the minority now reduced to fifteen were still facing a Ministerial majority of 79; but, when the House adjourned at 4 o'clock in the morning, on March 12, the great victory was virtually won—*the Fourth Estate was born.* The House met again on the 14th, when the minority still stood firm, and Burke, after exulting in the endeavours that had been made, and recapitulating the circumstances in which they had arisen, added: "Posterity will bless the pertinacity of this day." After this bold prophecy, Burke declared that whenever such rash actions should be attempted under the colour of standing orders, he would act in the same manner. Conway recommended him to carry that line of conduct in future to Hockley-in-the-Hole. Charles Fox grieved that he should turn the House into a bear-garden. George Onslow asked what else but ignorance of its orders could the House expect from a man who was not descended from Parliamentary men. Burke desired to offer a few words to the House. "If," he said, "it be still an elective and not an hereditary body, I am not," he proudly added, "descended from Members of Parliament. I am not descended from any eminent person whatever. My father left me nothing in the world but good principles, good instructions, and good example, from which I have not departed. The gallant General says he has a character to keep. My circumstances will bear witness to

my character. As I have resisted, so will I continue to resist, these attacks, both from the hereditary line of Tories and the hereditary line of Whigs." Seeing Lord North rise from his seat, "The noble Lord," ejaculated Burke, "is about to call me to order. I have no doubt that before he sits down he will say something disorderly." The Minister said that Burke might explain, but not reply. "He rose," answered Dowdeswell, "to assert a right which every man has, to protect his character." Some members excused Conway, others supported Burke. Young Charles Fox, although his politics were then directly opposite to Burke's, nobly said that Conway's language had given him much pain, because it conveyed an imputation on his honourable friend; "as respectable a Member," added Fox, "as any in that House." Conway then fully disclaimed any intention of making a personal reflection, and the altercation was at an end. Not so the business of the night: it was not until 5 o'clock the next morning, and after many more divisions, four of the printers were at the feet of the Speaker.

It was, however, with the other two printers that the difficulty lay. Wilkes, as Alderman, had set a trap into which the majority at once fell. Miller, one of the two recusant printers, was apprehended by the messenger, but immediately sent for a constable, and had himself taken before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who were then sitting at the Guildhall. They released the printer, denied the legality of the Speaker's warrant, and committed the messenger for an assault, when he was bailed by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver, both being Members of the House, were ordered to attend in their places; it was voted that the rescue of Miller was a breach of privilege; the record of the messenger's recognizances was arbitrarily expunged from the minute-book of the Mayor's Court; Oliver was speedily committed to the Tower; and the Mayor afterwards sent to share the same imprisonment. But Wilkes, the other sitting Alderman, escaped with impunity. He refused to appear unless his right to take his seat as Member for Middlesex

were acknowledged; and the house betrayed its fear by adjourning over the day fixed for his attendance. There were long debates and much excitement, but the small minority on the night of the 12th of March had achieved the liberation of the Press. "The great fact," says Macknight, "was, that even Colonel Onslow durst not venture to summon another covy of printers to the bar. The freedom of the Press, and the daily chronicle of public events, including the publication of the debates in Parliament, had been indirectly but effectually asserted."

On April 2, the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver received a formal visit from Burke, in company with the Dukes of Portland and Manchester, Marquis of Rockingham, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord King, and others. The imprisonment continued until Parliament was prorogued on the 8th of May.

BURKE MAKES A BULL.

In the debate on the Budget of 1772, "The Minister," said Burke, "comes down in state, attended by his creatures of all denominations, beasts clean and unclean. With such, however, as they are, he comes down, opens his budget and edifies us all with his speech. What is the consequence? *One half* of the House goes away. A gentleman on the opposite side gets up and harangues on the state of the nation; and in order to keep matters even, *another half* retires at the close of his speech. A third gentleman follows their example, and rids the House of *another half!* (A loud laugh through the House.) Sir," said Burke, turning the laugh with some address and humour, "I take the blunder to myself, and express my satisfaction at having said anything that can put the House in good humour."

BURKE'S INDEPENDENCE.

Burke's extensive acquaintance with the affairs of the East India Company, rendered it very desirable to secure his

assistance or his silence. But he stood firm. "I attest heaven and earth," said he, in debate, "that in all places, and at all times, I have steadfastly shoved aside the gilded hand of corruption, and endeavoured to stem the torrent which threatens to overwhelm this island." Adding, on another occasion: "I know the political map of England as well as the Noble Lord (North), or as any other person; and I know that the way I take is not the path to preferment." "I know, indeed," said he, in the first debate on the affairs of the Company, (Dec. 7, 1772,) "that the same qualifications now-a-days make a good Member of Parliament that formerly made a good monk. Speak well of the Minister—Read the lesson he sets you, *taliter, qualiter,* and let the State take care of itself—*sinere res vadere et vadunt.*"

AMERICAN TAXATION.

The great feature of the Session of 1774, and the greatest effort of oratory considered to have been hitherto made in the House of Commons, was Burke's speech, on April 19, on the repeal of the American Tea Duties. The murmurs of approbation in the gallery, it is said, were only restrained from bursting out by the awe of the House. It was on this occasion, after the delivery of an intensely powerful passage, that Lord John Townshend, who had retired thither with some friends, exclaimed aloud: "Good God! what a man is this! how could he acquire such transcendent powers?"

The plain, practical, common sense recommended in the speech drew from Mr. Sampson, an intelligent American, much in the confidence of Dr. Franklin, a loud exclamation to a friend, who sat at a little distance in the gallery: "You have got a most wonderful man here; he understands more of America than all the rest of your House put together."

This was the first speech which Burke's friends could persuade him to commit to the press; for which purpose he had the use of their notes. It made a great impression in the House, and upon the public. Lord North, though he nega-

tived the motion, appeared so confounded or convinced by the reasoning of its supporter, that early in the next session, he offered to repeal the tax, if that would satisfy the Americans—but the moment for concession had passed away.

BURKE AND HANNAH MORE.

Burke was introduced, in 1774, to Hannah More, by Miss Reynolds, at the house of her brother, Sir Joshua, in Leicester-square.* They subsequently met at her lodgings, at dinners, at routs, or at the theatre, where one evening Hannah found seated near the orchestra, Burke, Sheridan, Dr. Warton, and Richard Burke, who had come to see Garrick in *Hamlet*. One evening, at Mrs. Vesey's, Hannah was seated between Burke and the Bishop of Chester, when she asked the Bishop whether he thought he should carry his bill against Sunday amusements through both houses, Burke said he "believed it would go through *their* house, though his *pious friend* Wilkes opposed it with all his might." Ten years later, in 1784, at Mrs. Vesey's, politics ran high, and Hannah had a deal of chat with Mr. Burke; she writes: "So lively, so foolish, and so good-natured was he, and so like the agreeable Mr. Burke I once knew and admired, that I soon forgot his malefactions, and how often I had been in a passion with him for some of his speeches."

BURKE A LEADER.

When Dr. Priestley was struggling through the crowd, to obtain admission to the Privy Council Chamber at Whitehall, to hear the examination of Dr. Franklin—"We shall never get through," cried Priestley to Mr. Burke, who replied: "Give me your arm," and locking it fast in his, he soon made his way to the door of the Privy Council. Dr. Priestley then

* No. 47, on the west side of the Square. The house remains to this day. How many charming friendships date from this hospitable roof, where Sir Joshua lived thirty-one years. In 1859 there disappeared from Coventry-street the fishmonger's shop at which Reynolds bought fish for his dinner-parties.

said: "Mr. Burke, you are an excellent leader." He replied; "I wish other persons thought so too!"

During one of the debates on the affairs of India, in 1777, Burke had twice given way to other speakers, when observing the Chairman of the India Company proceeding to read a variety of well-known public papers, instead of adding any new arguments, he interrupted him by observing, "that if it were the object of the honourable member to tire and thin the House by reading all the heavy folios on the table, he supposed in courtesy he must submit; but to prepare for the task he begged leave to send for his nightcap,"—which producing general laughter, was followed by a shout to him of —"Go on! go on!"

BURKE'S FINEST SPEECH.

Feb. 6, 1778, (says Walpole,) was memorable for the *chef d'œuvre* of Burke's orations. He called Burgoyne's Talk with the Indians the "sublimity of bombast absurdity," in which he demanded the assistance of seventeen Indian nations, by considerations of *our Holy Religion*, by regard for our constitution; and though he enjoined them not to scalp men, women, or children alive, he promised to pay them for any scalps of the dead, and required them to repair to the King's standard, which—where was it? said Burke—on board Lord Dunmore's ships, whose practices with the Indians he severely stigmatized. Seventeen interpreters from the several nations, said he, could not have given them any idea of his reasons—but, added Burke, the invitation was just as if, at a riot on Tower Hill, the keeper of the wild beasts had turned them loose, but adding: "My gentle lions, my sentimental wolves, my tender-hearted hyænas, go forth, but take care not to hurt men, women, or children." He then grew serious; and as the former part had excited the warmest and most continued bursts of laughter, even from Lord North, Rigby, and the ministers themselves, so he drew such a pathetic picture of the cruelties of the King's army, particularly in the alleged case of a young woman on whose ransom, not beauty, they

quarrelled, and murdered her,—*that he drew iron tears* down Barré's cheeks, who implored him to print his speech, and said, with many invectives against the Bishops, that it ought to be posted up on every church under their proclamation for the Fast, and that he himself would paste it upon some.

Another member, Governor Johnstone, thought it fortunate for the two noble lords (North and Germaine,) that there were no strangers present, or their enthusiasm and indignation would have excited the people to tear them to pieces on their way home from the House. Sir George Savile considered this speech "the greatest triumph of eloquence within memory."

BURKE AND ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

In 1778, the indecisive action of Admiral Keppel with the French fleet, and his dissension with Sir Hugh Palliser, his second in command, gave rise to high party feeling. Mr. Burke had a warm regard for the Admiral, whom he first met at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of whom Keppel had been an early patron. His acquaintance with Burke grew into a close and lasting friendship and admiration; and the Admiral and his old commander, Sir Charles Saunders, declared of the orator, that "if the country were to be saved, it could only be by the virtues and abilities of that wonderful man." When Keppel was about to be tried by court-martial, Burke accompanied him to Portsmouth, and received from him there his portrait by Reynolds, as a legacy in case the sentence of the court should decide against his honour. Burke remained with him during much of the trial, and assisted him in arranging his defence, which led to his acquittal.

BURKE AND MRS. ANNE PITT.

This lady, (the sister of Lord Chatham,) Mr. Burke used to say, possessed not only great and agreeable talents, but was the most perfectly eloquent person he had ever heard speak. He regretted not having committed to paper one

particular conversation in which the richness and variety of her discourse quite astonished him. She was accustomed to tell her great brother in their argumentative contests, that he knew nothing but Spenser's *Faery Queene*. "And no matter how that was said," added Burke, in mentioning the circumstance, "but whoever relishes and reads Spenser as he ought to be read, will have a strong hold of the English language."

A lady of rank in Dublin is said to have drawn Burke's character in the following lines, the truth of which was acknowledged by his female acquaintance:

> "With judgment witty, eloquent with sense,
> Polite with ease, and free without offence."

BURKE AND WEDDERBURNE.

During the debate on the fate of Gen. Burgoyne's army, Dec. 3, 1778, "there were high words," writes Mr. Crawford to Lord Ossory, "between Wedderburne and Burke, which so offended the latter that he went out of the House, and I believe intended to challenge Solicitor-General Wedderburne, but was prevented by a letter from Wedderburne, and an explanation likewise which he sent through Charles—(Fox.) He had, it appears, laughed at a part of Wedderburne's speech when dead silence reigned in the House, so that it was heard.

LORD NORTH ASLEEP.

Early in the Session of 1779, Mr. Burke presented to Parliament a Petition from the Roman Catholics of Scotland, for compensation for their loss by mob riots, when he exercised his ready wit, though in objectionable taste, upon a phrase of Scripture. Burke seeing Lord North asleep, at the moment he was attributing the popular excesses to the supineness of those in power, he took advantage of the incident. "Behold," said he, pointing to the somnolent Minister, "what I have again and again told you, that Government, if not defunct, at least nods; brother Lazarus is not dead, he only sleepeth."

Lord North's own wit upon a similar occasion was equally good. Whilst he was sleeping during a debate on America, an indignant member thundered forth a proposal for having him impeached. "Alas!" said his Lordship, waked by the noise, "allow me at least the criminal's usual privilege—a night of rest before the execution."

No minister, (says Lord Brougham,) before or since the time of Mr. Addington, ever depended so much upon the services of his professional supporters, as Lord North, "the Palinurus of the State," as Gibbon described him, who might well indulge in slumbers with his Attorney and Solicitor-General on either hand, remaining at their posts to watch out the long debate.

ECONOMICAL REFORM.

This measure of Burke's was comprised in five bills, but it drew from him during the Session eleven or twelve speeches. "Mr. Burke's Reform Bill," says Gibbon, "was framed with skill, introduced with eloquence, and supported by numbers. Never can I forget the delight with which that diffusive and ingenious orator was heard by all sides of the House, and even by those, (Gibbon himself, as a member of the Board of Trade, was one of them,) whose existence he proscribed. The Lords of Trade blushed at their insignificance. Mr. Eden's appeal to the 2300 volumes of our reports proved only a fertile theme for ridicule." By the wit of Burke, as much as by his eloquence, the poor Board of Trade was doomed, the 2300 folio volumes urged in its defence being, through Burke's powerful ridicule, the chief cause of its condemnation. When the sentiments of the House upon the Bill had changed, Burke made up his mind to the rejection of the remaining clauses, and "treated them with all that ready wit, pleasantry, and good humour, which are the real features of his character."

BURKE AND WILBERFORCE.

Burke, it will be remembered, had directed his mind to the sufferings of the Negro some years before Wilberforce took up the holy cause, and became its leading champion. They were on friendly terms, and Burke was a frequent guest at Wilberforce's dinners of "the Slave Committee." In his Diary, he writes: "He was a great man. . . . He had come late into Parliament, and had had time to lay in vast stores of knowledge. The field from which he drew his treasures was magnificent. Like the fabled object of the fairy's favour, whenever he opened his mouth, pearls and diamonds dropped from him."

When, on May 12, 1789, Mr. Wilberforce brought the Abolition of the Slave Trade before Parliament, Mr. Burke described his appeal as masterly, impressive, and eloquent, "equalling anything he had heard in modern times, and not, perhaps, to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence.

"A trade begun with savage war, prosecuted with unheard-of cruelty, continued during the mid-passage with the most loathsome imprisonment, and ending in perpetual exile and unremitted slavery, was a trade so horrid in all its circumstances that it was impossible a simple satisfactory argument could be adduced in its favour."

BURKE AT CARDS.

In disproval of the insinuation that Burke was addicted to gaming, it has been stated that he did not know how to play a single game at cards, and here is proof. While at Bristol, in 1780, passing an evening at Mr. Noble's, his hostess, in jest, asked him to take a hand at cards, when he pleaded ignorance. "Come, then, Mr. Burke," said she, playfully, "and I will teach you," and he accepting the challenge, they sat down to the children's game of *Beggar my Neighbour*. This turning in his favour, he was so amused with the idea of conquering his instructress, as to rally her with the joke for the rest of the evening.

BURKE AND THE CURATE.

During Mr. Burke's stay at Mr. Noble's, he was so much pleased with the conversation and manners of a clergyman, a friend of his host, then resident in the house, that, hearing he possessed only a small curacy, he expressed an inclination to forward his interests, should it ever be in his power. Years rolled on, and the living which he served becoming vacant, the curate, through Mr. Noble, reminded Burke of his promise. The living was in the gift of the Prince of Wales, to whom Burke was little known: however, wrote he to Mr. Noble, "let your friend write, and I will present the letter." This was done. Mr. Burke had an audience at Carlton House: the Prince received him graciously, and at once acceded to his petition; when the orator, in the fulness of his heart, began an animated discourse on the position and duties of princes, till, recollecting himself, he stopped, and apologized for the liberty he had taken. "No apology is necessary, my dear Mr. Burke," replied the Prince, placing his hand upon Mr. Burke's shoulder: "from your lessons we must all derive wisdom; and it is to be regretted that so few imitate your candour." Mr. Burke, in relating this incident, used to say: "I cannot forgive myself for the indecorum of which I think I was guilty; but the suavity of the gentleman made me forget my own situation:—in addressing my Prince, I thought I was speaking to my son."

MR. BURKE AND THE POET CRABBE.

It was in the year 1789 that George Crabbe, after lingering hopelessly about his native place, Aldborough, in Suffolk, abandoned the medical profession, and with five pounds borrowed from Mr. Dudley North, proceeded to London as a literary adventurer. He took lodgings near the Exchange, and set about authorship with vigour. During the first three months he sent manuscript poems to the booksellers, Dodsley and Becket, which they civilly declined. He now published a

poem on his own account, but the publisher failed. Crabbe's money was now exhausted, and he applied to Lord North for assistance, but in vain: he then addressed verses to Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who replied that "his avocations did not leave him leisure to read verses." He sold his clothes and his books, and pawned his watch and his surgical instruments. His one coat was torn, but he mended it himself. He was reduced at last to eightpence; but the brave man never despaired. He had a strong sense of religion, and was deeply attached to one who became his wife. His faith alone held him up, and kept him out of degradation.

At last, and not until he had been threatened with arrest, he wrote a letter* to Burke, which he himself left at the statesman's house in Charles-street. This letter is a beautiful piece of composition, simple, dignified, and pathetic: it contains this passage: "In April last, I came to London with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessaries of life till my abilities should procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical fancy contributed to my delusion." He also used in the letter the words: "Hearing that he was a good man, and presuming to think a great one," he applied in this emergency. Some years after, Crabbe told Mr. Lockhart that the night after he delivered his letter at Mr. Burke's door, he walked Westminster Bridge backwards and forwards until daylight.

Burke immediately received Crabbe into his own house and treated him with generous hospitality. He looked at his compositions, and selecting "The Library," and "The Village," suggested in them many alterations, which Crabbe assented to, and then took the poems to Dodsley, who published "The Library."

Meanwhile, Burke assisted the poet with money, and gave him a room in his house at Beaconsfield, where he was treated as one of the family. He also introduced him to Fox, Sir

* This letter has not been found among Mr. Burke's papers, and is therefore not printed in his *Correspondence;* but it will be found in the Poet's life by his son.

Joshua Reynolds, and other distinguished friends, and advised him to think of entering the Church; he was admitted to deacon's orders in 1781; he was ordained in the following year, and shortly after he obtained, through Burke's influence, the situation of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, at Belvoir Castle. "The Village," revised by Dr. Johnson, appeared in 1783. Crabbe's reputation was now established; and thus the poor author, whose worldly means were reduced to eightpence, in 1780, through the kindly aid of Burke, with scanty means himself, Crabbe so rose in public estimation as to sell the copyright of his poems, in 1807, for three thousand pounds. This noble conduct towards the poor poet is indeed a brilliant chapter in Burke's history.

It should be added that Lord Thurlow apologized for his repulse of Crabbe, and gave him a hundred-pound note; and subsequently presented him with two small livings then in his gift, telling him, at the same time, that he was as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen.

The author of a volume of *Pen and Ink Sketches*, published in 1847, relates that he was introduced to Crabbe at a *conversazione* at the Beccles Philosophical Institution. The poet was seated in Cowper's arm-chair, the same which the Bard of Olney occupied at Mrs. Unwin's. "Pleased to see you, my young friend; very pleased to see you," said Crabbe to the author of the *Sketches;* and after a little while he pointed to the fine portrait of Burke by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which hung near him, and said: "Very like, very *like* indeed. I was in Sir Joshua's study when Burke sat for it. *Ah!* there was a man! If ever you come to Trowbridge," he added, "you must call at the Vicarage, and I'll show you a sketch of Burke, taken at Westminster Hall, when he made his great speech in the Warren Hastings case. Edmund left it to me; it is only a rude pencil drawing, but it gives more of the orator than that picture does."

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

Burke greatly offended his Bristol constituents by his support of Sir George Savile's bill for the Redress of the Roman Catholics from severe penal laws in force against that body. The bill was carried almost unanimously in both Houses of Parliament. A present of 300 guineas, to be followed by 200 more, from a body of Roman Catholics, was offered to Burke in proof of their sense of his exertions; but he declined the gift. It was then proposed to erect a statue of him in Dublin, but this idea was dropped; "and," says Mr. Prior, "the only tributes known to the writer are a picture in the examination theatre of Trinity College, and a bust in the library."

Mr. Burke, from the first, did not encourage the idea of the statue; and about a year after, when his popularity in Ireland had somewhat waned, he declared that he was sincerely glad that the statue had never been set up, saying: "Such honours belong exclusively to the tomb—the natural and only period of human inconstancy, with regard either to desert or to opinion; for they are the very same hands which erect, that very frequently (and sometimes with reason enough) pluck down the statue. Had such an unmerited compliment been paid to me two years ago, the fragments of the piece might at this hour have the advantage of seeing actual service, while they were moving, according to the law of projectiles, to the windows of the Attorney-General, or my old friend Monk Mason."

BURKE'S EULOGIUM ON JOHN HOWARD.

It was almost immediately after the second series of results of Howard's prison tours had appeared, that Burke, in addressing his constituents at Bristol, and enlarging on the disgraceful system of imprisonment for debt, paid this eloquent tribute to the great Philanthropist:

"I cannot name Mr. Howard without remarking that his labours have done much to open the eyes and hearts of man-

kind. He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is full of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country; I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."

BURKE AND THE ELECTORS OF BRISTOL.

On the dissolution of Parliament, in 1774, Mr. Burke was returned, by the interest of Lord Rockingham, for the borough of Malton; but while in the act of returning thanks to his new constituents, a deputation arrived from Bristol to intimate that he had been nominated for that city, and to carry him thither without delay. By travelling day and night, he arrived at Bristol on the sixth day of the poll; and after a hard contest of twenty-seven days he was returned.

During his canvass he entered a house, where the wife of the owner was reading the Bible. "I have called, madam, to solicit the favour of your husband's vote and interest in the present election. You, I perceive," placing his finger on a passage that caught his eye, "are making your calling and election sure."

The wit of his brother candidate, Mr. Cruger, a merchant

in the American trade, was not so ready. At the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, finding nothing to add with effect, he exclaimed earnestly, in counting-house phrase, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke, — I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

On May 6th, 1778, upon the proposition of Lord Nugent, in Parliament, to revise certain oppressive restrictions on the trade of Ireland, Mr. Burke made a most effective speech, and the motion was carried. A number of hostile petitions immediately poured in, and foremost among these was Bristol, whose electors called upon her representatives to support her views. Mr. Burke, however, manfully avowed that to comply with this desire would be to sin against his conscience, against the first principles of justice, and the truest interest of trade itself. "If, from this conduct," said he, "I shall forfeit their (the electors') suffrages at the ensuing election, it will stand on record an example to future representatives of the Commons of England, that one man at least had dared to resist the desires of his constituents when his judgment assured him they were wrong."

Burke then addressed two letters to the electors of Bristol, which may be said to contain the alphabet of free trade; but he failed to convince the Bristolians of the equity or policy of the opening of the trade of Ireland.

At the dissolution of Parliament in 1780, Burke, on Sept. 7, met his constituents in the Guildhall at Bristol, and there entered on his defence of certain points of policy upon which he had disagreed with them. Sir Samuel Romilly describes Burke's speech on this occasion, as "perhaps the finest piece of oratory in our language." He did not stand there accused of venality, or of neglect of duty, or to gratify anger or revenge, oppressing any man. "No," said he, "the charges against me are all of one kind—that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far; further than a cautious policy would warrant, and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident that may happen through life—in pain, in sorrow, in depression,

and distress—I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted."

He had much of the weight and respectability of the city in his favour; but the million were against him. He therefore declined, took his leave briefly but expressively,—in person and not by letter—for, as in the face of day he had accepted their trust, so in the face of day he accepted their dismission; conscious that he had nothing to be ashamed of. The parting was affecting—increased by the sudden death of one of the candidates; "showing," said Burke, with true pathos, "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." He then bowed gracefully to the sheriffs, the other candidates, and to the multitude, and quitted the hustings.

Charles Fox, writing to Burke soon after, and while busy in his own contest for Westminster, says: "Indeed, my dear Burke, all your candour, and *reverse of selfishness*, (for I know no word to express it,) is to be in patience with that rascally city."

LORD GEORGE GORDON'S RIOTS.

Mr. Burke being a most powerful advocate of the Roman Catholic claims, in 1780, the fanatic feeling ran strongly against him. His house in Charles-street, St. James's, was threatened; he was reviled as a Jesuit in disguise, nicknamed "Neddy St. Omer," and caricatured as a monk stirring the fires of Smithfield. Nevertheless, caring little personally, he mixed with a party of the mob unharmed, and his wife being safely lodged, he spent great part of the day in the street with the rioters, the greater part of whom he found dissolute and unruly, rather than malignant and fanatical.

On the 6th of June, he, with several Members of both Houses of Parliament, was stopped on his way on foot to the House of Commons, and was surrounded by some of the petitioners, who remonstrated with him for supporting the Roman Catholic Bill. This Mr. Burke admitted he had

done, thinking himself justified: he said he understood he was a marked man, on whom the petitioners meant to wreak their vengeance; therefore he walked out singly amongst them, conscious of having done nothing that deserved their censure in the slightest degree, having always been an advocate for the people, and meaning to continue so. By this means he got rid of the troublesome petitioners.

He had been apprised the previous day that his house was to be destroyed. Mrs. Burke, his papers, and a few valuables, were immediately conveyed to the house of Gen. Burgoyne; the furniture being removed under the protection of a party of soldiers, sent by the authorities without application; and Burke then dismissed the guard, and spent his nights with other volunteer friends of rank in guarding Lord Rockingham's and Sir George Savile's houses. Next day, Burke forced his way into the House of Commons, and burning with indignation and remonstrance, spoke so as to affect his hearers most deeply; remarking that freedom of debate in the Commons of England had arrived at a new era, when a bludgeoned mob in the street aimed to destroy that freedom, while soldiers with fixed bayonets were employed at the doors to protect it.

When many of the unhappy rioters had been convicted, and sentenced to death, Burke, by letters and reflections, pressed upon the law authorities and ministers, besought them to submit his opinions to His Majesty and Lord North—that public justice ought to be satisfied with the smallest possible number of victims. In Parliament, however, he condemned the instigators of the tumults among the higher classes: "they," he said, "and not the ignorant and misled multitude, ought to be hanged;" and seeing some of the "Association" in the lobby of the House, he exclaimed, in their hearing, "I am astonished that those men can have the audacity still to nose Parliament."

EFFECT OF CONFIDENCE.

Mr. Burke often lamented that his wisest measures were spoilt by the counteraction of his adversaries and the injudi-

cious interference of his friends. After the Riots of 1780, he took under protection, Dr. Hay, a Catholic prelate from Scotland, whose house and library had been destroyed by the Scottish rioters. In consequence of Mr. Burke's exertions, a considerable recompense for his losses was voted to the Doctor by Parliament. On Mr. Burke's leaving the House, Mr. Butler walked up to him to thank him for his exertions. "Your friend," he said, "is almost the only person who has put unlimited confidence and trust in me; ask him how he has succeeded."

BURKE AND "ELOCUTION WALKER."

When a Bill had passed the Commons, in 1780, to prevent Roman Catholics from giving scholastic instruction to Protestants, "Elocution Walker," author of the *Pronouncing Dictionary*, (and who had given lessons to young Burke,) and had lately become a Roman Catholic, appealed to the statesman, one day, in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons. Mr. Burke, with the view of serving the interests of literature, thus introduced Walker to a nobleman accidentally passing: "Here, my Lord Berkeley, is Mr. Walker, whom not to know, by name at least, would argue want of knowledge of the harmonies, cadences, and proprieties of our language. Against this gentleman and others, we are going, my Lord, upon a poor, ungrounded prejudice of the refuse of the mob of London, to commit an act of gross injustice; and for what? For crimes moral or political? No, my Lord, but because we differ in the meaning affixed to a single word," pronouncing it emphatically,—"*transubstantiation*."

HORACE WALPOLE AND BURKE.

Walpole, who could not "bear a rival near the throne"—of his conceit, has the following notes, in his *Letters* on Burke.

To Mr. George Montagu, July 22, 1761, he says: "I dined with your Secretary (Single-speech Hamilton) yester-

day; there were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, which was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days."

Of his speech against the Repeal of the Marriage Act, in 1772: "Burke made a long and fine oration against the motion. . . . . He spoke with a choice and variety of language, a profusion of metaphors, and yet with a correctness of diction, that were surprising. His fault was copiousness above measure."

Feb. 12, 1780: "Everybody is full of Mr. Burke's yesterday's speech, which I only mention as parent of a *mot* of George Selwyn. Lord George Gordon, single, divided the House, and Selwyn set him down afterwards at White's, where he said, 'I have brought the whole Opposition in my coach; and I hope one coach will always hold them, if they mean to take away the Board of Works,'" of which Selwyn was paymaster.

Walpole was, however, grateful to Burke on one occasion. In his "Memoir respecting his Income," he says: "I have never yet thanked Mr. Burke for the overflowing pleasure he gave my heart, when, on moving his bill, he paid that just compliment to the virtues of my honest, excellent father. This acknowledgment, I hope he will accept as a proof that, though silent, I was not insensible to the obligation. Just praise out of his mouth is an epitaph of sterling value, and standing in his printed speech on that occasion, will enjoy an immortality which happens to few epitaphs."

CORRECTING A QUANTITY.

In his notice of motion on Economical Reform, in Parliament, Dec. 15, 1780, while enforcing the necessity of frugality, and recommending to the Minister the apothegm of Cicero, *magnum vectigal est parsimonia*, he made a false quantity, rendering the second word *vectigal*. Lord North, in an

undertone, corrected the error, when Burke, with his usual dexterity, turned his own mistake to account. "The Noble Lord," said he, "hints that I have erred in the quantity of a principal word in my quotation; I rejoice at it; because it gives me an opportunity of repeating the inestimable adage," —and with increased energy he thundered forth "*magnum vect-ī-gal est parsimonia.*"

"SHEARING THE WOLF."

This figure, in allusion to the right of taxing America which the Minister still insisted upon, was used by Mr. Burke, in support of the amendment to the Address, Nov. 27, 1781. After descanting on our repeated losses and defeats, he exposed the folly of claiming rights which could not be enforced—rights that have cost Britain thirteen provinces, four islands, a hundred thousand men, and more than seventy millions of money! . . . . Oh miserable and infatuated ministers! miserable and undone country! not to know that right signifies nothing without might; that the claim without the power of enforcing it was nugatory and idle in the copyhold of rival states or of immense bodies of people. What! shear a wolf? Yes. But will he comply? Have you considered the trouble? How will you get this wool? Oh! I have considered nothing, and I will consider nothing but my right; a wolf is an animal that has wool; all animals that have wool are to be shorn, and therefore I will shear the wolf. This was just the kind of reasoning urged by the minister, and this the counsel he has given.

MR. BURKE PAYMASTER-GENERAL.

In 1782, when the Rockingham party again came into power, Burke obtained a seat in the Privy Council, and the Paymaster-Generalship of the Forces. He immediately brought in a Bill for a reform of the office, surrendering to the public the interest and other advantages accruing from the enormous sum of 1,000,000*l.*, which was not unfrequently the amount of the Paymaster's balance in hand. As

Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital, he was entitled to the profits of clothing the pensioners, amounting to 700*l.* per annum, and managed to save 600*l.* more, which sums he threw into the treasury; by which reforms 47,000*l.* per annum were saved to the public, of which 25,300*l.* were the usual perquisites of the office.*

UNIVERSAL TAXATION.

In animadverting on the difficulty of proposing New Taxes, March 6, 1782, Burke felicitously observed, that on looking over the blessed fruits of Lord North's administration, he found the country loaded with ten new taxes—beer, wine, soap, leather, horses, coaches, post-chaises, stamps, and servants; recollecting that he had omitted sugar in his enumeration, he remarked, that since St. Christopher's was lost, and Barba-

* In these reforms Burke had been greatly assisted by Messrs. Powell and Bambridge, whom he had reinstated in their offices, as cashier and accountant, in the Army Pay Office, from which they had been dismissed for malversation. On Mr. Martin having said, in the House of Commons, that he looked on their restoration as a gross and daring insult to the public, Mr. Burke rose in great heat, and exclaimed, "It is a gross and daring——" but before he proceeded further, Mr. Sheridan pulled him down on his seat. This took place on May 2. On the 19th Sir Cecil Wray expressed his astonishment that the *new* Paymaster should have reinstated two persons suspected of embezzling the public money. Mr. Burke apologized for the violence he had displayed on the former evening; but said that "nothing was further from his intention than to offer an excuse for what he had done relating to the two unfortunate gentlemen; he felt such a sunshine of content within, that if the act was undone, he was convinced he should do it again." He called Messrs. Powell and Bambridge two unfortunate men, and said they had been committed to his protection by Providence: one of them had been with him, and appeared almost distracted; he was absolutely afraid that the poor man would lose his senses; this much he was sure of, that the sight of his grey hairs, and the condition in which he had seen him, had so affected and overcome him, that he was scarcely able to come down to the House. Several members expressed their strong disapprobation of Mr. Burke's conduct, and the business would have been agitated anew, had not Powell, a few days after, put an end to his existence with a razor, and Mr. Rigby announced that Bambridge was removed from his situation. The latter was subsequently tried, and found guilty of conniving at the concealment of 48,000*l.*, for which he was sentenced to fine and imprisonment.—*Wright's Note to Walpole's Letters.*

does and Jamaica must follow, the omission was of small importance, as we should soon have no sugar to tax. What fresh burdens can the noble Lord add to this taxed and taxing nation? 'We are taxed in riding and in walking, in staying at home and in going abroad, in being masters or in being servants, in drinking wine or in drinking beer; in short, in every way possible."

HORACE WALPOLE'S INTERVIEW WITH MR. BURKE.

Walpole, in his *Last Journals*, records a strange interview with Burke, immediately after the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, and the appointment of Lord Shelburne as his successor in the premiership.

First, Walpole pours a vial of wrath upon the Burkes collectively. "I had seen," writes the carping Journalist, "more than one circumstance that made me question the immaculate purity of Edmund Burke's views. Still, he stood in the highest light of integrity with the Rockingham party; for though reduced to almost indigence by the failure of his stock-jobbing, he had preserved incorruptible attachment to his party. Lord Rockingham had immediately on becoming Minister a second time heaped on him and his family the most lucrative offices. Himself was made Paymaster in the room of Rigby, though, according to his own Reforming Bill, with a salary of only 4000*l.* a year. His son was made Deputy-Master, and had a small sinecure for life added. His brother was appointed Secretary to the Treasury; and his cousin William was sent to India with a very rich office created on purpose for him. Such opulence, scarce touched, it was hard to give up—yet he did not hesitate. Nor, as usual, did he take his part with temper, the enthusiasm of his luxuriant imagination presented every measure to him in the most vivid colours. In truth, it had been suspected for above a year that his intellects and sensations had mutually overheated each other: his behaviour in the ensuing year did not remove the suspicion.

"At the very moment when the Cavendishes sounded highest their encomiums on the sacrifices Mr. Burke was going to make, I received a letter from him to desire an interview with me the very next morning.

"Burke's business with me was to propose to my brother, Sir Edward Walpole, Clerk of the Pells, (an employment for life, which during the war had been stated by the Commissioners of Accounts to produce him 7000*l.* a-year), to resign that office, on consideration of receiving the full yearly value of it during Sir Edward's life (and I think there was an additional offer of it to Sir Edward of the disposal of the junior Burke's place). The resignation was to be made that very day, that Lord Cavendish might bestow it upon Edmund Burke, the father, before his Lordship resigned office. Full security, Burke assured me, would be given to Sir Edward, that he should be no loser; unless the office should be reduced by Parliament, as it probably would be, and then Sir Edward should receive the full of the reduced value.

"So frantic a proposal, I suppose, was never made. I had at no time lived in friendship with Mr. Burke, and latterly we had had no intercourse, though always on civil terms when we met by accident. With Sir Edward, Mr. Burke, I believe, had never exchanged a syllable. How was it possible to expect that a man possessed of the second most valuable office in the Exchequer for life would resign it in favour of a man with whom he had not the slightest acquaintance—and merely to leave the disposal of another very trifling place to another person? . . . . However, astonished as I was at the absurdity of the request, I commanded myself enough to make the following temperate answer: that I would acquaint my brother with Mr. Burke's request, though I would not bind myself to advise it; and I added, that I must be so frank as to tell Mr. Burke that Sir Edward was a most warm anti-American, and did not speak with much patience of those who disapproved the American war.

"Mr. Burke was much disheartened at so unexpected a state of the case, and chose to say no more himself on this

subject: but he made his son write to me that night, and come to me next morning to persuade me of the goodness of the security; but I so amply exposed to him the improbability of a man's resigning 7000*l.* a-year for no reason, and merely on a *promise* of indemnification, that the son saw the folly of the proposal and gave it up.

"One passage the son dropped that was very memorable. He said his father had always intended to get the office of Clerk of the Pells. This struck me, and explained what I had never comprehended—which was why, in Mr. Burke's reforming bill that office had not been mentioned among the great sinecures that were to be annihilated on the deaths of the present incumbents. Can one but smile at a reformer of abuses reserving the second greatest abuse for himself?"

HOW TO DISPERSE THE HOUSE.

Among the zealous adherents of the Rockingham party in 1783, was David Hartley, member for Hull, the intolerable length and dulness of whose speeches rendered him a nuisance even to his friends. His rising always operated like a dinner-bell. One day when he had thus wearied out the patience of his audience, having nearly reduced a House from 300 to about 80 persons, half asleep,—just when he was expected to close, he moved that the Riot Act should be read, as a document necessary to prove some of his assertions. Burke, who sat close by him, and who, wishing to speak to the Question under discussion, had been almost bursting with impatience for nearly an hour and a half, finding himself so cruelly disappointed, bounced up, exclaiming, "The Riot Act! my dear friend, the Riot Act! to what purpose? don't you see that the mob is already dispersed?" The sarcastic wit of this remark, in the state of the House, nearly empty, increased by the manner and tone of despair in which Burke uttered it, convulsed with laughter every person present except Hartley, who never changed countenance, and actually insisted on the Riot Act being read by one of the clerks.

BURKE AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

Sir Philip Francis once waited upon Burke, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Hastings' delinquencies.* He found Burke in his garden, holding a grasshopper: "What a beautiful animal is this!" said Burke; "observe its structure; its legs, its wings, its eyes." "How can you," said Sir Philip, "lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of moment to attend to?" "Yet Socrates," said Burke, "according to the exhibition of him in *Aristophanes*, attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length: let us see." "My dear friend," said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked; Sir Philip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen. At length, Sir Philip having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued. "I think," said Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed that *locusta*, not *cicada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What is your opinion, Sir Philip?" "My opinion," answered Sir Philip, putting up his papers and preparing to move off, "is, that till the grasshopper is out of your head, it would be idle to talk to you of the concerns of India."

Francis seems to have excelled in rude humour; for when Burke sent him two proof sheets of his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, which Sir Philip had seen in manuscript, and he found that he could not induce Burke to suppress the publication, he wrote to him, like a thoroughly vexed friend, "I wish you were at the devil, for giving me all this trouble."

* Francis acted an important part in the getting-up of the Impeachment; and but for his *animus*, and the cool malignity with which he toiled, there might have been no proceedings at all. The circumstance that Francis was the intimate friend of Burke had also great influence on the origin of the Trial.

THE INDIA BILL.

In the Sessions of 1783 and 1784, Burke took a leading part in the discussion of the affairs of India, of which he knew more than any public man who had not quitted Europe. To stop the popular cry against them, the East India Company directors proposed to send him on his own terms, at the head of a commission, to reform the abuses of the East; but he refused the appointment. The concoction of the India Bill has been attributed in part to Burke, but without success; it was Mr. Fox's measure, and was not projected by Burke; although he assisted in its formation by his voluminous reports, and by his opinion and revision; and he urged its success with all his powers. On Dec. 1, 1783, on the second reading, he delivered an oration of great vigour, ingenuity, and grasp, maintaining that the present bill would guard against future robberies and oppressions; and its highest honour and title would be that of "securing the rice in his pot to every man in India." He was next seen along with Mr. Fox, standing on the steps of the throne in the House of Lords, there anxiously watching the progress of the Bill; but the King, influencing the Peers, caused the measure to be thrown out, and the Ministry soon followed it. Mr. Burke was dismissed from office, with the rest of his party; and he never was again a member of the Government.*

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

For some years after the rejection of the India Bill, the affairs of India engaged Burke's whole "heart, and soul, and

* It is not perhaps generally known, (says Mr. Prior,) that this plan for seizing upon India as a direct possession of the Crown, was originally suggested by Lord Chatham. Mr. Burke said that more than once, to his personal knowledge, his Lordship, in 1766 and 1777, seriously contemplated the total dissolution of the territorial power of the East India Company as a *government* in India, and the assumption of it by the executive authority at home, leaving to the Company only a right to the trade of the country.

mind, and strength," "at all hours and seasons, in the retirements of summer, in the avocations of winter, and even amid the snows, (alluding to the ill reception in the preceding session,) that had lately been showering on my head."

The command which Burke possessed over this great subject—his study of the history, the laws, and usages of the East—his higher powers of intellect, to work on statements of facts and on tables of figures—his analysis and digestion—and the skill with which his imagination animated and coloured shapeless masses into vivid pictures—were high qualifications for this mighty work. "He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past, in the future, in the distant, and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa-tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the Imaum prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all these things were to him as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James's-street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns, to the wild moor where the gipsy camp was pitched; from the bazaar, humming like a beehive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyænas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr.

Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London."*

His next great effort was his masterly speech on the debts of the Nabob of Arcot, in which he boldly stigmatized the chief agent and counsellor of his Highness as "the old betrayer, insulter, oppressor, and scourge, of a country which has, for years, been an object of an unremitted, but unhappily an unequal, struggle between the bounties of Providence to renovate and the wickedness of man to destroy."

This was followed by what has been justly called his "Herculean labours" in the prosecution of Warren Hastings, who, Burke saw, had been guilty of some most unjustifiable acts. On April 4, 1786, he presented to the House the articles of charge against the ex-governor general; they fill two volumes of the octavo edition of his works.

It was not, however, till February, 1788, that the trial began in Westminster Hall, "where the High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude." The impeachment was opened by Mr. Burke in a speech which lasted four days, and was unparalleled for exuberance of thought and splendour of diction; while the energy and pathos of the great orator moved the sternest and gentlest of his auditors. At length, Mr. Burke concluded. Raising his voice till the old oaken arches resounded; "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose eminent honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden underfoot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in

* Macaulay; *Edinburgh Review*, 1841.

the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

At the second sitting of the Court, Sheridan spoke on the charge relative to the Begums of Oude: his sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days: the Hall was crowded to suffocation, and it was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.*

Among the auditors sat Hannah More, who says of this powerful oration: "The recapitulation of the dreadful cruelties in India was worked up to the highest pitch of eloquence and passion, so that the orator was seized with a spasm which made him incapable of speaking another word. I think I never felt such indignation as when Burke, with Sheridan standing on one side of him and Fox on the other, said, 'Vice incapacitates a man from all public duty, it withers the powers of his understanding, and makes his mind paralytic.' I looked at his two neighbours, and saw they were quite free from symptoms of palsy."

We pass over a series of orations and an elaborate Report, by Burke, until finally on May 28, 1794, he commenced his concluding address on the impeachment, which continued for nine days. All these speeches have been published since his death, from notes which he spent the leisure of the last years of his life in preparing, and which he enjoined his executors to give to the world.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been brought to the bar of the Lords (the 148th day). Hastings was acquitted by a large majority on every separate article charged against him. During the slow progress of the trial, the feeling changed from being strong against him to equal vio-

* No notes worthy of credit have been discovered of this great speech, for a copy of which, corrected by himself, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds, but he declined to give it.

lence in his favour. Among the testimonies to the latter, it was said that at Benares, the very place at which the acts set forth in the first article of impeachment had been committed, the natives had erected a temple to Hastings. Burke's observations on this apotheosis were admirable. He saw no reason for astonishment, he said, in the incident which had been represented as so striking. He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew that as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines, not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder; nor did he at all dispute the claim of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon. "This reply," (says Macaulay) "has always struck us as one of the finest that ever was made in Parliament. It is a grave and forcible argument, decorated by the most brilliant wit and fancy."*

His labours in what he called "The Indian Field" were, to the close of his existence, regarded by Burke as those by which he had deserved best of his country. In 1796, he wrote: "If I were to call for a reward (which I have never done) it should be for those services in which, for fourteen

* Of this celebrated Trial it is right the public should have the most accurate account: accordingly, the Speeches of the Managers and Counsel, upon the suggestion of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, are now (1860) in course of publication by Authority.

This first volume contains the four great opening speeches of Burke in February, 1788, and single addresses from Fox, Grey, Anstruther, Pelham, and Adam, along with the four orations delivered by Sheridan in the month of June in the same year. All these speeches are printed from the original notes taken *verbatim*, and even the errors, and slips of grammar, and want of connexion incidental to oral delivery, are carefully preserved in these transcripts. A short-hand writer, from the office of Mr. Gurney, was commissioned at the trial to take the exact notes of the proceedings; a nearly complete set of them is preserved at Lincoln's Inn. The late Mr. Adolphus had used it for his *History of England from the Accession of George III.* Mr. Burke revised his own speech for publication; and by comparison between Burke's own publication and the notes of the reporter, it is plain that after speaking it Burke actually remodelled his speech to a great extent. The Editor (Mr. E. A. Bond,) observes that in the revised form there is more condensation of language, than in the oration, as actually spoken.—*Athenæum review.*

years without intermission, I showed the most industry, and had the least success,—I mean in the affairs of India. They are those on which I value myself the most; most for the importance, most for the labour, most for the judgment, most for constancy and perseverance in the pursuit. Others may value them most for the *intention*. In that surely they are not mistaken."

The Hastings affair was not spared by the caricaturists, and gave rise to one of the best of Gillray's earlier prints—"The political banditti assaulting the saviour of India," in which Hastings defends himself with a shield of honour, against Burke, who fires a blunderbuss at him in front, while Fox is attacking him with a dagger behind, Lord North, in the meantime, is robbing him of some of his money-bags. Sayer published a print of "The Manager (of the Trial) in distress, in which Burke, Fox, and his fellow-accusers, are thrown from the bridge, owing to the giving way of the piers." (Peers.) In another print, "The First Charge"—an Indian Prince deprived of his hookah, the accuser (Burke,) energetically appeals to his audience—"Guilty of not suffering him to smoke for two days." "The Galantee Show," the best of the set, represents Burke as the showman, exhibiting, by means of a magic lantern, a Benares flea magnified to an elephant; a Begum wart, as large as Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa piled one on the other; "Begum's Tears," of proportionate dimensions; and "an ouzle," which appears as a whale. At the end of the Trial, Sayer published a large print, "The last of the Manager's Farce," in which the bust of Hastings is rising from black clouds of calumny, and surrounded with glory; the conjuror Burke has his hand full of charges, and is described as "one of the managers, and a principal performer; who, having out-Heroded Herod, retires from the stage in a passion at seeing the farce likely to be damned."

Nothing could exceed the effects produced among the auditory at various stages of this Trial. Mr. Burke's details of the cruelties of Debi Sing were appalling and heart-sick-

ening. A convulsive sensation of horror, affright, and smothered execration, pervaded all the male part of his hearers; and audible sobbings, and screams, the female. He dropped his head upon his hands, and for some minutes was unable to proceed; from this he recovered sufficiently to go on a little further, but being obliged to cease from speaking twice at short intervals, the Prince of Wales, to relieve him, at length moved the adjournment of the House.

It is said that after the storm of Burke's eloquence had spent its force, and his voice for the moment ceased, his features still expressed the energy of his feelings, his hand seemed to threaten punishment, and his brow to meditate vengeance. Still stronger testimony is that of the accused himself. "For half an hour," said Hastings, "I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder, and during that space, I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth;" adding, however, "but I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness that consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered." Even the flinty Lord Thurlow was affected almost to tears; and some days after, observed that "their Lordships all knew the effect upon the auditors, many of whom had not to that moment, and perhaps never would, recover from the shock it had occasioned."

Erskine said of the conductors of the Trial, that they were wholly unparalleled, "shaking the walls that surrounded them with anathemas of superhuman eloquence."

Lord John Russell, in his *Memorials of Fox*, says: "The course of cupidity and fraud (in India), of robbery and oppression was brought to a close by the impeachment of Warren Hastings. . . . For years Mr. Burke persevered in his great work. Neither the dilatory plan of a dissolution of Parliament, nor the appalling earthquake of the French Revolution (to none more appalling than to him,) ever distracted his attention from his great Indian enterprise. The speeches delivered by him in Westminster Hall are great monuments of industry and eloquence; they surpass in power those of Cicero when denouncing the crimes of

Verres. Finally, although the impeachment ended in an acquittal, its results were memorable and beneficial. Never has the great object of punishment, the prevention of crime, been attained more completely than by this trial."*

BURKE AND MADAME D'ARBLAY.

In June, 1782, Madame d'Arblay, then Miss Burney, first met Mr. Burke and his family, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's villa, on Richmond Hill. Burke sat opposite to the young authoress, spoke highly of her writings, as she told Mr. Prior, "completely to win her admiration," and he was ever after most kind and friendly to her. She describes Burke, in her *Memoirs*, as tall, of noble figure, commanding air, and graceful address; his language copious, various, and eloquent; his manners attractive; his conversation delightful; he was not, however, all compliment, but mingled useful criticism upon Miss Burney's works. In the following year he procured for her father the situation of organist to Chelsea Hospital: "I could almost have cried," says Miss Burney, when he said: "'This is my last act in office.'"

After the introduction at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Burke became a constant visitor to the house of Dr. Burney, in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, the last town residence of Sir Isaac Newton;† whence Dr. Burney's circle was called "Newtonians."

Subsequently, Miss Burney's Windsor opinions, (after she had become maid of honour,) upon Hastings and the Regency Question, led her to regard Burke with changed feelings.

* Warren Hastings survived this Trial more than twenty years. He died in August, 1818; and in December of the same year died his leading counsel, Lord Ellenborough; and on the last day of the same month died Sir Philip Francis. Thus, within five months, Hastings, his defender, and his bitterest enemy, passed to their earthly resting-places.

† Dr. Burney, in an anecdote related to Boswell, (*Life of Johnson*,) erroneously states Newton to have died in this house: he died at Orbell's-buildings, Kensington, (*Curiosities of London.*) At Campden Hill, at the present day, is a "Newton House."

She thought him the "cruel persecutor of an injured and innocent man," and as she saw the orator in the box in Westminster Hall, she exclaimed: "Poor Mr. Burke, so near to being wholly right, while yet wholly wrong!" Nevertheless, she still admired his eloquence—"nervous, clear, and striking." . . . "When he narrated, he was easy, flowing, and natural; when he declaimed, energetic, warm, and brilliant;" and she thought Burke's oratorical powers far more gentlemanlike, scholarlike, and fraught with true genius than those of Mr. Fox.

BURKE'S OPINION OF THE SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

In November, 1783, Mr. Burke was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. In April following, took place his installation, when in the course of his address, he thus expressed his esteem for the national character. "They are a people," he added to Mr. Wyndham, "acute and proud, of much pretension and no inconsiderable performance; and notwithstanding undue egotism and excessive nationality, on the whole very estimable."

"MUZZLING THE LION."

In the new Parliament of 1784, Burke was not viewed with much favour: the younger members, when he rose to speak, attempted to cough him down; or his speeches were received with affected laughter and violent vociferation, which led him once to say to his assailants that "he could teach a pack of hounds to yelp with more melody and equal comprehension." At another time, on Burke rising with papers in his hand, a rough country member exclaimed: "I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and bore us with a long speech into the bargain"—when Burke was so irritated, that incapable of utterance, he ran out of the House. "Never before," said the witty George Selwyn, "did I see the fable realized—a

lion put to flight by the braying of an ass." To *muzzle the lion* became the common phrase for these attempts to prevent Burke being heard; and, as the Minister, Fox's young friends, were foremost in their attacks, he was accused of encouraging these indecorous interruptions "given to a man possessed of an eloquence with which all that remains of antiquity must lose in the competition."

CARICATURES ON BURKE.

Burke appears to have been a leading object of attack to the resentful exultation of his political opponents. His warmth of feeling, and his splendid eloquence, made him one of the foremost champions in the desultory warfare which in 1784 was carried on against the ministerial majorities in the House of Commons; when the caricaturists made war upon his pretended Jesuitism; and they pictured the writer on the *Sublime and Beautiful* as a raving demon of sedition, one of the foremost of the followers of the political Satan. The Tories, in their derision, recommended the Opposition leaders to turn their talents to more profitable labours. Thus, in a ballad and caricature, Fox is exhorted to turn Preacher; and Edmund puts on the garb of feminine devotion, and leads as "Mistress" Burke:

For thee, *O beauteous and sublime!*
What place of honour shall we find?
To tempt with money were a crime;
Thine are the riches of the mind!
Clad in a matron's cap and robe,
Thou shalt assist each *withered crone*,
And, as the piercing threat shall probe;
Be't thine to lead the choral groan.
Thine to uplift the whiten'd eye,
And thine to spread th' uplifted hand!
Thine to upheave th' expressive sigh,
And regulate the *hoary band!*

One of the rarer prints of Gillray, published in April, 1783, satirizes the new administration under the representation of a "coalition dance," in which the principal characters in it

figure under the various garbs given to them by the prejudices of party faction. Burke appears here as the concealed Jesuit, the character which the extreme Protestant party had conferred upon him ever since his exertions for Catholic emancipation.

Caricatures of himself were a great source of amusement to Mr. Burke. One day, dining at Lord Tankerville's, he said they did not give him the least uneasiness. "I have, I believe, seen them all, laughed at them all, and pretty well remember them all;" and he then repeated the different characters in which he had figured in the shops, and this so humorously as to keep the table for a considerable time in continual laughter.

DEATH OF DR. JOHNSON.

When Johnson lay in his last illness, he was visited by Mr. Burke, with some other friends, when Edmund observed that the presence of strangers might be oppressive to him. "No, sir," said the dying moralist, "it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state indeed when *your* company would not be a delight to me." It will be recollected that Johnson and Burke had enjoyed twenty-seven years' unbroken friendship. Johnson died, Dec. 13, 1784, at his house in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, in the back room of the first floor. His remains were buried in Westminster Abbey, on Dec. 20, with a numerous attendance of his friends, Burke following as one of the pall-bearers. In 1790, he became one of the committee formed to erect a statue to his memory. Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed that it should be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral: while Sir Joseph Banks, Boswell, and others, preferred Westminster Abbey: Burke was of the former opinion, observing that "it would be, indeed, robbing Peter to pay Paul," (alluding to the saints to which the two churches are dedicated,) "but still the reasons for transfer were so forcible as to make him think it rather an exchange than robbery."

COUNT DE MIRABEAU AT BEACONSFIELD.

In 1785, Count de Mirabeau was introduced by his schoolfellow, Sir Gilbert Elliot, to Burke, and paid him a short visit at Beaconsfield. He had come to England on some literary project, and one of the results of his visit may have been his unscrupulous and unacknowledged appropriation of whole speeches of Burke, in which borrowed plumes the Count afterwards lorded it over the National Assembly. In 1791, Burke wrote jocularly of the revolutionist's visit, in allusion to his receiving the Abbé Maury: "I have had the Count de Mirabeau in my house; will he (the Abbé) submit afterwards to enter under the same roof? I will have it purified and expiated, and I shall look into the best *formulas* from the time of Homer downwards for that purpose. I will do everything but imitate the Spaniard, who burned his house because the Connétable de Bourbon had been lodged in it. That ceremony is too expensive for my finances."

REFORMERS SILENCED.

In the Session of 1785, Mr. Fox's motion for reform drew from Burke some strong animadversions, demanding how *he* of all men could assume that the people were not sufficiently represented, when he daily boasted that his own place and preponderance there were solely owing to the voice of the people. The argument was unanswerable. On the Government bill for regulating the public offices, which Sheridan termed a mere rat-catching measure, he was equally severe, and continuing the allusion to matters of petty reform, ludicrously quoted:

> Mice and rats, and such small deer,
> Had been Tom's food for seven long year.

BURKE AS A COMPANION.

When Mr. Hardy, the biographer of Lord Charlemont, visited Mr. Burke in 1787, he was charmed with his social,

hospitable, and agreeably communicative qualities. "One of the most satisfactory days," he writes, "perhaps that I ever spent in my life was going with him *tête-à-tête* from London to Beaconsfield. He stopped at Uxbridge whilst his horses were feeding, and happening to meet some gentlemen of I know not what Militia who appeared to be perfect strangers, he entered into discourse with them at the gateway of the inn. His conversation at that moment completely exemplified what Johnson said of him: 'That you could not meet Burke under a shed without saying that he was an extraordinary man.' He was altogether uncommonly attractive and agreeable. Every object of the slightest notoriety, as we passed along, whether of natural or local history, furnished him with abundant materials for conversation. The house at Uxbridge, where the treaty was held during Charles the First's time; the beautiful undulating grounds of Bulstrode, formerly the residence of Chancellor Jeffries; and Waller's tomb in Beaconsfield churchyard, which before we went home we visited, and whose character as a gentleman, a poet, and an orator, he shortly delineated, but with exquisite felicity of genius,—altogether gave an uncommon interest to his eloquence; and although one-and-twenty years have elapsed since that day, I entertain the most vivid and pleasing recollections of it."

A POLITICAL GAME.

In 1787 there were in Parliament nine Members said to be returned by a noble Earl, and who were thence called the *nine-pins*. One evening, Mr. Fox entering the House at the moment of a cheer, inquired of Mr. Sheridan the cause of it. "Oh! nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan; "only Burke knocking down one of the *nine-pins!*"

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DEBTS.

When, in 1787, the Prince applied to Parliament for an increase of income for the liquidation of his debts, Mr.

Sheridan urged the hardship of the case, and went so far as to state that if the assistance was not granted, the Prince *must* discontinue the necessary repairs of Carlton House, and retire from the dignity of his station into the obscurity of private life. Mr. Burke, who was present, with several members of Opposition, saw no satisfactory reason for adopting the threatened alternative, which might be regarded as petulance rather than necessity; that it would be better to submit to inconvenience than resort to retirement; "while many would be induced to question whether dignity thus easily and voluntarily thrown aside might not in time be dispensed with altogether. Besides, *submission* is in itself a virtue, and ultimately will have its effect." It was then urged that the expenses of the public establishment alone would absorb the whole of the Prince's income, leaving nothing for private enjoyments. "Taking the question even on this showing," replied Burke, "if we inquire very minutely, something may be found even for that purpose. But I must continue to think, that a Royal personage ought, in some cases, to make this among his other sacrifices. My idea is (alluding to the paramount duty of supporting the royal dignity in preference to any private gratification,) that we should *starve the man* in order to *fatten the prince*, rather than starve the prince in order to fatten the man."

Burke then proceeded to trace on paper the outline of a proper royal establishment—the chapel, library, and riding-house—the chaplain also to perform the duty of librarian; and suggested as becoming, if not politically useful, for the Prince to give a dinner once a fortnight to all the leading members of Parliament, without distinction of party. He then went into the details of a royal establishment—the description and quality of the officers of the household; the number of servants, horses, and carriages, (the latter limited to two;) the necessary annual repairs of the royal residence; and every other item of probable expense. His calculation showed that after paying all state expenses, there would still

be a residue of 10,000*l.*, which might be appropriated to private purposes. "I always knew Burke's capacity to comprehend great things," said Mr. Courtenay, who was present on the occasion; "but I was not so well aware that he had leisure enough to master the small."

The above was communicated by Lord Crewe to Mr. Haviland Burke, and is given in Prior's *Life*. The requisite knowledge for this estimate Burke had, doubtless, acquired in perfecting his plan of Economical Reform, submitted by him to Parliament in 1779, and printed in his *Correspondence*.

A HOMELY SIMILE.

One of the happiest of Burke's homely similes is contained in his reply to Pitt, on the subject of his commercial treaty with France, in 1787. Pitt, he contended, had contemplated the subject with a narrowness peculiar to limited minds—"as an affair of two little counting-houses, and not of two great nations. He seems to consider it as a contention between the sign of the *fleur-de-lis*, and the sign of the *old red lion*, for which should obtain the best custom." In replying to the argument, that the Americans were our children, and should not have revolted against their parent, he said: "They are our children, it is true, and when children ask for bread, we are not to give them a stone. When those children of ours wish to assimilate with their parents, and to respect the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our Constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?"

DR. BROCKLESBY'S GIFT TO BURKE.

Brocklesby will be recollected as a school-fellow of Edmund at Ballitore. He came to London, practised many years with success and profit, lived in handsome style, and was much attached to the society of men of letters. He kept up his friendship with Burke, and in 1788, gave him an un-

mistakable proof of his regard in the following note, dated from Norfolk-street, Strand, July 2: "My very dear friend,—My veneration of your public conduct for many years past, and my real affection for your private virtues, and transcendent worth, made me yesterday take a liberty with you in a moment's conversation with you at my house to make you an instant present of one thousand pounds, which, for years past, by will, I had destined as a testimony of my regard on my decease." He adds: he is "rich enough to spare to virtue what others waste in vice." Recollecting that the legatee's death might take place (as it really did) before his own, Brocklesby gave the money in advance. Burke allowed a fortnight to elapse before he accepted it, on the assurance that it did not trench on the claims of others, and that it might remain as a debt at the pleasure of the donor.

Dr. Brocklesby attended Burke's son, Richard, at Cromwell House, Brompton, in 1794. The Doctor died on the 11th of December, 1797, having returned that day from a visit to the widow of Edmund Burke, at Beaconsfield.

BURKE AND THE REGENCY.

At the close of 1788, Mr. Pitt addressed to the Prince of Wales a letter, detailing the restrictions to be imposed upon him in the office of Regent. It implied some ungenerous suspicions of his future conduct, to which it was necessary the Prince should reply; but with such reserve as not to commit himself with Parliament, with the public, with the Queen, or with his Majesty, in case of his recovery. For the execution of this delicate duty, the eye of the Prince's party turned upon Burke: the document was produced in a very short time; the writer laying aside the warmth of the partisan, and assuming the dignity of the Prince. As Burke had, however, recently avowed his unacquaintance with the interior of Carlton House, it was doubted whether he really was the author of the Prince's reply; but the rough draft has been found among his papers, a few trifling alterations having been made in the outline—"not for the better."

Burke now found himself the victim of sinister arts, to cause him to stand ill with her Majesty. Such were actively employed on occasion of the Economical Reform Bill. The Queen, it seems, had been accustomed to use a lemon every morning at her toilet; but after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1782, half a lemon was substituted for a whole one. Upon inquiring the cause, she was informed it arose from the operation of Mr. Burke's bill, which, under the plea of economy, was intended to diminish or to deprive her, and those about her, of all their little comforts and conveniences. And Burke found such shafts aimed at him "not without their venom."

There was much angry discussion on the Regency Bill; and among other strong things, Burke spoke of the fraud and fiction of making the Great Seal, a thing of wax and copper, a substitute for a king, when a living, lawful, intelligent heir was at hand; he also taunted Mr. Pitt with being a *competitor* for the Regency with the Prince, to which the Minister replied, that Mr. Burke did not wish the King to recover: but these asperities were soon forgotten on both sides.

The Chancellor Lord Thurlow was negotiating at Carlton House for the preservation of his office, nearly up to the moment of the King's recovery becoming probable. Such artful elasticity of conscience Mr. Burke did not spare, but assailed him with several sarcasms; particularly when in the House of Lords, the wily Chancellor, in allusion to the King's affliction, said: "When I forget his Majesty's favours, may God forget me." "The theatrical tears then shed," Burke remarked, "were not the tears of patriots for dying laws, but of Lords for their expiring places; the iron tears which flowed down Pluto's cheek rather resembled the dismal bubbling of the *Styx* than the gentle murmuring streams of *Aganippe;* in fact, they were tears for his Majesty's bread, and those who shed them would stick by the King's loaf as long as a single cut of it remained, while even a crust of it held together."

BURKE AND THOMAS PAINE.

Paine was a native of Thetford, in Norfolk, and was brought up to his father's business as a staymaker. He subsequently obtained a situation in the Excise, and next as an usher in a school near London. He had shown some ability for writing in a pamphlet, which led a Commissioner of Excise to give him a letter to Benjamin Franklin, then in London, upon whose recommendation he went to America, and in 1776, published his *Common Sense*, described by Burke as "that celebrated pamphlet which prepared the minds of the people for independence." This praise, probably, led Paine, when he returned to England in 1787, to bring with him a letter of introduction to Mr. Burke, with models of his mechanical contrivances, particularly of an iron bridge. Mr. Burke invited him to Beaconsfield, and took him, during a summer excursion to Yorkshire, to several iron foundries, to gather the opinions of practical men. Paine, at this time, professed to have given up politics; but soon afterwards visiting France, the disaffected state of that country revived his natural turbulence. He returned to England well informed of the movements of the popular leaders: these he dropped to Burke, with a recommendation that he should introduce into England a *more enlarged system of liberty* by means of Parliamentary reform. This hint was received with coldness and surprise, but Paine repeated it from Paris in the summer of 1789: his intimacy with Burke had however declined before the publication of the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, in reply to which he wrote the *Rights of Man*, "a false, scandalous, malicious, and seditious libel." Its author, a leveller and a heartless infidel, passed by various stages of infamy to a miserable end.

BURKE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The next great subject which suddenly called Burke off the India question, was destined to make the closing years of his life the most memorable and interesting portion of his poli-

tical career. He had long kept an expectant eye on the affairs of France. When he visited that country, not long before the accession of Louis XVI., he learned from the literary cabal then preparing for the overthrow of altars and throne, enough to enable him to foresee, in their first rudiments, the hideous consequences of the doctrines and measures of the pretended National Assembly of France. Not long after his return to England, in Parliament, he pointed out the conspiracy of atheism to the watchful jealousy of Governments. On Aug. 9, 1789, about three weeks after the storming of the Bastille, he wrote to Lord Charlemont: "The spirit it is impossible not to admire, but the old Parisian ferocity has broken out in a shocking manner. It is true that this may be no more than a sudden explosion; if so, no indication can be taken from it; but if it should be *character* rather than accident, then that people are not fit for liberty, and must have a strong hand, like that of their former masters, to coerce them."

Meanwhile, Burke sought information from every quarter from visitors to Paris; he had also many correspondents, English and American, residing there, as well as natives and other foreigners; and among others, he received letters endeavouring to trick out the events of the Revolution in the most gaudy colouring, from the noted Thomas Paine, Mr. Christie, and Baron (Anacharsis) Clootz.

BURKE QUARRELS WITH FOX.

One section of the Whig party fully partook of Burke's sentiments on the French Revolution; but many of his old friends disagreed with him. On the meeting of Parliament in 1790, Fox not only eulogized the Revolution generally, but was imprudent enough to admire the total defection of the French soldiers from their officers and government. These sentiments were forcibly reprobated as subversive of discipline and subordination. Mr. Burke deprecated the countenance given to the Revolution by his old political friend, made an

eloquent declamation on the errors and dangers of that extraordinary catastrophe, and the folly, injustice, and wickedness of its leaders. He hated the old despotism of France, and still more he hated the new. It was a plundering, ferocious, bloody, tyrannical democracy, without a single virtue to redeem its numerous crimes; and so far from being as Mr. Fox had inadvertently said, worthy of imitation, he would spend his last breath and the last drop of his blood—he would quit his best friends and join his worst enemies to oppose the least tittle of such a spirit, or such an example in England. The speech was received with loud applause by a great majority of the House. Mr. Pitt was the most conspicuous, and although he had expressed some opinions favourable to the struggle, alarmed at its progress and prospects, he now concurred in the sentiments of Burke. Fox replied with moderation, allowed that the speech of Mr. Burke was "one of the wisest and most brilliant flights of oratory ever delivered in that House," but re-asserted his own sentiments on the subject. Sheridan, less temperate, burst into something like an invective against Burke, and described his speech as disgraceful to an Englishman, and a direct encomium of despotism. Burke rose again, expressed great indignation against Sheridan, and declared that he considered his political friendship with Fox to be at an end for ever.

Amidst the ferment occasioned by this dispute, Dr. Parr writes: "All the papers are with Burke,—even the Foxite papers which I have seen. I know his violence, and temper, and obstinacy of opinion, and—but I will not speak out, *for I think him the greatest man upon the earth. . . . He is uncorrupt, I know,* but his passions are quite headstrong."

On the night of this memorable quarrel, the House having adjourned, whilst Mr. Curwen was waiting for his carriage, Mr. Burke, his friend, requested, as the weather was wet, he would set him down. Curwen felt reluctant, but could not refuse. As soon as the carriage-door was shut, he was complimented by Burke as being no friend to the revolutionary

doctrines of the French, on which he spoke with great warmth, and then paused for a reply.

"Former experience, (says Curwen,) had taught me the consequences of differing from his opinions. Yet at the moment I could not but feel disinclined to disguise my sentiments. Mr. Burke, catching hold of the check-string, furiously exclaimed, 'You are one of these people! set me down!' With some difficulty I restrained him;—we had then reached Charing Cross—a silence ensued, which was preserved till we reached his house in Gerard-street, where he hurried out of the carriage without speaking, and thus our intercourse ended."

Caricatures in great number followed this quarrel; as in "The Wrangling Friends; or, Opposition in Disorder," depicting the affecting scene in the House of Commons, Pitt seated quietly on one side, exclaiming, "If they'd cut each other's throats, I should be relieved from these troublesome fellows." The Tories represented Burke as having turned King's evidence against his accomplices, who, they expected, would now be convicted and condemned. A caricature by Gillray represented Fox as the Guy Faux of his party, on the point of blowing up the King, Lords, and Constitution, when he is detected and brought to light by the vigilant watchman, Burke, who here appears in the service of the Crown. In another print Burke is receiving from Pitt a coronet as the reward of his desertion.

After this estrangement from his friends, Burke stood alone between the two great parties; private uneasiness and his anxiety for public interests affected his health. In Lord Sidmouth's *Life* it is related that one evening, approaching the chair in the House of Commons, he said: "Mr. Speaker, I eat too much, I drink too much, and I sleep very little." He is also related to have quoted, in Mr. Addington's hearing:

> Æneas celsa in puppi, jam certus eundi
> Carpebat somnos.

And, when assailed by the inferior members of the party, he gave, from *King Lear*:

The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart,
See—they bark at me.

Lord Macaulay says: "Whenever he rose to speak, his voice was drowned by the unseemly interruption of lads who were in their cradles when his orations on the Stamp Act called forth the applause of the great Earl of Chatham."

BURKE'S "REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

It was in answer to a letter from a French correspondent that Mr. Burke wrote his celebrated *Reflections on the French Revolution*, published in November, 1790, of which the sixth edition was printed before the end of the year: 30,000 copies were sold before the demand was satisfied.

Nothing which Burke's genius, knowledge, or observation could supply was spared to give popularity to his *Reflections*. Proofs of the work had been submitted to Sir Philip Francis, who altogether condemned it as certain to do the author great mischief. Still he proceeded: the whole was published with extraordinary care, more than a dozen revises being taken off and destroyed, according to Dodsley's account, before the writer could please himself.

Walpole, in a letter to the Miss Berrys, Nov. 8, says: "The fatal blow has been at last given by Mr. Burke. His pamphlet came out this day se'nnight and is far superior to what was expected, even by his warmest admirers. I have read it twice; and though of three hundred and fifty pages, I wish I could repeat every page by heart. It is sublime, profound, and gay. The wit and satire are equally brilliant; and the whole is wise, though in some points he goes too far: yet in general there is far less want of judgment than could be expected from *him*. If it could be translated—which from the wit, and metaphors, and allusions, is almost impossible—I should think it would be a classic book in all countries, except in *present* France;* to their tribunes it speaks daggers;

* A French translation, by M. Dupont, shortly after made its appearance, and spread the reputation of the work over all Europe. The

though, unlike them, it uses none. Seven thousand copies have been taken off by the booksellers already, and a new edition is preparing."

The celebrated passage on Marie Antoinette is one of the most eloquent and impassioned of these *Reflections*:

"It is now sixteen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she was just beginning to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom: little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, and economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiments and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

Emperor of Germany, Catherine of Russia, and the French princes, transmitted to Mr. Burke their warm approbation of it, and the unfortunate Stanislaus of Poland sent him his likeness on a gold medal.—*Wright.*

George III. not only read the *Reflections* attentively, but had a number of copies elegantly bound, which he distributed among his friends, with the remark, that it "was a book which every gentleman ought to read." Louis XVI., who was a good English scholar, translated the *Reflections* from end to end. Sir Joshua Reynolds read the work in Burke's manuscript, and gave it his unqualified approval. Gibbon, after reading it, said: "Burke's book is a most admirable medicine against the French disease. I admire his eloquence; I approve his politics; I adore his chivalry; and I can almost forgive his reverence for church establishments." Burke sent a copy of the work to Walpole, who replied that "unless he wrote as well, he could not sufficiently express his admiration." Miss Burney said: "It is the noblest, deepest, most animated, and exalted work that I have ever read." Cumberland declared: "There is not to be found in all the writings of my day, perhaps I may say not in the English language, so brilliant a cluster of fine and beautiful passages as we are presented with in Edmund Burke's inimitable tract on the French Revolution." Erskine spoke of its containing "the soundest truths of religion; the justest principles of morals, inculcated, and rendered delightful by the most sublime eloquence; the highest reach of philosophy brought down to the level of common minds by the most captivating taste; the most enlightened observations on history; and the most copious collection of useful maxims from the experience of common life."

On the other hand, the book was reprobated as assailing the foundations of liberty by a strong party, headed by Fox, who, in Parliament, called it "a libel on all free governments," and "he disliked it as much as any of Mr. Paine's;" but these irritating remarks from a friend verified a future remark of Burke, that "the French Revolution had not merely shaken all the thrones of Europe, but had shaken his friend Mr. Fox's heart and understanding out of their right places."

Burke was said to have headed a crusade against Liberty:

"what Peter the Hermit was to the fanatics of the darker ages, Burke was to the bigoted politicians at the dawn of liberty in France." A perverted phrase was fastened on him to excite popular indignation. In speaking of the destruction of the nobility and clergy, he said that along with these, its natural protectors, learning would be "trodden down under the hoofs of a *swinish multitude*," which expression, though plainly figurative, was tortured to mean that he actually thought the people no better than swine; and this perversion was common in men's mouths to our own day.

In the list of opponents were Priestley, who, he insinuated, was an atheist; Price (who dying soon after the appearance of the *Reflections*, which his sermon had partly provoked, was said by his friends to have been hurt or killed by him);* Earl Stanhope, whose violence verged upon insanity; Mrs. Wollstonecroft and Mrs. Macaulay Graham; the notorious "Tom Paine;" and Mr., afterwards Sir James Mackintosh. Not one of their works has survived. The *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* alone was the production of a sober writer, who, however, soon afterwards characterized Burke as "a writer who was admired by all mankind for his eloquence, but who is, if possible, still more admired by all mankind for his philosophy;" and elsewhere Mackintosh calls him "*the greatest philosopher in practice* whom the world ever saw."

An admirable caricature by Gillray, published Dec. 8, 1790, represents the long spectacled nose of the author of these *Reflections*, armed with the crown and the cross, penetrating into the secret study of "that revolution sinner, Dr. Price," and surprising him surrounded by all the evidence of sedition against Church and State. This print is entitled "Smelling out a Rat; or the Atheistical Revolutionist disturbed in his Midnight Calculations."

A living author, the characteristic of whose writings is that his inferences are supported by a powerful array of facts, observes that "at this distance of time, when his nearest relations

* Prior's *Life*, 5th edit. 1854.

are no more, it would be affectation to deny that Burke, during the last few years of his life, fell into a state of complete hallucination. When the French Revolution broke out, his mind, already fainting under the weight of incessant labour, could not support the contemplation of an event so unprecedented, so appalling, and threatening results of such frightful magnitude. The change was then first clearly seen; it was aggravated by the death of his son; and it became progressively worse till death closed the scene. His son died in 1794; and Burke's most violent works were written between that period and his own death, in 1797."*

POLITICS AT CHURCH.

Burke had a strong dislike for what are termed *political sermons*. In the summer of 1791, while writing his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, he was staying with his family at Margate. He attended Divine service at the parish church; and a popular preacher from London, hearing that Burke would be of his congregation, delivered before him a long political sermon, denouncing French Revolutionary sentiments, and laudatory of the contest the Duke of Brunswick was preparing to carry on against France. Nothing could have been more distasteful to the person it was chiefly intended to gratify. Burke manifested an impatience observable by the whole congregation; he several times stood up, and took his hat, as if expecting the discourse to end; at last, he sat down with such marks of dissatisfaction, that the preacher abruptly terminated his homily. "Surely," said he on a similar occasion to the above, "the church is a place where one day's truce may be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind."

NEW REFORMERS.

In 1790, Mr. Flood submitted to Parliament a motion for Parliamentary Reform, when a jest of Burke threw much

* Buckle's *History of Civilization*, vol. i.

ridicule upon the enthusiasts in the cause. A new party of Reformers, he said, had arisen still more pure in their creed than the rest, who deemed annual Parliaments not sufficiently frequent, and quoted in support of their doctrine the latter words of the statute of Edward III., that "a parliament shall be holden every year once, and *more often if need be.*" How to designate these gentlemen from their less orthodox associates he knew not, except indeed the tenets furnished the hint, and they be known as the *oftener-if-need-be's.*

LAWYERS IN PARLIAMENT.

In the Session of 1791, during a discussion in the House of Commons upon the impeachment of Hastings, Mr. Erskine remarked that the lawyers were not *at home* in that house, when Burke said he believed they were not,—"They were birds of a different feather, and only perched in that House on their flight to another—only resting their pinions there for awhile, yet ever fluttering to be gone to the region of coronets; like the Hibernian in the ship, they cared not how soon she foundered, because they were only passengers—their best bower anchor was always cast in the House of Lords."

Upon another evening, Erskine complained of the length of the trial, when Burke, after an able defence of the manager, asked, with biting sarcasm, "Whether the learned gentleman remembered, that if the trial had continued three, the oppressions had continued for twenty, years? Whether, after all, there were hour-glasses for measuring the grievances of mankind? or whether those whose ideas never travelled beyond a *nisi prius* cause, were better calculated to ascertain what ought to be the length of an impeachment than a rabbit who breeds six times in a year was to judge of the time proper for the gestation of an elephant?"

MADAME DE GENLIS AT BEACONSFIELD.

Among the persons who fled to England, at the breaking out of the French Revolution, was Madame de Genlis, who

had been at first its partisan. As a *celebrité*, Madame, with her suite, took up their abode for a short time at Butler's Court. They had scarcely got settled, when her chamberlain communicated that Madame la Comtesse could not sleep if the smallest portion of light entered her bedchamber. The shutters were fitted afresh, and chinks closed up, in order to exclude the rays of morning—but in vain: thick window-curtains and bed-curtains were tried, but in vain. At length a carpenter was employed every evening to nail up blankets against every crevice, and thus the light was effectually shut out—the carpenter removing the blankets in the morning.

The Countess was not much liked among the friends and visitors at Butler's Court: her weak point was to do, or be thought to do, everything; in short to be an universal genius in mind and mechanical power; but her conceit led her into untruth. Sir Joshua Reynolds was then on a visit to Burke, and had his attention attracted by a curious ring which the Countess wore: he asked by what good fortune she had acquired it, and received for answer that it was executed by herself. This was too much for truth-loving Reynolds: he stared, but made no reply. "I have done with her," said he, the first time he was alone with Mr. Burke afterwards—"to have the assurance to tell *me* such a tale! Why, my dear Sir, it is an antique; no living artist in Europe can equal it."

FRENCH PRINCIPLES.—PITT AND BURKE.

Lord Sidmouth, while Speaker and close friend of Pitt, was dining with him at Beaconsfield, in September, 1791, when Burke was earnestly representing the danger which threatened this country from the contagion of French principles. Pitt said, "Never fear, Mr. Burke, depend on it we shall go on as we are till the day of judgment." "Very likely, Sir," replied Mr. Burke; "it is the day of *no* judgment that I am afraid of."

GOOD ADVICE.

When the Portland party joined the Ministry, Mr. Pitt asked several of the principal members to dine, among whom was Burke. They rose from table, Lord Sidmouth, who was present, said, "after much desponding conversation on the gloomy aspect of public affairs," when Mr. Burke, in an encouraging tone, addressed to them the following line from Virgil, as his parting advice:

"Durate, et vosmet rebus, servate secundis."—*Æneid*, lib. i.

"Endure the hardships of your present state,
Live and reserve yourselves for better fate."—*Dryden.*

DEATH OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

In the spring of 1792, (23rd February,) died Burke's amiable and excellent friend of thirty-five years' standing—Sir Joshua Reynolds—bequeathing him for the trouble of executorship, 2000*l.*, and also cancelling a bond for the same amount, lent on a former occasion. Their intimacy—the extent of a generation—had been close and uninterrupted—their feelings and sentiments consonant—and in this protracted friendship they had conjointly missed many a brilliant ornament from the gay circle that was wont to assemble round Reynolds's hospitable board in Leicester-square.

It was long said that the President was indebted to Burke for his celebrated *Lectures on Painting;* and, for the nonce, he is said to have paid 4000*l.*, the sum bequeathed by Reynolds. The story is, however, now discredited; it is more probable that Burke, who was well acquainted with the subject, and moreover, ready to suggest to his friend, may have corrected the lectures. "What the illustrious Scipio was to Lelius," says Mr. Malone, "the all-knowing and all-accomplished Burke was to Reynolds." Barry acknowledges assistance of this kind: he writes from Rome: "it is impossible to describe to you what an advantage I had in the acquaintance of Mr. Burke: it was a preparative, and facilitated my relish for the beautiful things of the arts here."

Mr. Burke first suggested to Sir Joshua the well-known picture of Count Ugolino and his sons, from Dante, which was purchased for 400 guineas. In return, Burke entertained so favourable an opinion of the painter's judgment and discrimination as a philosopher, that he submitted to him in manuscript, the *Reflections on the French Revolution.*

A few hours after Reynolds's death, Burke wrote for the newspapers, his character of him—"as fine a portrait as Reynolds ever painted.", "It is," says Seward, "the eulogium of Parrhasius pronounced by Pericles—it is the eulogium of the greatest painter by the most consummate orator of his time."

Sir Joshua Reynolds (says Burke,) was on very many accounts one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the greatest inventors of the renowned ages. "He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter he was a profound and penetrating philosopher. His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not merely cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere general and unmixed sorrow."

Mr. Burke superintended the ceremonial of the funeral: his remains rest in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral—"the Painter's Corner," as it is called; and in the cathedral nave is a portrait statue of England's finest painter, Reynolds, by her best sculptor—Flaxman.

At the close of the day of the funeral, Mr. Burke attempted to return thanks, in the name of the family, to the Members of the Academy for the attention shown to the remains of

their late President; but the orator's feelings found vent in tears; and, after several efforts, he gave up the attempt: his was mute grief—he could not utter a word.

But his eloquence sometimes placed others in a similar difficulty. He became guardian to Miss Palmer, Sir Joshua's niece and heiress, afterwards Lady Inchiquin and Marchioness of Thomond. At her marriage, when the articles were brought to be signed, Mr. Burke addressed her in an impressive manner on her intended change of condition, which so agitated her, that she could not hold the pen. Her friends attempted to calm her in order to procure the signature, but in vain; and the party separated for the time, unable to accomplish the purpose of their meeting.

Sir Joshua's legacy to Burke soon brought out Edmund's generous nature. He remembered two old reduced ladies in Ireland, and thus wrote to his son: "Now, my dearest Richard, I have destined a twentieth of what has fallen to us to these two poor women—fifty to each. . . . God knows how little we can spare it."

DID EDMUND BURKE WRITE SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S "LECTURES?"

This strange question originated in a Memoir of Burke, in Walker's *Hibernian Magazine* for 1810; where it is stated that "in 1769, the Royal Academy was opened; Sir Joshua Reynolds was appointed President, and Mr. Burke wrote the address which made the name of the amiable President so justly celebrated. Every one of those addresses, which have so much delighted the artists of Europe, was written by Mr. Burke from hints furnished him by Sir Joshua. For this service Mr. Burke was known to receive 4000*l.*, and it is probable he received much more. Sir Joshua's sight grew dim; and the necessity of a fair copy being made out for him, not being able to read Mr. Burke's crowded page, led to the discovery."—(*Notes and Queries*, No. 313.)

Another correspondent of the same journal, No. 316, adds similar testimony from M'Cormick's *Memoirs of Burke*, 2nd

edit. 1798, which he considers corroborative of the first statement, whereas it more probably gave rise to it. Here it is stated that Sir Joshua made the sketch of the subject, and furnished the hints, or text, for Mr. Burke. A copy was then sent to Sir Joshua, who returned it interlined with further suggestions. Then it is artfully said: "Sir Joshua himself was very willing to encourage the idea of his being under an obligation of that sort to Dr. Johnson, with a view, no doubt, of diverting conjecture from his real assistant:" however, he adds: "I do not mean to say he contributed a single sentiment to them, but he qualified my mind to think justly."

Mr. S. W. Singer then, in No. 320, comes to the rescue; and refers to a letter among the manuscripts of James Boswell—from Sir Joshua Reynolds to Edward Malone, in which he writes: "I have sent by my servant my Discourse, which I shall take as a great favour if you not only will examine critically, but will likewise add a little elegance."

Burke, in a letter to Malone, after the publication of Sir Joshua's *Life and Works*, says: "I have read over some parts of the Discourse with an unusual sort of pleasure, partly because, being a little faded from my memory, they have a sort of appearance of novelty; partly by reviving recollections mixed with melancholy and satisfaction. The Flemish journal I had never seen before. You trace in that everywhere the spirit of the Discourse, supported by new examples. *He is always the same man, the same philosophical, the same artist-like critic, the same sagacious observer, with the same minuteness, without the smallest degree of trifling.*" Is this the language of one who had himself written the Discourse?

Northcote, the pupil of Reynolds, who lived some years in his house, had, however, answered the scandalous fiction long since in his *Memoirs*.*

* "At the period when it was expected that he should have composed them (the Lectures), I have heard him walking at intervals in his room till one or two o'clock in the morning, and I have on the following day, at an early hour, seen the papers on the subject of his art, which had been written the preceding night. *I have had the rude manuscript from himself, in his own handwriting,* in order to make a fair copy from it for

Haydon also demolished the argument, both positively and inferentially; as well as by a letter communicated to him by a then (1844) living niece of Sir Joshua's.

Lastly, Mr. F. T. Colby, of Exeter College, Oxford, states that the original MSS., in Sir Joshua's own handwriting, are still preserved at Great Torrington, Devon, where Sir Joshua's nephew, and Mr. Colby's maternal grandfather, the Rev. John Palmer, resided.—(*Notes and Queries*, No. 320.)

"THE DAGGER SCENE," IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the Session of 1792-3, when the acrimony and invective against Burke's opinions on the French Revolution began to wane, and his views began to gain ground, there occurred what may be termed a striking illustration of his effective manner. A Bill was introduced on December 28th, for the regulation of Aliens, in support of which he made a long and able speech, "on the principle that the ministers of a monarchy could not and ought not to have their hands tied behind them, while the emissaries of republicanism, regicide, and atheism, poured into their country with the design to destroy it."—(*Prior.*) It therefore became necessary to place aliens under strict supervision, and to confine to certain districts those emigrants who had taken refuge in England, and who had received temporary assistance from Government, who were already aware that some of the refugees in England were spies and agents of the Jacobins and other incendiary clubs of Paris. There it had been proposed that each citizen should carry about his person a concealed poniard, ready to plunge it into the heart of an aristocrat whenever a safe opportunity should occur. Mr. Burke, in confirmation of this statement, mentioned in his speech the circumstance of three thousand daggers having been ordered at Birmingham, of which seventy had been delivered. "*This*," said he, pointing

him to read in public. I have seen the manuscript also, after it had been revised by Dr. Johnson, who has sometimes altered it to a wrong meaning, from his total ignorance of the subject and of art; *but never, to my knowledge, saw the marks of Burke's pen in any of the manuscripts.*" —Northcote's *Memoirs*.

to the weapon he had brought with him, "is what you are to gain by an alliance with France; whenever their principles are introduced, their practice must follow: you must equally proscribe their tenets and their persons from our shores;" at the same moment he flung the naked weapon indignantly upon the floor of the House. The effect reminds one of the orator's own reference to the dangerous step from the sublime to the ridiculous: out of doors it was condemned as a melodramatic flourish, and a stage trick unworthy of a great orator and a great subject. It was, certainly, in bad taste; but Mr. Prior has adduced indubitable evidence to show that the act was unpremeditated. He then quotes from the *Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. i., the following: "The history of it," (the dagger,) says Sir Charles Lamb, "is, that it was sent to a manufacturer at Birmingham as a pattern, with an order to make a large quantity like it. At that time, the order seemed so suspicious, that, instead of executing it, he came to London and called on my father, (afterwards Sir James Bland Burgess, then Foreign Under-Secretary,) at the Secretary of State's Office, to inform him of it, and ask his advice; and he left the pattern with him. Just after, Mr. Burke called on his way to the House of Commons, and upon my father mentioning the thing to him, borrowed the dagger to show to the House, They walked down to the House together, and when Mr. Burke had made his speech, my father took the dagger again, and kept it as a curiosity." It was subsequently preserved among the interesting relics at Butler's Court.

The mere act of showing the dagger would scarcely have been objectionable; it was the theatrical dashing it upon the floor of the House which was so offensive that Burke's enemies fastened upon it as an act of frenzy. This complexion, however, even Gillray, who caricatured the scene in the true spirit of a humorist, did not give to Burke's flourish: he is firm and collected, but the fun consists of the visible dismay of Dundas, Pitt, Sheridan, and Fox, whom the artist has represented—the two former on account of their hesitation, and the two latter on account of their appro-

bation, in regard to French affairs—to form part of the gang whose detection the production of the dagger had accomplished. Many of those who objected to the "dagger-scene," however, treated it as a passing joke.

A PHILOSOPHICAL SIMILE.

When, in February, 1793, Mr. Burke opposed in Parliament Mr. Fox's resolutions condemnatory of the War, he illustrated the current doctrines of the day in this new aspect: "Gentlemen," he said, "who were so charmed with the lights of this new philosophy, might say that age had rendered his eyes too dim to perceive the glorious blaze. But old though he was, he saw well enough to distinguish that it was not the light of heaven, but the light of rotten wood and stinking fish—the gloomy sparkling of collected filth, corruption, and putrefaction:

> "So have I seen in larder dark,
> Of veal a sparkling loin,
> Replete with many a brilliant spark,
> As sage philosophers remark,
> At once both stink and shine."

DEATH OF RICHARD BURKE.

Early in 1794, Mr. Burke lost his brother Richard, to whom he was most affectionately attached. They started in the world nearly together, though with very different capacities. Their fraternal love was unbroken by change of fortune; for many years they had but one purse, and one house, and they lived nearly in the same circle of friends. Richard wrote well, but was far less patient of laborious application than his brother. Lord Mansfield pronounced him a rising man at the bar; but politics had for him the stronger inducement, and his acceptance of a Treasury Secretaryship, in 1782 and 1783, injured his prospects as a lawyer: he, however, by the interest of his brother, became Recorder of Bristol, and one of the counsel on the trial of Warren Hastings. Richard

possessed much wit and humour, and was intimate with Goldsmith, who has thus embalmed him in his verse:

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wished him full ten times a-day at Old Nick;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wished to have Dick back again!

BURKE'S LAST APPEARANCE IN PARLIAMENT.

On the 20th of June, 1794, Mr. Pitt moved the thanks of the House to the managers of Hastings' Trial, "for the faithful management in their discharge of the trust reposed in them;" which was carried. Mr. Burke, in reply, observed that prejudices against himself, arising from personal friendship or personal obligations to the accused, were too laudable for him to be discomposed at. He had thrown no general reflections on the Company's servants; he had merely repeated what Mr. Hastings himself had said of the troops serving in Oude; and the House had marked their opinions of the officers in the very terms he had used. The other expressions attributed to him, he added, had been much exaggerated and misrepresented.

This was the last day he appeared in the House of Commons, having immediately afterwards accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Among the opinions on his conduct in the Hastings affair, those of Mr. Nicholls, in his *Reflections of the Reign of George III.*, are striking: "I had lived (says Mr. Nicholls) in habits of acquaintance with Mr. Edmund Burke. I had no prejudices against him; for he had not at that time involved my country in the crusade against French principles. Before he brought forward the charges against Mr. Hastings, he conversed with me very fully on the subject.

I put this question to him: 'Can you prove that Mr. Hastings ever derived any advantage to himself from that misconduct which you impute to him?' He acknowledged that 'he could not;' but added, that 'his whole government of India had been one continued violation of the great principle of justice.' Before the charges were laid on the table, I had a second conversation with Mr. Burke on the subject. When he found that I persevered in my opinion, he told me, 'that in that case I must relinquish the friendship of the Duke of Portland.' I replied, that would give me pain, but that I would rather relinquish the Duke of Portland's friendship than support an impeachment which I did not approve."

DEATH OF BURKE'S SON.

This calamity, which followed a few months the death of Burke's brother, fell grievously upon the father. His only child, Richard Burke, died on the 2nd of August, 1794, at the early age of 36. His health had been for some time unsettled; but his fond father was led into the deceptive hope of placing him, when he had retired from Parliament, in a position to take an active part in public affairs, for which he was, by his talents, well qualified. Immediately after he had vacated his seat, they both proceeded to Malton, and the son was returned in his place. He thus wrote to his cousin, now become Mrs. Haviland: "I cannot let this post, which is the first after my election, go out without assuring you of my most affectionate remembrance, and giving you the satisfaction of receiving one of my first franks, as I am sure there is no person who takes a more sincere interest in any good event that can befal me."

The fond anticipations of the son were, however, soon to be frustrated along with the sanguine hopes of the father. The latter obtained for him the appointment of secretary to Earl Fitzwilliam, the new viceroy of Ireland. Meanwhile, on his return to town with his father, amidst the congratulations of friends upon their good fortune, the more experienced,

with fearful emotion, perceived the hectic flush of the son. The physicians judged the disease to be incipient decline; but Dr. Brocklesby, who well knew the strong paternal affection and sensitive temperament of Mr. Burke, was of opinion that to break to him the danger would probably prove fatal to him sooner than to the patient. Change of air, even for the short time previous to his proceeding to Ireland, was then recommended; and, to be near town, Cromwell House, in the genial suburb of Brompton, was taken. Here he became rapidly worse; his condition could no longer be concealed from his father, who, from the moment of the communication of the danger, just a week before the fatal termination, scarcely tasted food, did not sleep, but gave way to unceasing lamentations. Dr. Laurence draws a sad picture of this scene of suffering: "The family are with poor Richard in country lodgings a little beyond Brompton. It is a house of mourning indeed, a scene of affliction. Dr. Brocklesby says, almost too much for him, who, as a physician, is inured to these sights, and in some degree callous to them. Mrs. Burke, he says, sustains herself nobly, to keep up the fortitude of her husband. Mr. Burke writes to me that he seeks tranquillity in prayer: he is himself (as he tells me) almost dried up; there is, however, in his last letter, plainly a gleam of hope, and a tone of comparative calmness of spirit. The conclusion of his first letter was highly affecting. He ended with an abrupt exclamation, "Oh! my brother died in time."

But this hope was delusive; the patient sunk on the 2nd of August. His last moments are thus pathetically described by Dr. Laurence:

"During the night previous, Richard Burke was restless and discomposed. In the morning his lips were observed to have become black. His voice, however, was better; and some little sustenance which he took remained quietly on his stomach. But his father and mother, having relinquished even the shadow of hope, thought nothing of these deceptively favourable symptoms. Their lamentations reached him where he lay. He instantly arose from his bed, and to make his

emaciated appearance less shocking to his parents, changed his linen and washed himself. He then desired Mr. and Mrs. Webster, the old and faithful family servants, whose tender care of him was unremitting, to support him towards the door of the room where his father and mother were sitting in tears. As soon as he arrived at the door, he exerted himself to spring forward alone; and treading studiously firmly, for the purpose of showing how little his strength was diminished, he crossed the room to the window. He endeavoured to enter into conversation with his father; but grief keeping the latter silent, he said, 'Why, Sir, do you not chide me for these unmanly feelings? I am under no terror; I feel myself better, and in spirits; yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, Sir; talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, on indifferent subjects.' Then turning round, he asked, 'What noise is that? Does it rain? Oh, no; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees;' and immediately, with clear voice, with correct and impressive delivery, and with more than common ease and grace of action, he repeated these three lines from Adam's morning hymn in Milton—a favourite passage of his father's, and his uncle just deceased;

> His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
> Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
> With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

"He began again, and again pronounced the verses; waved his head in sign of worship, and worshipping, sunk into the arms of his parents as in a profound and sweet sleep, and expired. His mother closed his eyes."

Dr. Laurence states that during the first day the father was truly terrible in his grief. He occasionally worked himself up into an agony of affliction, and then bursting away from all control, would rush to the room where his son lay, and throw himself headlong, as it happened, on the body, the bed, or the floor. Yet at intervals he attended and gave directions relative to every little arrangement, which the situation rendered necessary, pleasing himself most with thinking what would be most consonant to the living wishes

and affections of his lost son. Next he would argue against the ineffectual sorrow of his loving wife. She, on the other hand, sometimes broke into fits of violent weeping, sometimes showed a more quiet but a more determined grief, and at other times again, a more serene composure than her husband. Instead of dashing herself down like him, she only lamented, that when on Thursday, by an accidental fall, she sprained her wrist, "it had not been her neck;" but, when her husband attempted to persuade her that she had no business still to remain in the house, she answered steadily, "No, Edmund, while he remains here I will not go." On Saturday evening, however, she promised that neither of them would ever enter more the chamber where their son lay. This promise they kept; and shortly after left Cromwell House.*

Burke had lost in his dear son a companion and confidant, and a rare example of filial duty and affection. Their mutual confidence was more unreserved than commonly prevails between father and son. "The father," Mr. Prior tells us, "had enlarged the house at Beaconsfield for his particular pursuits and accommodation; he consulted him for some years before his death on almost every subject, whether of a public or private nature, that occurred; and very often followed his judgment in preference to his own, where they happened to differ. The deceased possessed much knowledge, firmness, and decision of character, united with strict integrity of mind. The loss of such a treasure; the unexpected and irremediable destruction of hopes entertained of his advancement and fame, and, as an only child, the consequent extinction of the hopes of descendants to continue his name, was naturally felt by Burke with excessive poignancy. It shook his frame so fearfully, that though the intellectual energies continued unimpaired, his bodily powers rapidly declined."

Richard Burke was buried in Beaconsfield church. His father could not afterwards bear to see the place of his interment, and when going from Gregories to town, instead of

* Taken down in 1853: it was situated upon lands believed to have been bequeathed to the parish of Kensington by Oliver Cromwell.

coming through Beaconsfield, he took a cross road behind an eminence which intercepted the view of the church. Although he sought relief in literary composition, yet the loss of his beloved son was never absent from his mind. The Bishop of Meath, on seeing Burke soon after this affliction, observed that his countenance betrayed traces of decay and extreme mental anguish, the chest had obviously sunk, and altogether he exhibited the appearance of one bowed down both in frame and spirit by the severest affliction.

His private letters, and even his publications, and his every-day conversation, were chequered with expressions of his grief. He spoke of the departed "hope of his house," "the prop of his age," "his other and better self." What can be more touching than those words which he addressed to a relative on the birth of a son: "May he live to be the staff of your age and close your eyes in peace, instead of, like me, reversing the order of nature, and having the melancholy office to close *his*." To Mr. C. Baron Smith, he writes in despair: "Yes; the life which has been so embittered cannot long endure. The grave will soon close over me and my dejections:" and to Sir Hercules Langreish he complains of the remainder of his short and cheerless existence in this world. To Lord Auckland, he writes: "For myself or for my family (alas! I have none) I have nothing to hope or fear in this world." To Mr. William Elliot, he laments: "Desolate at home, stripped of my boast, my hope, my consolation, my helper, my counsellor, my guide. You know in part what I have lost, and would to God I could clear myself of all neglect and fault in that loss."

We have said that his grief found vent in his published works: even in his political letter to a Noble Lord, he speaks of "the sorrows of a desolate old man,"—in reply to the Duke of Bedford's mean reproach for his acceptance of a pension,—in this touching lament:

"Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a

family; I should have left a son who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal attempt, in every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency and symmetrised every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the Crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

"But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me: I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognise the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate man. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his, who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive

myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse of wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury, it is a privilege, it is an indulgence for those who are at ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent."

Of this lamented son, who was neither so tall nor muscular as his father, his features smaller and more delicate, and his complexion florid, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted an admirable portrait. This picture, soon after his death, Mr. Burke had engraved; underneath, after his age, name, and the date of his death, are the following lines, slightly altered from Dryden's elegiac poem of *Eleonora:*

> As precious gums are not for common fire,
> They but perfume the temple and expire;
> So was he soon exhaled and banished hence,
> A short sweet odour at a vast expense.

Adding to them this characteristic apostrophe:

> O dolor atque decus.

Dr. Laurence speaks of a paragraph in the handwriting of a female, which was sent to certain newspapers for insertion immediately after Richard Burke's death; which communication is said to be explained as follows:

"Why," (asks Mr. Sergeant Burke,) "knowing the deep anxiety of his father to leave direct representatives, did Mr. Richard Burke remain unmarried till the age of thirty-six, the time of his death? The cause was owing to a romantic incident. Mrs. Burke had brought up at Beaconsfield a young lady, the daughter of neighbours in humbler life than

herself, whom she had retained near her as a friend and constant companion. This girl, who was very amiable, clever, and agreeable, became a great favourite with the whole Burke family; and a tender attachment eventually sprung up between her and the son of the house, Richard, whose playmate and associate she had been from childhood. The discovery of these sentiments of Richard Burke caused much anxiety to his parents. They could not concur in so unequal a marriage; and he, all filial obedience, yielded to their wishes. The lady left Beaconsfield; and shortly afterwards, through the influence of the Burkes, formed an advantageous matrimonial alliance. Her descendants, from whom this story comes, are now living in the enjoyment of ease and respectability. Richard Burke, it seems, loved deeply; for, after her marriage, he would never himself think of wedlock; and we find his father, in one of his letters to him while in Dublin, gently chiding him for his somewhat remarkable absence from the assemblies, balls, and company of the ladies there. Richard's premature and melancholy death, whether or not having one of its sources in this love-affair, aroused, no doubt, some expressions of feeling on the part of the object of his affections or her friends; and it is to this that Dr. Laurence most probably alludes, in his notice of the paragraph."

GRANT OF A PENSION TO MR. BURKE.—HIS DEFENCE OF IT.

In the autumn of 1794, he received a letter from the Minister, announcing, in the following terms, the consideration extended by the Crown to Mr. Burke's long and meritorious service:

"Downing-street, Aug. 30, 1794.

"Dear Sir,—I have received the King's permission to acquaint you that it is His Majesty's intention to propose to Parliament in the next Session to enable His Majesty to confer on you an annuity more proportioned to His Majesty's sense of your public merit than any which His Majesty can at present grant; but being desirous, in the interval, not to leave you without some, though inadequate mark of the

sentiments and dispositions which His Majesty entertains towards you, he has further directed me to prepare an immediate grant out of the Civil List of 1200*l.* per annum, (being the largest sum which His Majesty is entitled to fix,) either in your own name or that of Mrs. Burke, as may be most agreeable to you. I shall be happy to learn your decision on this subject, that I may have the satisfaction of taking the necessary steps for carrying his Majesty's intentions into immediate execution.—I have the honour to be, with great esteem and regard, dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, W. PITT."

This favour, so generously offered, and entirely unsolicited, Mr. Burke, by the advice of his friends, did not refuse. The intention, however, was not carried into effect precisely as originally proposed; Mr. Pitt advising the King to grant, in lieu of the Parliamentary provision, 2500*l.* per annum, in annuities for lives payable out of the West India Four and a half per cent. fund, then at the disposal of the Crown, in order to enable Mr. Burke to discharge some large debts. The measure was not finally settled till October, 1795; but long before this, animadversions upon the subject became loud in Parliament; and the rancorous abuse of the party hack-writers of the day—the curs of low degree—was started in all quarters, and kept up with ceaseless clamour.

Burke treated the majority of these attacks with contempt; but he could have placed against them a public life of thirty years of purity, which, in the language of an eminent Whig, when alluding to the fact, "was proof against his own embarrassed circumstances."

In the above year, however, there came an attack upon the meritorious public servant, which led him to treat the assailants as higher game. These were the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, in the House of Lords: they were answered by a spirited defence by Lord Grenville there, and Mr. Windham in the Commons; Burke himself, in his celebrated *Letter to a Noble Lord*, also replying to their illiberality, as already mentioned.

This pamphlet was written specially to justify the bounty of the Crown towards Burke, by adducing his claims and services, which he most ingeniously places parallel with those of the Duke of Bedford's ancestor, who had profited so largely by similar means. "I was not," he writes, "like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator. *Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. . . . . I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the Crown grants to his own family. This is 'the stuff of which his dreams are made.' In that way of putting things together his Grace is perfectly right. The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray—everything from him and about him is from the throne.

"Is it for him to question the dispensation of the royal favour?

"I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble duke. But I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live

with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the Crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said, "'Tis his estate; that's enough. It is his by law: what have I to do with it or its history?' He would naturally have said on his side, '"Tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions; he is an old man with very young pensions—that's all.'

"I have strained every nerve to keep the Duke of Bedford in that situation which alone makes him my superior. Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the Crown those prodigies of profuse donations by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? Is it not a singular phenomenon, that whilst the sans-culottes carcass-butchers, the philosophers of the shambles, are pricking their dotted lines upon his (the Duke's) side, and like the print of the poor ox we see at the shop windows at Charing Cross, alive as he is and thinking no harm in the world, he is divided into rumps, and sirloins, and briskets, and into all sorts of pieces for roasting, boiling, and stewing—that all the time they are measuring *him*, his Grace is measuring *me;* is invidiously comparing the bounty of the Crown with the deserts of the defender of his order, and in the same moment fawning on those who have the knife half out of the sheath—poor innocent,

Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

. . . . . Let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

"The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Russel, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry VIII. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create those relations, the favourite was, in all likelihood, much such another as his master. The first of these immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the Crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourite became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the Church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind so different from his own.

"Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his from Henry VIII. Mine had not its fund from the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men; his grants were made from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door."

After powerfully contrasting the merit of the grantee with his own claims, Burke continues:

"This founder's merits were by arts in which he served his master and made his fortune, to bring poverty, wretchedness, and degradation on his country. Mine were under a benevolent prince, in promoting the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of his kingdom; in which his Majesty shows an

eminent example, who even in his amusements is a patriot, and in hours of leisure an improver of his native soil."

BURKE'S FARMING.

Burke wrote practically upon farming. In his *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity*, 1795, he expounded some of the doctrines of political economists bearing upon agriculture as a trade; exposing the absurdity of such schemes as settling a maximum of prices, regulating the wages of labour between farmer and servant by authority; and establishing public granaries in towns by Government, in order to supply the wants of the people at fixed prices. His knowledge of farming, and of stock, live and dead, led his neighbours frequently to apply to him for advice upon such matters; and he once surprised a distinguished politician who was visiting him, by entering into a history of rural affairs, of the rents, taxes, and variations in the poor's-rates of fifty parishes in the country, during several consecutive years; as well as improvements in tillage and grazing. Early in the summer of 1795, from the appearance of the young wheat, he predicted an insufficient harvest; and being discredited, he carried a large quantity of green ears in his carriage to exhibit to incredulous friends. Harvest-home was always celebrated with great festivity at Butler's Court, the family mingling with the humbler guests in its gaiety and sports.

"LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD."—LETTERS ON A REGICIDE PEACE.

The first of these Letters, which appeared in 1796, has already been noticed. It became more popular than any thing else Burke ever wrote, with the exception of the *Reflections on the French Revolution*. Mr. Prior tells us that he read this Letter over twice, (many parts half a dozen times,) without intermission, affected with no ordinary wonder at the mingled irony, indignant remonstrance, pointed rebuke, and imagery in those bold figures, which not merely impress

the mind of the reader at the moment by their force, but are seldom afterwards forgotten. "I perceive in it," says the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, "genius, ability, dignity, imagination, and sights more than youthful poets when they dreamed, and sometimes the philosophy of Plato, and the wit of Lucian."

The author was unfortunate in the publisher of this pamphlet, one Owen, of 188, Piccadilly, who had been recommended by Mr. Windham. He would give no account of the profits, and had the hardihood to assert that Mr. Burke had given him the MS.; and rather than go to law with him, the author allowed him to keep what he had got. Before this, however, Owen had obtained the MS. of two letters on a Regicide Peace, which he refused to deliver up, and actually published in defiance of the author, with an Advertisement in defence of his conduct. Meanwhile, the work had been transferred by the author to Messrs. Rivington, of St. Paul's Churchyard, and was brought out by them in a correct form.

The second of these Letters is remarkable for the observations it contains on the manner in which the war had till then been, and long afterwards continued to be, conducted; and for the confident tone in which it is announced, that no success could be hoped for until that plan should be changed. The allies, it is observed, had adopted "a plan of war, against the success of which there was something little short of mathematical demonstration. They refused to take any step which might strike at the heart of affairs. They seemed unwilling to wound the enemy in any vital part. . . . They always kept on the circumference; and the wider and remoter the circle was, the more eagerly they chose it as their sphere of action in this centrifugal war." A third of the Regicide Peace Letters was in the press when Mr. Burke died; and a fourth, left unfinished, was published after his death.

The circumstances attending the publication of these Letters, and the law proceedings against the publisher, proved great annoyances to Mr. Burke.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH AND MR. BURKE AT BEACONSFIELD.

In December, 1796, the appearance in the *Monthly Review* of a paper on Mr. Burke's *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, by Sir James, then Mr., Mackintosh, led to a correspondence between the author and reviewer. Mackintosh, in one of his letters, observes: "From the earliest moment of reflection your writings were my chief study and delight. The instruction which they contained is endeared to me by being intwined and interwoven with the freshest and liveliest feelings of youth. The enthusiasm with which I once embraced it is now ripened into solid conviction by the experience and meditation of more mature age. For a time, indeed, seduced by the love of what I thought liberty, I ventured to oppose, without ever ceasing to venerate, that writer who had nourished my understanding with the most wholesome principles of political wisdom. I speak to state facts, not to flatter; you are above flattery, and permit me to say, I am too proud to flatter even you.

"Since that time a melancholy experience has undeceived me concerning subjects in which I was the dupe of my own enthusiasm. I cannot say (and you would despise me if I dissembled) that I even now assent to all your opinions on the present politics of Europe. But I can with truth affirm, that I subscribe to your general principles, and am prepared to shed my blood in defence of the laws and constitution of my country. Even this much, Sir, I should not have said to you, if you had been possessed of power."

Burke was a sufferer from illness at Beaconsfield, and his reply was made by the hand of another, the disease under which he was so soon to sink already incapacitating him from all such exertion. After thanking Mackintosh for his letter, as well calculated to stir up those remains of vanity that he had hoped had been nearly extinguished in a frame approaching to the dissolution of everything that can feed that passion —though, indeed, it afforded him a more solid and a more

sensible consolation, Mr. Burke proceeds: "You have begun your opposition by obtaining a great victory over yourself; and it shows how much your own sagacity, operating on your own experience, is capable of adding to your own extraordinary natural talents, and to your early erudition. It was the show of virtue and the semblance of public happiness, that could alone mislead a mind like yours; and it is a better knowledge of their substance which alone has put you again in a way that leads the most securely and the most certainly to your end. As it is on all hands allowed that you were the most able advocate of the cause which you supported, your sacrifice to truth and mature reflection adds much to your glory. For my own part, (if that were anything,) I am infinitely more pleased to find that you agree with me in several capital points, than surprised to find that I have the misfortune to differ with you on some. . . .

"Though I see very few persons, and have, since my misfortune,* studiously declined all new acquaintances, and never dine out of my own family, nor live at all in any of my usual societies, nor even in those with which I was most closely connected, I shall certainly be as happy as I shall feel myself honoured by a visit from a distinguished person like you, whom I shall consider as an exception to the general rule. I have no habitation in London, nor ever go to that place but with great reluctance, and without suffering a great deal. Nothing but necessity calls me thither; but though I hardly dare to ask you to come so far, whenever it may suit you to visit this abode of sickness and infirmity, I shall be glad to see you."

Burke did not, however, think much of Mackintosh's "supposed conversion." He says, writing to Dr. Laurence: "I suspect by his letter that it does not extend beyond the interior politics of this island; but that with regard to France and many other countries, he remains as frank a Jacobin as ever. The conversion is none at all; but we must nurse up these nothings, and think these negative advantages

* The death of his son.

as we can have them; such as he is, I shall not be displeased if you bring him down."

The visit to Beaconsfield, which immediately followed, was, probably on account of the infirm state of Mr. Burke's health, confined to a few days; "but they were days which his visitor often recalled to memory as among the most interesting of his life. General respect for Mr. Burke's character and talents he had always felt and expressed; these were now merged into something of a feeling of affection towards the man. There unfortunately remains no memorial of this meeting, offered by the Hannibal of political wisdom to his youthful competitor after their warfare. Thoughts worthy of record must have been struck out by the collision of such minds, so differently circumstanced. The younger, who had the world all before him, disappointed in his lofty expectations, still with the buoyancy of spirit natural to youth, clinging to hope, though with less confidence than heretofore—the elder going down to his place of rest, while the darkness all round the horizon only confirmed his forebodings—whilst a generous confidence in enlarged principles, and an ardent desire for the future happiness of the race, were common to both.*

When Mackintosh was on a visit to Beaconsfield, the conversation turning upon the late Mr. Richard Burke, Mr. Burke said: "You, Mr. Mackintosh, knew my departed son well. He was, in all respects, a finished man, a scholar, a philosopher, a gentleman, and, with a little practice, he would have been a consummate statesman. All the graces of the heart, all the endowments of the mind, were his in perfection. But human sorrowing is too limited, too hedged in by the interruptions of society, and the calls of life, for the greatness of such a loss. I could almost exclaim with Cornelia, when she bewailed Pompey, (you must know that fine passage in Lucan,)

Turpe mori post te solo, non posse dolore."

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* *Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh.* Edited by his son, Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. Vol. i. 1835.

MACKINTOSH'S OPINION OF BURKE.

In the *Diary of a Lover of Literature* (Thomas Green, Esq., of Ipswich,) we find these details:

"June 13th, 1799.—Had a long and interesting conversation with Mr. Mackintosh, turning principally on Burke and Fox. Of Burke he spoke with rapture, declaring that he was, in his estimation, without any parallel, in any age or country, except, perhaps, Lord Bacon and Cicero; that his works contained an ampler store of political and moral wisdom than could be found in any other writer whatever; and that he was only not esteemed the most severe and sagacious of reasoners, because he was the most eloquent of men, the perpetual force and vigour of his arguments being hid from vulgar observation by the dazzling glories in which they were enshrined. In taste alone, he thought him deficient; but to have possessed that quality in addition to his other would have been too much for man. Passed the last Christmas (of Mr. Burke's life) with Burke at Beaconsfield (the visit referred to in the former anecdote), and described, in glowing terms, the astonishing effusions of his mind in conversation; perfectly free from all taint of affectation; would enter with cordial glee into the sports of children, rolling about with them on the carpet, and pouring out, in their gambols, the sublimest images, mingled with the most wretched puns. Anticipated his approaching dissolution with due solemnity but perfect composure;—minutely and accurately informed, to a wonderful exactness, with respect to every fact relative to the French Revolution. Burke said of Fox, with a deep sigh: 'He is made to be loved.' Fox said of Burke, that Mackintosh would have praised him too highly, had that been possible, but that it was not in the power of man to do justice to his various and transcendent merits.

"Of Gibbon, Mackintosh neatly remarked, that he might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind, without his missing it."

Sir James Mackintosh says: "The second speech by Mr. Burke, on America, was thought by Mr. Fox the best work of the master. The judgment was certainly right: it has the careful correctness of his first manner, joined to the splendour of his second; it was the highest flight of his genius under the guidance of taste; except a few *Burkeisms*, in the noble peroration, it contains few deviations from beauty. The most characteristic of all his productions is the speech on the Carnatic: it contains the most sublime and the most distasteful passages."

Again: "Burke's best style was before the Indian business and the French Revolution had inflamed him. Mackintosh read some admirable passages from his address to the Colonies, and from his address to the King, which was not published till after his death. 'Very bold and very fine—glowing with rational liberty; and without any of his faults.' He quoted from the address to the King a passage, which Lord Grenville said was 'the finest that ever Burke wrote—perhaps the finest in the English language'—beginning, 'What, gracious Sovereign, is the empire of Austria to us, or the empire of the world, if we lose our own liberties?'—suggested evidently by the passage in the Psalms, 'What shall a man,' &c. Burke's speech on the war in the Carnatic is the finest, perhaps, of all his compositions, but in it also are some of his most glaring defects."

"IMPEACHMENT" OF FOX BY BURKE.

Early in 1797, Owen, the publisher of Piccadilly (whose dishonesty has already been noticed), announced a letter from Mr. Burke to the Duke of Portland, on the Conduct of the Minority in Parliament, containing Fifty-four Articles of Impeachment against Mr. Fox; "from the Original Copy in the possession of the Noble Duke." The publication appeared; professing to be "printed for the Editor," and sold by Owen. It was a pamphlet of 94 pages; and had been sent to press by one Swift, a person whom Burke had taken into his service

from motives of charity, and had confidentially employed to transcribe the only fair copy he had ever taken of it. This had been prepared in the early part of 1793, and communicated solely to the Duke of Portland and to Earl Fitzwilliam, before they had seceded from the Whig Club. In a letter, dated Sept. 29, 1793, which was sent along with it to the former, Burke says: "I now make it my humble request to your Grace that you will not give any sort of answer to the paper I send, or to this letter, except barely to let me know that you receive them. I even wish that at present you may not read the paper which I transmit; lock it up in the drawer of your library-table; and when a day of compulsory reflection comes, then be pleased to turn to it. Then remember that your Grace had a true friend, who had, comparatively with men of your description, a very small interest in opposing the modern system of morality and policy; but who, under every discouragement, was faithful to public duty and to private friendship. I shall then probably be dead. I am sure I do not wish to see such things; but whilst I do live I shall pursue the same course."

Swift, however, had surreptitiously taken a copy of the MS. for his own use. As soon as the publication appeared, an injunction was obtained to stop its sale; but it was notwithstanding reprinted immediately both in Scotland and Ireland, and about 3000 copies of it are supposed thus to have got into circulation. Burke was at the time at Bath, and considered to be on his deathbed. The appearance of the paper, especially under such a title, annoyed him greatly.

"I never," he says, in a letter which he wrote to Dr. Laurence at the moment, "communicated that paper to any out of the very small circle of those private friends from whom I concealed nothing. But I beg you and my friends to be cautious how you let it be understood that I disclaim anything but the mere act and intention of publication. I do not retract any one of the sentiments contained in that memorial, which was, and is, my justification addressed to the friends for whose use I intended it. Had I designed it for

the public, I should have been more exact and full. It was written in a tone of indignation, in consequence of the resolutions of the Whig Club, which were directly pointed against myself and others, and occasioned our secession from that club, which is the last act of my life that I shall under any circumstances repent. Many temperaments and explanations there would have been, if ever I had a notion that it should meet the public eye."

ON PAPER CURRENCY.—BURKE AND CANNING.

The opinions of Mr. Burke on the circulating medium seem to have been of that prophetic character by which so many of his views are characterized. In a debate, (Feb. 13, 1826,) on Country Banks, Mr. Canning observed: "There was no period of our history at which there was a greater distress, or greater difficulty and dismay than in 1795. At that period there was published by Mr. Burke, a gentleman of no ordinary or doubtful authority, a book, every point and sentence of which was questioned at the time, but the truth of which was subsequently most fully established. Mr. Burke, in describing the French revolutionary proceedings, pointed out the mistakes into which they fell with respect to our paper currency, and observed, that they seemed to imagine that the prosperity of Great Britain grew out of her paper currency, whereas, in point of fact, the paper currency grew out of her prosperity!" . . . . "It had been his (Mr. Canning's) fortune to hear and to know Mr. Burke—a man whose eloquence and whose soundness of opinions distinguished him as a member of that House. Unfortunately, however, he had only known him but two years before his death; he received a letter from him, when confined at Bath to a sick bed, from which he never arose,* on the subject of the stoppage of cash payments by the Bank, in which the concluding sentence was to the fol-

* This is a mistake, as Mr. Burke recovered sufficiently to be able to quit Bath for Beaconsfield, where he died.

lowing effect: 'Tell Pitt that if he circulates one-pound notes at the same time with guineas, he will never see the guineas again!' This was the observation of that great man, who in giving utterance to this sentiment, seemed to exercise a spirit of prophecy which had so very recently been verified."

BURKE'S LAST ILLNESS.

The career of the patriot and philosopher was now about to close. His health had been for some time in a declining state, which terminated in general debility and loss of muscular energy. He could not take his accustomed exercise, and his mind had not recovered from the sorrowings for the loss of his only son. His close application to literary pursuits, his former laborious Parliamentary exertions, and the great excitement of the closing events of his political career, had, doubtless, hastened this premature decay. His intellectual powers were still bright, but their earthly tenement was giving way.

Towards the close of the year he was confined principally to his couch, and no longer able to write himself, he dictated his letters to any relative or intimate friend who happened to be stopping in the house. Hence his correspondence continued to be extensive, and his thoughts flowed with their accustomed impassioned brilliancy. His Letters to Dr. Hussey, on Roman Catholic and Irish affairs, written about this time, are full of energy. From Lord Fitzwilliam several letters were received at Beaconsfield, condemning Mr. Pitt's financial scheme, his precipitate solicitations for peace, and his general conduct of the war. "You, my dear Burke," says the Earl, "by the exertion of your great powers, have carried three-fourths of the public, but you have not carried him, and I fear all the rest will go for nothing." Mr. Windham, though in office, writes to Mr. Burke nearly in a similar strain. He corresponded upon lively subjects with the accomplished Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Crewe, who sketched most agreeably the parties, politics, and squires of Cheshire and other places. To one of this lady's

visitors, then rising fast in public opinion, he sent this message: "Tell Mr. Canning that I am very much flattered in finding that a man of his genius and his virtue finds anything to tolerate in my feeble and belated endeavours to be useful, at a crisis of the world which calls for the efforts of a rich mind like his, in the full vigour of all his mental and all his bodily powers: but I am soothed in seeing that I continue the object of his early partiality."

Burke's declining health now alarmed his friends; and from the beginning of 1797, his existence was merely a struggle with dissolution. A visit to Bath was proposed, but he shrunk from the publicity of the place, and declined to go; until Mr. Windham earnestly and affectionately remonstrated with him upon his disregard for his recovery, at length he consented to the journey, upon Mr. Windham promising to accompany him.

In February, Mr. Burke was carried to Bath, for the benefit of the waters; they were found to be ineffectual; but he continued here till the end of May. In a letter to one of his friends, at this time, he says: "My health has gone down very rapidly; and I have been brought hither with very faint hopes of life, and enfeebled to such a degree, that those who had known me some time ago, could scarcely think credible. Since I came hither, my sufferings have been greatly aggravated, and my little strength still further reduced; so that though I am told that the symptoms of my disorder began to carry a more favourable aspect, I pass the far larger part of the twenty-four hours, indeed almost the whole, either in my bed or lying upon the couch from which I dictate this." In this letter, written on the affairs of Ireland, and indited by snatches, amidst pain and suffering, he hints at something like the Union which took place in three years after, by urging that the seat of her superior or *Imperial* politics should be in England. "There is," he said, "a great cry against English influence. I am quite sure that it is Irish influence which dreads English habits." The Union was the only alternative, when Separation was the watchword of the Republican

faction which convulsed Ireland. Burke's judgment in this case was decided: "Great Britain would be ruined by the separation of Ireland. But as there are degrees even in ruin, it would fall most heavily on Ireland. By such a separation, Ireland would be the most completely undone country in the world, the most wretched, the most distracted, and in the end, the most desolate point of the habitable globe."

Thus, we see that his counsels on English politics were of the same direct, lofty, and uncompromising spirit which had made his voice as the sound of a trumpet to the heart of England. He exhibits to the last that high reliance on the power of the empire to continue the conflict, and that unshaken confidence in her achieving the victory, which formed, in the early part of the war, so strong a contrast with the despondency of public men, and in the close so proudly anticipated the triumphs of the British arms.

While at Bath, he was visited by Mr. Wilberforce, who was then staying there. He writes in his Diary thus of "(take him for all and all,) the greatest luminary of the eighteenth century"—"Poor Burke came down quite emaciated. . . . . Evening.—Called on Burke, and sat an hour; no serious talk." Again he writes: "Burke is come here but very poorly, and Windham is visiting him. His faculties are as fresh as ever. He abstains from talking politics."

Yet, prostrated as he was, the vigour of his mind sometimes burst out with patriotic fire. It was the Mutiny in the Fleet. Wilberforce records: "Heard (April 17th) of Portsmouth meeting; consultation with Burke." "The only letter which reached Bath that day by the cross-post from Portsmouth was one from Captain Bedford, of the *Royal Sovereign*, to Patty More. She brought it to me, and I took it at once to Burke. He could not then see me; but at his desire called again at two o'clock. The whole scene is now before me. Burke was lying on a sofa much emaciated; and Windham, Laurence, and some other friends, were around him. The attention shown to Burke by all the party was just like the

treatment of Ahithophel of old. 'It was as if one went to inquire of the oracle of the Lord.' I reported to them the account I had received, and Burke being satisfied of its authority, we had a consultation on the proper course for Government to follow. Windham set off for London the same night with the result of our deliberations. *Burke's advice was very much the same as Sir Charles Middleton's had been on a similar occasion*, which Pitt often mentioned as an instance of Sir Charles's promptitude and resolution. 'Never,' said Burke to those about him, 'never succumb to these difficulties. It is a struggle for your existence as a nation; and if you must die, die with the sword in your hand. But I have no fears whatever for the result. There is a salient, living principle of energy in the public mind of England, which only requires proper direction to enable her to withstand this or any other impending danger. Persevere, therefore, till this tyranny be overpast. This ambitious and insolent foe will, if he can, enslave you, his most detested and most dreaded enemies, as he has done others; but he cannot enslave you if you are steadfastly determined to defend yourselves.'"

Among his labours while at Bath was his fourth letter on a Regicide Peace; his correspondence with Mr. Windham, the Secretary at War; and with Mr. Arthur Young, the agriculturist, to whom he expounded, in a few sentences, the doctrines which he had long held, and which are now popularly called "Free Trade."

To Mrs. Leadbeater, the day before he quitted Bath, he sent, through another hand, a letter signed tremulously by his own, but breathing more than ever the manliness of Christian resignation: "I feel as I ought to do your constant hereditary kindness to me and mine. What you have heard of my illness is far from exaggerated. *I am, thank God, alive, and that is all.* Hastening to dissolution, I have to bless Providence that I do not suffer a great deal of pain. . . . . I have been at Bath these four months to no purpose, and am therefore to be removed to my own house at Beaconsfield to-

morrow, to be nearer to a habitation more permanent, humbly and fearfully hoping that my better part may find a better mansion."

This letter also speaks with the utmost tenderness of Mrs. Burke's gratitude, and congratulates Mrs. Leadbeater on the birth of her son, with remembrance to the representative of her family. The Bishop of Meath said of this touching communication: "The great scene on which Providence gifted him and allotted him to move, was now closing; and no record can now be produced to mark the leading features of his character so strongly as in this letter. It shows him still cherishing the early affections of his heart, among the higher cares which the station he had attained imposed upon him; and after having controlled the destinies of the world, as *all now* agree he did, by his later writings, turning his last thoughts to the retired, unassuming daughter of the friend of his youth."*

To Beaconsfield Burke returned to die. He was anxious to die at home, to breathe his last surrounded by the objects and recollections endeared to him through life. To some one who probably remonstrated with him on taking so long a journey in his shattered condition, he answered: "It is so far at least *on my way to the tomb:* I may as well travel it alive as dead."

He lingered for a month longer, during which interval he gave directions as to the disposal of some of his papers: he was strongly desirous that the chief documents relating to the Impeachment of Hastings should be published; adding, when enjoining this wish, the opinion of that important proceeding which he had universally expressed.

Meanwhile, Earl Fitzwilliam had communicated to Mr. Fox that Mr. Burke's end could not be far distant; when Fox sent to Beaconsfield a letter of inquiry, to which Mrs. Burke replied by express, stating by the dying statesman's desire: "It has cost Mr. Burke the most heart-rending pain to obey the stern voice of his duty, in rending asunder a long

* Poems by Mary Leadbeater, p. 323, quoted in Prior's *Life*.

friendship, but that he deemed this sacrifice necessary; that his principles continue the same; and that in whatever of life may yet remain to him, he conceives that he must live for others, and not for himself. Mr. Burke is convinced that the principles which he has endeavoured to maintain, are necessary to the welfare and dignity of his country; and that these principles can be enforced only by the general persuasion of his sincerity." These are strong words, but they were dictated by that exalted sense of principle which is indicative of true greatness.

THE EMIGRANT SCHOOL AT PENN.

Towards the close of his life, when his mind was beclouded with domestic sorrow, and he had entirely withdrawn from the busy world to the rural quiet of Beaconsfield, Mr. Burke, after having used every exertion which a philanthropic heart could prompt, and the wisest mind could direct, for stimulating governments to combat irreligion and anarchy,—he, in a narrower sphere, sought to repair the injuries which they had inflicted on society, in the breaking up of many happy homes, and the dispersion of their happy families.

Early in 1796, Mr. Burke founded a school for the destitute children of emigrants who had perished by the guillotine, or the firebrands of the Revolution. The house of the late General Haviland, at Penn, about three miles north-west of Beaconsfield, was selected for the school. It had been leased to the Government in 1794, and was intended as a retreat for a few of the houseless French clergy; but this idea was given up. Through the representations of Mr. Burke, Mr. Pitt gave his assent to its being converted into a school-house for the emigrants, with an annual allowance of 600*l*. Trustees were appointed, and the Abbé Maraine was placed at the head of the establishment, assisted by the learned Abbé Chevallier.

Burke drew up the proposal which was submitted to Government by the Marquis of Buckingham. In this he stated:

"The circumstance the most unpleasant in the expulsion

of the gentlemen of France, is the situation of their children; particularly the children of those who are now serving in the emigrant corps, or who have been engaged in military service, many of whom have perished while in the British pay.

"They are growing up in poverty and wretchedness, and inevitably mixed with the children of the lowest of the people in the miserable lanes and alleys of London, in which the poverty of their parents obliges them to reside.

"From wretchedness and bad company the transition is easy to desperate vice and wickedness. In this bad society they grow up without any sort of education.

"If Providence should restore them to their country, they will be utterly incapable of filling up their place in society; —no small calamity to all nations, to have France the receptacle of noble or ignoble barbarians.

"If they are to remain in perpetual exile, they are nothing less than trained to Botany Bay or the gallows; a horrible reflection to gentlemen, who will naturally feel for children of unfortunate gentlemen."

Then follow the details of the plan of the School. There was much official delay in settling the business, which made Burke indignantly say: "The rent of an useless house (at Penn) is paid in Windham's office. What! with all these dukes, marquises, cabinet ministers, secretaries-at-state, and secretaries-at-war, cast off lord-lieutenants of Ireland, and their secretaries—cannot this miserable little affair of fifty pounds a-month be done between them—with the aid, too, of all the lady-marchionesses and lady-knights of the shire?"

The school was opened in April, and nothing could exceed the vigilance and solicitude with which Mr. Burke attended to the institution. He visited it sometimes daily, though at three miles distant from his house; and he then supplied the table of the masters and scholars from his own. Their prizes were distributed annually, when in a Latin oration delivered in the walls Mr. Burke was referred to as the guardian spirit of the institution. He assigned to the youths a blue uniform, and for their hats a white cockade, inscribed, "*Vive le Roi;*"

those who had lost their fathers had it placed on a blood-coloured label; those who had lost uncles on a black one. The Marquis of Buckingham made them a present of a small brass cannon and a pair of colours.

The superintendence of the school served to divert Burke's occasional gloom, and became a source of occupation and interest. He earnestly bequeaths in his Will the institution to the protection of the noble persons joined in the trust. The school lost its founder in the year after its establishment. It was, however, continued to be supported by the Treasury until the restoration of legitimate monarchy in France in 1814, after which the money was remitted until the institution was dissolved in 1820.

Many of the youths educated in this college subsequently filled important stations in various parts of the dominions of France. In 1820, the house at Penn was sold, and pulled down, leaving scarcely a vestige to mark the spot where senators were wont to converse, and wit and eloquence were wont to flow in full force amid the social circle formed by the Burkes.

There remain upon the site two of the largest and loftiest fir-trees in the kingdom, which General Haviland used to call his grenadiers; and these trees may be seen from Harrow-on-the-Hill, from St. Paul's Cathedral, and from the rising ground near Reading.

BURKE'S DESPONDENCY.

In the middle of 1796, Burke's grief appeared incurable. He writes: "Alas! my dear friend, I am not what I was two years ago. Society is too much for my nerves. I sleep ill at night; and am drowsy, and sleep much during the day. Every exertion of spirits which I make for the society I cannot refuse, costs me much, and leaves me more doubly heavy and dejected after it. Such is the person you come to see; or rather, the wreck of what was never a very first-rated vessel. Such as I am, I feel infinitely for the kindness of those old friends who remember me with compassion. As

for new, I never see but such French as come to visit the school (at Penn), which supplies me the void in my own family, and is my only comfort. For the sake of that I still submit to see some who are still more miserable than I am."

Lamentation and consolation came from many quarters. Abraham Shackleton has the melancholy satisfaction of perusing dear Edmund's account of his poor state of health. "He hopes (trusts) that a quiet resting-place is prepared for him. The memory of E. Burke's philanthropic virtues will outlive the period when his shining political talents will cease to act. New fashions of political sentiment still exist; but philanthropy,—*immortale manet!*"

To Dr. Laurence he writes, June 1: "As to the state of my body since my return, I cannot help smiling at the thought of Woodford's seeing it in so gay a point of view; for I am sure if I should wish to see you, you will rather think me a man dug out of the grave than as a man, going, as I am, into it. I am infinitely weaker than when I left this, and far more emaciated. 'Pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto.' I look like Ovid's Envy, but, thank God, without envying any one; and certainly not in a condition to be envied, except by those who prognosticate the dreadful evils of every kind which you are impending over us."

Four days later, he writes a political letter to Dr. Laurence, in which, after speaking hopelessly of Ireland, he says: "As for the state of this Kingdom, it does not appear to me to be a great deal better than that of Ireland. Perhaps in some point of view it is worse. To see the Thames itself boldly blocked up by a rebellious fleet is such a thing as in the worst of our dreams we could scarcely have imagined. The lenitive electuary of Mr. Pitt's bill is perfectly in the old woman's dispensatory. The only thing which he spoke of, and which has any degree of common sense, is a general association of the whole kingdom to support Government against all disorder, and all enemies, foreign and internal; but I doubt whether he has stuff enough in him to carry it into

execution. What is all this coquetting with Sheridan? and what, except shame, do they get by it?"

DEATH OF BURKE.

He was now visibly dying; but his mind, in the full conviction that his hour was approaching, was still active, and still occupied alike in those fond and those lofty interests which had so equally occupied his years. He was, indeed, awed with the inspired command: "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." He sent messages of remembrance to some peculiarly valued friends, declared his account of friendship and enmities with the world, by forgiving all injuries. He sent to Mr. Wilberforce for his book on Christianity. "Have you been told," Mr. Henry Thornton asks Mrs. Hannah More, "that Burke spent much of the two last days of his life in reading Wilberforce's book, and said that he derived much comfort from it, and that if he lived, he should thank Wilberforce for having sent such a book into the world? So says Mrs. Crewe, who was with Burke at the time. Before his death Mr. Burke summoned Dr. Laurence to his side, and committed specially to him the expression of these thanks."—(*Life of Wilberforce*, vol. ii.)

He talked occasionally of his own political course, of his principles, his purposes, and the prospects of the country. His life had been religious, and its close was Christian. He declared that he sought the Divine mercy on the grounds and the principles of the Christian faith, seeking it only through the blessed Redeemer, "whose intercession," as he himself expressed it, "he had long sought with unfeigned anxiety, and to which he looked with trembling hope." He then gave some private directions connected with his approaching decease; and his last moments were passed in listening to the reading of Addison's papers on the Immortality of the Soul. When these were being read, he became faint, and desired to be carried to his bed. His attendants, with Mr. Nagle, of the War Office, were bearing him in their arms, when his

breathing became difficult, he attempted to articulate a blessing on those around him, but sank down, and after a momentary struggle, expired, July 9, 1797, in the 68th year of his age.

Dr. Laurence describes his end as "suited to the simple greatness of mind which he displayed through life, every way unaffected, without levity, without ostentation, full of natural grace and dignity. He appeared neither to wish nor to dread, but patiently and placidly to await, the appointed hour of his dissolution." Who, upon reading these touching details, will not say in the language of Scripture: "O may I die the death of the righteous, and may my latter end be like unto his?"

Mr. Prior gives these particulars of the *post-mortem* examination: "His heart was found to be preternaturally enlarged, affording confirmation to the belief, if the common idea of the sympathy between the heart and the affections of the mind be founded in fact, that *grief for the loss of his son killed him.* An abscess had likewise formed in his side, which some of his medical attendants, among whom was Dr. Lynn, of Windsor, considered of a cancerous nature." Sir Gilbert Blane, who had been previously consulted, informed Mr. Prior, in a long conversation on the subject, that "he had arrived at that conclusion from the first, of the disease being a scirrhous affection of the stomach."

The will was, itself, a document worthy of the mind of Burke. It commenced with the striking and pious acknowledgment of his faith. "According to the ancient, good, and laudable custom, of which my heart and understanding recognise the propriety, I bequeath my soul to God, hoping for his mercy only through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. My body I desire to be buried in the church of Beaconsfield, near to the bodies of my deceased brother and my dearest son; in all humility praying, that as we have lived in perfect unity together, we may together have part in the resurrection of the just." His brother-in-law, Mr. John Nugent, he bequeaths to the protection of his political friends,

in order to provide for his interests; and "to his entirely beloved and incomparable wife, Jane Mary Burke," is given the whole of the property in fee simple. To his niece, Mrs. Haviland, whose husband was alive at the time the will was drawn up, was left a legacy of 1000*l.*

THE FUNERAL.

The public grief for the death of Burke was expressed in the strongest language of regret and admiration. The Sovereign, the Senate, and the People alike lamented the loss of this eminent person. Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons, proposed that he should be interred in Westminster Abbey; forgetting that when in early manhood Burke first visited that majestic edifice, after expressing the feelings excited by the building and the illustrious dead, he added: "Yet, after all, I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets." The wish was almost literally fulfilled. He does not, it is true, *rest* in a country *churchyard*, but a country church contains his body, and the south isle exhibits his monument. He once remarked: "I should like that my dust should mingle with kindred dust,"—which is the case. Burke, his wife, his only and loved son Richard, and his brother Richard, all sleep in the same vault.

The day of interment was July 15. All classes of his own neighbourhood, as well as his titled friends at a distance, were anxious to follow his remains. The body had been removed to the house of Mrs. Salisbury Haviland, in the town of Beaconsfield, the previous day, for the convenience of a walking procession to the church. Seventy members of the Benefit Society patronized by Burke, clad in mourning, preceded the corpse. The pall was borne by

Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Minto.
The Speaker of the House of Commons, afterwards Lord Sidmouth.
The Duke of Portland, K.G.
Earl Fitzwilliam.
Duke of Devonshire, K.G.
Earl of Inchiquin, afterwards Marquis of Thomond.
Mr. Windham.
Lord Chancellor Loughborough, afterwards Lord Rosslyn.

Dr. Burney, who followed the remains to the grave, sent the following account to his daughter: "I was invited to poor Mr. Burke's funeral by Mrs. Crewe and two notes from Beaconsfield. Malone and I went to Bulstrode together in my car with two horses added to mine. Mrs. Crewe had invited me thither when she went down first. We found the Duke of P (ortland) there; and the duke of Devonshire and Windham came to dinner. The Chancellor and Speaker of the House of Commons could not leave London till four o'clock, but arrived a little after seven. We set off together to Beaconsfield, where we found the rest of the pall-bearers, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Inchiquin, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, with Drs. King and Laurence, Fred. North, Dudley North, and many of the private friends of the deceased, though by his repeated injunctions the funeral was to be very private. We had all hat-bands, scarfs, and gloves.

"He left a list to whom rings of remembrance are to be sent, among whom my name occurred; and a jeweller has been here for my measure. I went back to Bulstrode by invitation, with the two Dukes, the Chancellor and Speaker, Windham, Malone, and Secretary King. I stayed there till Sunday evening, and got home just before the dreadful storm. The Duke was extremely civil and hospitable—pressed me to stay much longer, and go with them, the Chancellor, Speaker, and Mrs. Crewe, to Penn, to see the school founded by Mr. Burke, for the male children of French emigrant nobles; but I could not with prudence stay.

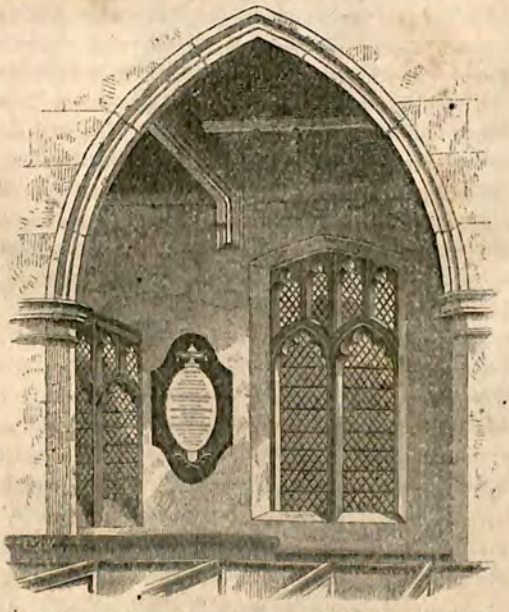
"So much for poor Mr. Burke,—certainly one of the greatest men of the present (the 18th) century; and I think I might say, the best orator and statesman of modern times. He had his passions and prejudices to which I did not subscribe; but I always admired his great abilities, friendship, and urbanity; and it would be ungrateful in you and me, to whom he was certainly partial, not to lament his loss."

As might have been expected, the man who preferred the humility of a country churchyard to the stateliness of Westminster Abbey, as a resting-place for his remains, expressed

in his will a disinclination to posthumous honours, which were limited to a flag-stone or a small tablet on the church-wall. His reason for preferring this plainness is expressed in few words: he says, "Because I know the partial kindness to me of some of my friends; but I have had in my life too much of noise and compliment." Perchance he recalled the pathos of the Bard, who, in a churchyard at a few miles distant, had sung:

> Nor you, you proud, impute to these the fault,
> If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
> Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
> The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise.
>
> Can storied urn or animated bust
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?—GRAY.

Accordingly, in the south aisle of Beaconsfield church was



TABLET TO THE BURKE FAMILY, IN BEACONSFIELD CHURCH.

placed a lozenge-shaped marble tablet, white upon a black ground: it bears the following inscription:

NEAR THIS PLACE LIES INTERRED ALL
THAT WAS MORTAL OF THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE,
WHO DIED ON THE 9TH OF JULY, 1797, AGED 68 YEARS.

IN THE SAME GRAVE ARE DEPOSITED
THE REMAINS OF HIS ONLY SON, RICHARD BURKE, ESQ.,
REPRESENTATIVE IN PARLIAMENT FOR THE BOROUGH OF MALTON,
WHO DIED THE 2ND OF AUGUST, AGED 35.

OF HIS BROTHER, RICHARD BURKE, ESQ.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
AND RECORDER OF THE CITY OF BRISTOL,
WHO DIED ON THE 4TH OF FEBRUARY, 1794:

AND OF HIS WIDOW, JANE MARY BURKE,
WHO DIED THE 2ND OF APRIL, 1812,
AGED 78.

When Mr. Jesse visited Beaconsfield a few years since, the old gardener, who lived many years with Mr. Burke, told him of the splendour of the funeral, the number of equipages, and the nobility and illustrious families of the mourners.

Mr. Jesse was also told that Burke was so sensible of the hatred that he had incurred from the Revolutionists, that he desired to be buried in a wooden coffin, being apprehensive that his remains would be taken up and exposed at some future period, should that party gain the ascendancy.*

On the Sunday following the day of the funeral, a sermon was preached in the church, which characterized the deceased statesman and philanthropist with such pathos, as deeply to affect the hearers.

All acknowledged that a great man had passed from among them, and many of the poorest felt that they had lost a sym-

* In the autumn of 1831, when a vault was being made in the church for James Cundee, Esq., close to Edmund Burke's, a portion of the wall gave way, and the Rector distinctly saw Edmund's *wooden* coffin, greatly decayed, and the lid fallen in; but he did not disturb it, to see whether the skeleton was entire.

pathizing friend. A great concourse of mourners filled the wide space around the churchyard. The church was filled: a large attendance of the neighbouring gentry bore witness to the esteem in which Burke was held in his own county; and many Peers, Members of the House of Commons, and men of letters, and artists, gathered round the coffin of him whose voice had so often influenced the deliberations of the senate, but was now hushed in the silence of the grave.

Just after Burke's decease appeared the following, written by M. Cazalés: "Died at his house at Beaconsfield, with that simple dignity, that unostentatious magnanimity so consonant to the tenour of his life and actions, the Right Honourable Edmund Burke. There never was a more beautiful alliance between virtue and talents. All his conceptions were grand, all his sentiments generous. The great leading trait of his character, and that which gave it all its energy and its colour, was that strong hatred of vice which is no other than the passionate love of virtue. It breathes in all his writings; it was the guide of all his actions. But even the force of his eloquence was insufficient to transfuse it into the weaker or perverted minds of his contemporaries. This has caused much of the miseries of Europe; this has rendered of no effect towards her salvation the sublimest talents, the greatest and rarest virtues that the beneficence of Providence ever concentrated in a single character for the benefit of mankind. But Mr. Burke was too superior to the age in which he lived. His prophetic genius only astonished the nation which it ought to have governed."

M. Cazalés was a frequent guest at Beaconsfield. He had geen an opponent of Mirabeau in the National Assembly, and bore so strong a resemblance to Mr. Fox as to be mistaken for him more than once in the streets. An amusing anecdote is told of his first visit to Gregories. He had often heard of *roast-bif* as an indispensable dish of all Englishmen, but with so little idea of its nature as to take up a slice of toast at breakfast, and ask whether that was not the great staple of an English stomach of which he had heard so much?

BUTLER'S COURT, AFTER BURKE'S DEATH.

Mrs. Burke continued to reside at Butler's Court, (as Gregories was now called,) until her death; here visited by the friends of her late husband, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Windham. In her latter years, she suffered much from rheumatism, which deprived her of the power of taking exercise. Some time previous to her death, she sold the mansion and estate to her neighbour, James Du Pré, Esq., of Wilton Park, for 38,500*l.*, reserving the use of the house and grounds during her life, and for one year after her death. With her lived Mrs. Haviland, the niece of Mr. Burke, to whom she left a legacy of 5000*l.*; the remainder of the property being bequeathed to Mr. Burke's own nephew, Mr. Nugent; including the library and the tokens of regard which had been presented to the great statesman, and were preserved at Gregories. The sculpture was dispersed by sale, and a few of the pieces are now in the British Museum.

Among these relics was an old carved chair, which had been for many years used in the House of Commons, and upon its displacement was presented to Mr. Burke. It was sold to Mr. Peregrine Dealtry; and after his decease, in 1814, was presented by his sisters to Dr. Parr, who preserved it with great care at Hatton. On his death, in 1825, it passed to Dr. John Johnstone, of Birmingham, the editor of Parr's *Works*.

The mansion of Butler's Court outlasted but a few days beyond a year after Mrs. Burke's death. It had been let to a clergyman for the purpose of a school; but was accidentally burnt down on the morning of the 23rd of April, 1813.*

MR. JESSE'S VISIT TO BEACONSFIELD.

Of Burke's domestic life, especially about the period of his son's death, Mr. Jesse, (the author of several charming books on Natural History,) gives an interesting account in his *Favourite Haunts*.

* Cliefden, the seat of Burke's intimate friend, Lord Inchiquin, only five miles distant, was burnt down a few years before: like Butler's Court, it was built upon the plan of Buckingham House.

Towards the end of the autumn of 1845, Mr. Jesse, accompanied by the Rev. J. Mitford, of Benhall, Suffolk, paid a visit to Beaconsfield, and Gregories or Butler's Court, about half a mile from the town, on the left of the road to Penn. Of the whole domain, 600 acres, Burke held 160 in his own hands. A small park-like extent of ground surrounded the house, and the scenery, without being striking, is agreeable. The place is still adorned with fine trees, and enriched with the view of distant coppices and woods. The house of Gregories was burnt down a few months after Mrs. Burke's death, but the site is clearly marked by the inequality of the broken ground, and the ruins of the foundation. Part of the old stables is still remaining, and the kitchen-garden has received no further change than having had fruit-trees, as more profitable, substituted for vegetables by the tenant who hires it. This person is no other than the old gardener who lived many years with Burke, and who now, in his old age, obtains a scanty livelihood from the produce of the trees chiefly planted by his own hands, and many during the lifetime of his master. "Four times," he said, "he had followed to the grave the remains of this illustrious family;" for on the same marble tablet in the church at Beaconsfield, are recorded the deaths of Burke and his beloved son, and his brother Richard. Many years after, the name of Mrs. Burke was added to theirs.

The old man, although in very advanced age, retained the clearness of his intellect, and related some anecdotes of his great master, to whom and his family he seemed much attached: he particularly dwelt upon the deep, overwhelming sorrow which Mr. Burke endured to his death for the loss of his son.*

He stated that Mr. Burke lived hospitably and elegantly at Gregories; that his house was always full of company,

* His afflicted father mentioned him in many pathetic passages of his later works; and notwithstanding Burke's own transcendent talents and genius, he is said to have remarked, with a mixture of personal and paternal pride, how extraordinary it was that Lord Chatham, Lord Holland, and he should each have had a son superior to his party.—*Croker's Boswell's Johnson.*

amongst whom Dr. Laurence and Mr. Windham were constant guests; that he always had four black horses to his carriage, and that he was very kind to his dependants, and charitable to the poor. The old gardener recollected an instance of his good nature, when, having found some ragged boys pilfering wood in the park, he brought them home with him, gave them refreshment, and then ordered his steward to have them properly clothed.

Burke used to amuse himself in strolling over his lawns and grounds, with a *spud* in his hand, digging up the plantain roots in the pastures, and spreading little heaps of manure on the spots where the grass had suffered injury.

Mr. Jesse paid a second visit to Gregories; and on inquiring at Beaconsfield for some one who remembered Mr. Burke, he was directed to a farmhouse a little beyond Gregories. In a retired spot, with a green lane leading to it, he found the farm-house (Mr. Jesse thinks,) built in the early Elizabethan style, with a hall and rooms wainscoted with black oak. The worthy farmer and his wife received him kindly; and the mother of the hostess, a venerable lady, nearly eighty years of age, seated in a carved high-backed oaken chair, discoursed of Burke with pleasing vivacity. She vividly described the tall figure of the orator, his well-bred manners, and his interesting appearance. She spoke of his extreme grief for the loss of his son; his avoiding the town of Beaconsfield after his death, and coming by a back way to Gregories; and of his never having again entered the church where his son's remains were deposited.

Mr. Jesse heard many accounts of Mr. Burke's kindness, benevolence, and popularity, among his poorer neighbours; of the numerous great men who frequented his house; and of the splendour of his funeral, which was headed by a Benefit Club, of which Burke was a member. Then there were stories of his going to town in his carriage with four horses—of a highwayman riding up to the leading postilion with a pistol in his hand, threatening to blow out his brains if he did not stop—of the men flogging their horses on, heedless of the

threat, and only mindful of their beloved master—of the carriage stopping at a village—of Burke's anxious inquiries into the cause of the rapid pace—of his blaming them for risking their lives, and then giving them ten pounds a-piece for their care of him. The old lady also related that Burke was one day let down the shaft of a chalk-pit, when his bailiff refusing to follow him, he shouted out from the bottom of the pit,—"Oh, John, what a coward you are."

Another visitor says: "The old trees on the estate are now the sole visible memorials of Burke at Gregories. Under the shade of these he often meditated on the events of the great war, then shaking the ancient kingdoms of Europe. Here Mrs. Thrale heard Johnson and Burke argue. Here, at the beginning of his eventful life, Fox paid a visit to the man who became for a time his teacher, and afterwards his opponent. Here the great French orator and versatile statesman, Mirabeau, spent a short time before the outbreak of that Revolution which his eloquence had excited. Here, towards the close of his life, Burke received the visits of many exiled French noblemen; and here the celebrated Madame de Genlis visited in 1791. The woman who had been the teacher of Louis Philippe, a friend to revolutionists, yet a sufferer by the Revolution, must have regarded with no common interest the man whose work on the Revolution was then exciting the attention of Europe."*

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S "INFANT HERCULES."

This celebrated picture originated in one of the painter's visits to Burke, at Gregories; and when Mr. Jesse paid his visit, in 1845, he saw at the farmhouse mentioned in the preceding anecdote, the portly son-in-law of the old lady, who was the very child whom Sir Joshua Reynolds took as the model of "The Infant Hercules." His father was the farm-bailiff of Mr. Burke, with whom he was an especial favourite;

* *Poets and Statesmen; their Homes and Haunts, in the Neighbourhood of Eton and Windsor.* By William Dowling, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 1857.

that great man in his happier days frequently coming to the cottage, sometimes eating potatoes roasted in the embers of a wood-fire, and once trying the merits of a rook or jackdaw pie, or rather a mixture of both. It was on one of these occasions that he saw this stout boy, then seven or eight months old, and was much struck with his appearance. Soon afterwards, Sir Joshua Reynolds came to Gregories, and informed Burke that Catherine, Empress of Russia, had commissioned him to paint her a picture, but that he was at a loss for a subject. In the course of a walk, Mr. Burke took Sir Joshua to his bailiff's cottage. The boy was in a cradle in the kitchen, and as the visitors entered, he was discovered nearly naked, having kicked off the clothes, and thus exposed his brawny chest and limbs. Sir Joshua was delighted with the subject before him. He sent to London immediately for his palette and colours, and painted his Infant Hercules strangling Two Serpents. This was supposed to be a compliment paid to the Empress—allegorically alluding to her victories over her enemies. Reynolds was so pleased with his subject, that he painted two others, at least from the same model. One was in the collection of pictures of the late Lord Northwick, at Cheltenham, and was sold on the dispersion of that gallery, in 1859.

The picture, painted in 1786, was sent to St Petersburg, with two sets of Sir Joshua's *Discourses*, one in French, and the other in English, in 1789; the following year the Russian ambassador, Count Woronzow, presented the painter with a gold box, having the portrait of the Empress upon the lid, set with large diamonds. His executors afterwards received 1600 guineas as the price of the picture.*

* This work, remarkable for its rich effect of colour and forcible chiaroscuro, and which "looked as if it had been boiled in brandy," was the principal of Sir Joshua's historical pictures, and was highly commended by the critics of the day. Even the eccentric Barry approved of it: he said, "the prophetical agitation of Tiresias, and Juno enveloped with clouds, hanging over the scene like a black pestilence, can never be too much admired, and are, indeed, truly sublime." This portion of the picture Sir Joshua must have sought, in classic fable, elsewhere than at Beaconsfield. The bailiff's Herculean boy may have furnished the

GREGORIES AND HILLINGDON.

The choice of Beaconsfield as a place of residence by Burke is referred, with great probability, to his desire to be near his patron, Lord Rockingham, who had a house at Hillingdon, a few miles distant. At Beaconsfield it was whispered that Burke's means were narrow, and that he was under heavy pecuniary obligations to Lord Rockingham. His neighbours were not, therefore, surprised at his plain and inexpensive manner of living: he saw little company, and gave no great entertainments; and his invitations to *eat mutton* were almost literally carried out.

Within such humble bounds, however, he was in his social hours at once so great and amiable, that at home he seemed the happiest and most enviable of men, so as even to impress the far-seeing Boswell, who, in August, 1775, writes: "It is absurd to hope for continued happiness in this life: few men, if any, enjoy it. I have a kind of belief that Edmund Burke does: he has so much knowledge, so much animation, and the consciousness of so much fame."

principal figure of the composition; but connoisseurs consider the leading features to have been taken from the "Iconic" of the younger Philostratus on the subject, which, moreover, is beautifully treated by Cowley, in imitation of Pindar's First Nemæan Ode:

> The big-limbed babe in his huge cradle lay,
> Too weighty to be rock'd by nurse's hands,
> Wrapt in purple swaddling bands;
> When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands,
> Two dreadful serpents came,
> Rolling and hissing loud into the room:
> To the bold babe they trace their bidden way;
> Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went;
> Their gaping mouths did forked tongues like thunderbolts present.

CHARACTERISTICS, RETROSPECTIVE OPINIONS, AND PERSONAL TRAITS.

BURKE'S BENEVOLENCE.

BURKE appears to have possessed a rare stock of practical benevolence, which he exercised among his poorer neighbours in the country. He even administered medicine to them; as well as to his servants and family. On one occasion, he gave a wrong medicine by mistake to Mrs. Burke, which alarmed and much distressed him; in reference to which he said to Dr. Brocklesby: "I mean to leave off practice, Doctor, for I fear I am little better than a quack." He was once found busily preparing a large stock of pills for the indigent of the neighbourhood.

To beggars he was kind and charitable, especially in Ireland, where there are no poor-laws. He would not allow that persons refused to relieve beggars from policy, but maintained it to be for saving their money. When walking with two ladies about Beaconsfield, being solicited by an aged mendicant, Mr. Burke, after a few questions, gave him a shilling. As they walked on, one of the ladies said: "I wonder you should give so much to those people, who are generally worthless characters. What you have just now given will be spent in *gin*." "Madam," replied he, emphatically, "he is an old man, and if *gin* be his comfort, let him have *gin*."

He regarded the declamations against the use of spirits by the poor with little respect, saying with much humour: "Whether the thunder of the laws, or the thunder of eloquence, be hurled on gin, always I am thunder-proof. The alembic, in my mind, has furnished the world a far greater benefit and blessing, than if the *opus maximum* had been really found by chemistry, and like Midas, we could turn everything into gold."

He was especially active in forwarding plans for bettering the condition of the poor in his neighbourhood; and this not by eleemosynary aid, but by their own practice of economy and thrift, which are usually associated with a spirit of honest independence. Thus, he recommended the formation of societies among the industrial population for mutual support in cases of age and infirmity. He not only became a patron of one of these clubs, but subscribed as a poor man would do, attended its meetings, and took an active part as a committee-man in the distribution of the relief to sick members, when he lost no opportunity to impress upon them the duties of piety, loyalty, and good order.

When in 1795 and 1796, famine stalked abroad, and corn rose to a very high price, a gentleman of the neighbourhood informed Mr. Prior that Mr. Burke, who ever had a practical remedy at hand, had a windmill built in the park at Butler's Court, in which he had good corn ground, made into bread in his own house, and retailed to the poor at a very reduced price. This, he said, was a better plan than to make them a present of it. The bread was, of course, unadulterated, and excellent. He had it served at his own table; and Mr. Prior's informant, at Mr. Burke's request, took a loaf to Wycombe, to show the more opulent classes of that town how much might be done, and with comparatively little trouble, for the benefit of the working people. In these days of savings'-banks, soup-kitchens, and clothing-clubs, Mr. Burke's bakery may not appear very striking; but sixty years ago, such an act was a real boon to a rural population in days of short-comings and high prices.

Mr. Burke took unceasing interest in the comfort of the people about him. He would visit their cottages; he was even known to invite himself to dine with them, in order to show them that he could eat and enjoy their food, and thus show that they were better off than they imagined themselves to be. Then he would regulate matters of labour for them, encourage manly pastimes among them, and this not merely at holiday seasons, but generally. Upon

public occasions, or upon any event of congratulation in his own family, he would treat the labourers and humble neighbours with a cask of strong beer; and Mr. Prior tells us that when the news was particularly good, Mr. Burke's directions were to tap the cask at both ends. Some time before the death of his son, news was brought that a serious accident had befallen him; his father was greatly alarmed; then came a second messenger, to say that the son had sustained no bodily harm. "Call up Webster," cried Mr. Burke, exultingly, "tell him to get all the assistance he can to turn the largest moveable cask of strong beer out of the cellar—bring hither the people to partake of it—and be sure to tap it at both ends with the largest gimlet in the house."

Burke was no croaker against poor human nature, or against his own times, as worse than those which have preceded them. "From the experience which I have had," he remarked, "and I have had a good deal, I have learned to think *better* of mankind."

BURKE'S FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN.

Burke was so very partial to children that he would play at tee-totum and push-pin with them, and apparently take as much delight in the stories of Jack the Giant Killer and Tom Thumb as themselves. "Half-an-hour might pass," says Murphy, "during which he would keep speaking in such a way that you could see no more in him than an ordinary man, good-naturedly amusing his young auditors, when some observation or suggestion calling his attention, a remark of the most profound wisdom would slip out, and he would return to his tee-totum." It is related of him that one day, after dining with Fox, Sheridan, Lord John Townshend, and several other eminent men, at Sheridan's cottage, he amused himself by rapidly wheeling his host's little son round the garden in a child's hand-chaise. While thus employed, the great orator, it is added, evinced by his looks and activity, that he enjoyed the sport nearly as much as his delighted playfellow.

While at Loughrea, in 1766, strolling through the town, after an early dinner, on a fair or market-day, his attention was attracted to a group of children gazing longingly on the exterior of a puppet-show, or rude theatrical exhibition, to the interior of which those who had the means were invited to enter. The anxious curiosity of the children, and their repining at their inability to gratify it, induced Burke to bargain with the proprietor for the admission of the whole, when some friends coming up, insisted upon paying half the expense. "No," said Burke, "this pleasure must be all my own; for I shall never probably again have the opportunity of making so many human beings happy at so small a cost."

In the early part of his political career, he was scarcely installed in apartments in Dublin Castle, when his good friends the Shackletons hastened to pay him a visit, and of course expected to find the young statesman, whose industry was already well known, immersed in Government affairs. What was their surprise when, on entering the room, they caught him at play with his children: he was on all-fours, carrying one of them on his back round the room, while the other, a chubby infant, lay crowing upon the carpet. This incident recalls a similar story told of the famous Bourbon prince, Henry the Fourth.

Even in his decline, Burke would often seek relaxation in amusing himself with children. "I saw him," said an eye-witness, "while he was under infirmity, not far from death; and yet he displayed, with the child of a friend, the most pleasing playfulness."

BURKE'S LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

Whilst at Dublin University, Burke evinced his rural taste by translating in English verse, from the second Georgic, Virgil's famous panegyric of a country life. Burke's lines display great fervour and facility, as the following passage shows:

> How happy, too, the peaceful rustic lies,
> The grass his bed, his canopy the skies;

From heat retiring to the noontide glade,
His trees protect him with an ample shade;
No jarring sounds invade his settling breast,
His lowing cows shall lull him into rest.
Here, 'mong the caves, the woods, and rocks around,
Here, only here, the hardy youth abound;
Religion here has fixed her pure abodes,
Parents are honoured, and adored the gods;
Departing Justice, when she fled mankind,
In these blest plains her footsteps left behind.

MR. BURKE ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Macknight has well described the *personnel* of the great orator: "Tall, and apparently endowed with much vigour of body, his presence was noble, and his appearance prepossessing. In later years, the first peculiarity which caught the eye, as Burke walked forwards, as his custom was, to speak in the middle of the House, were his spectacles, which, from shortness of sight, seemed never absent from his face. But as yet his bright eyes beamed forth with all their overpowering animation. A black silk ribbon, by which an eye-glass was suspended, appeared on his frill and waistcoat. His dress, though not slovenly, was by no means such as would have suited a leader of fashion. He had the air of a man who was full of thought and care; yet there was in his whole deportment a sense of personal dignity and habitual self-respect. His brow was massive. They who knew how amiable Burke was in his private life, and how warm and tender was the heart within, might expect to see those softer qualities depicted on his countenance. But they would have been disappointed. It was not usual at any time to see his face mantling with smiles; he decidedly looked like a great man, but not like a meek or gentle one. His life had been a constant struggle; all his troubles were impressed upon his working features; in the marks about the jaw, the firmness of the lines about the mouth, the stern glance of the eye, and the furrows on the expansive forehead."

These harsher peculiarities, however, only grew painfully obvious as years rolled on. From the first his Hibernian

accent might very perceptibly be distinguished whenever he began to address the House. His voice was of great compass. He never hesitated for want of words. His utterance was rapid and vehement; but, quick as it was, his thoughts flowed forth with still greater freedom, and threatened to overcome the power of speech. As he spoke his head was continually in motion, and appeared now to rise and fall, and now to oscillate from side to side in a very singular manner with the nervous excitement of the speaker.

EFFECT OF HIS ELOQUENCE.

Much of the splendid eloquence of Burke, and of his patriotic exertion in Parliament, was lost to the public, or at best echoed but in a faint whisper from St. Stephen's, owing to the imperfect means of reporting speeches at that period. "I *will* be heard," cried Burke in the House of Commons, in what he wittily called the fifth act of the tragic comedy acted by his Majesty's servants for the benefit of Mr. Wilkes, at the expense of the Constitution. "I WILL be heard, I will throw open those doors, and tell the people of England that when a man is addressing the chair on their behalf, the attention of the Speaker is engaged." But "great noise and members talking" were too much even for that impetuous spirit: he was *not* heard; nor till the publication of Sir Henry Cavendish's *Notes*, six years since, had the English people any detailed means of knowing what had passed in the most exciting debates ever known within their house.*

A great many of the best things said by Burke were uttered in the course of the debates when the foolish fashion of the time emptied the benches at his rising. His being an Irishman, his being of the middle order, and his being totally above the *calibre* of the fashionable triflers who could listen to nothing but an epigram, could understand nothing but a *double entendre*, often left him nearly alone with the few necessary attendants of ministers on the Treasury bench. On one of these nights he animadverted in strong terms on some

* Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, p. 508, 1848.

acts of the Cabinet. George Onslow, who probably thought he had now some chance of distinction by grappling with Burke, and showing, if not his wisdom, at least his zeal, started up, and said, haughtily, that he must call the honourable member to a sense of his duty, and that no man should be suffered, in his presence, to insult the Sovereign. Burke listened, and when Onslow had disburthened himself of his loyalty, gravely addressed the Speaker: "Sir, the honourable member has exhibited much ardour, but little discrimination. He should know that, however I may reverence the King, I am not at all bound, nor at all inclined to extend that reverence to his Ministers. I may honour his Majesty, but, Sir, I can see no possible reason for honouring," and he glanced round the Treasury bench, "his Majesty's man-servant and maid-servant, his ox and his *ass !*".

INCREASE OF AMERICA WITHIN A LIFETIME.

We have already recorded Mr. Burke's eloquent speech, in 1775, on "American Conciliation" (*see page* 206). This speech, which was shortly afterwards reported and published by himself, is one of his most celebrated compositions; and no passage is perhaps entitled to higher admiration than the one portraying the friend in early days of Pope and Swift, the father of Lord Chancellor Apsley—the still surviving veteran Earl Bathurst. "The growth of our commercial and colonial prosperity," said Burke, "has happened within the short period of the life of man. There are those alive—Lord Bathurst, for example—whose memory might touch the two extremes. Suppose, then, in 1704," thus did Burke continue, —"suppose, Sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate, men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that when in the fourth generation the third prince of the House of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which by the happy issue of moderate and healing councils, was to be made

Great Britain, he should see his son, Lord Chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary fortune to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one—if amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity that angel should have drawn up the curtain and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the Genius should point out to him a little peak, scarce visible in the mass of national interest, a small seminal principle rather than a formed body, and should tell him: 'Young man, there is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall before you taste of death show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!' If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day!"*

BURKE'S "ECONOMICAL REFORM."

The speech upon this motion was revised and published by Mr. Burke, and ranks among the highest of his oratorical productions. "One of the ablest speeches I ever heard," said Lord North in reply; "a speech such as no other member could have made." Here his rich fancy imparts form and colour, and even life, to the very dry bones of financial calcu-

* On the 16th of September following, and at 91 years of age, Lord Bathurst died.

lation. Here the very details of the Exchequer grow amusing. Thus lightly, for example, does Burke play on the defect of the five lesser sovereign jurisdictions of the realm: "Ours is not a monarchy in strictness; but as in the Saxon times this country was an heptarchy, so now it is a strange sort of pentarchy. . . . Cross a brook, and you lose the King of England; but you have some comfort in coming again under His Majesty, though shorn of his beams, and no more than Prince of Wales. Go to the north, and you find him dwindled to a Duke of Lancaster; turn to the west of that north, and he pops upon you in the humble character of Earl of Chester. Travel a few miles on, the Earl of Chester disappears, and the King surprises you again as Count Palatine of Lancaster. If you travel beyond Mount Edgcumbe, you find him once more in his incognito, and he is Duke of Cornwall. So that, quite fatigued and satiated with this dull variety, you are infinitely refreshed when you return to the sphere of his proper splendour, and behold your amiable Sovereign in his true, simple, undisguised, native character of Majesty."

Burke proposed that these five lesser jurisdictions should be wholly swept away. "When the reason of old establishments is gone,"—then (says Lord Mahon) with the truest Conservative wisdom he spoke on another branch of his subject,—"it is absurd to keep nothing but the burthen of them. This is superstitiously to embalm a carcase not worth an ounce of the gums that are used to preserve it."

In the same spirit did Burke apply himself to the abuses in the great departments of the Royal Household. One attempt to arrest them had, indeed, been made in the present reign. Lord Talbot, as High Steward, observing the lavish expense of the King's kitchen, had reduced several tables, and put the persons entitled to them upon board-wages. But subsequent duties requiring constant attendance, it was not found possible to prevent the King's servants being fed where they were employed. "And thus unluckily," said Burke, "this first step towards economy doubled the expense."

That Burke's ideas of reform were as yet too extensive, and not sufficiently matured, may be asserted on the authority of Burke himself; since, at a later period, and when invested with the responsibilities of office, and allowed a longer time for reflection, he thought proper to recede from a large portion of his scheme. However, the reform of his own office, Paymaster of the Forces, proved his sincerity; as do also other parts of his scheme which have been carried into execution with the happiest effect. "Yet," says Lord Mahon, "this was the man whom the superior genius of Lord John Cavendish, or the Marquis of Rockingham, did not deem worthy to sit in Cabinet with them, and whom they consigned to a second place! How high an office in the State would Burke have been summoned to fill, had either birth or marriage made him even a third cousin of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire!"

In 1782, Burke renewed his measure. A message was brought down to both Houses of Parliament from the King, recommending an effectual plan of retrenchment and economy, to be carried through all branches of the Public Expenditure, and to include His Majesty's own Civil List. In the House of Commons, Burke was lavish of his praises. "This," he cried, "is the best of messages to the best of people from the best of Kings!" But (says Lord Mahon) though Burke might be blamed for the exuberance of his panegyric, he incurred far heavier censure shortly afterwards by the curtailment of his Bill. When his measure was brought in, it was found to spare several of those institutions against which he had inveighed with the greatest energy two years before. Thus, besides a host of smaller offices, once denounced and now retained, both the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster were left wholly unreformed. Some of these modifications in his original design might, no doubt, be prompted by Burke's own matured thoughts; in others it is probable that he was merely called on to fulfil the decisions of the Cabinet in which he had no share. Here was one of the many evils of excluding that great genius from the Councils of the State.

This measure, dignifying and dignified by the great name of Burke, as it seems to a later age, passed the House of Commons at the time with little or no resistance from his enemies, but with quite as little celebration from his friends. When it reached the Peers, Lord Thurlow found great fault with it, and did his utmost to defeat his colleagues; happily, however, in vain.

Burke, twenty-four years after, 1796, describes the difficulties with which in this Bill he had to struggle: he adds, "I was loaded with hatred for everything that was withheld, and with obloquy for everything that was given."

CHARACTER OF THE MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.

On the 1st of July, 1781, died, to the grief of the nation, this high-minded nobleman, whom Burke deeply mourned as a friend and generous patron.

Some years after, Mr. Burke associated with Lord Rockingham's family, in raising to his memory a superb mausoleum in the grounds of Wentworth, the seat of the Earl Fitzwilliam, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about four miles north-west of Rotherham. This elegant memorial occupies an elevated situation, and is itself 90 feet high. Its upper story, of the Ionic order, consists of a circle of columns supporting a dome, next is an open arch, and beneath it a sarcophagus. In the interior basement is an apartment, consisting of a dome supported by eight columns, in four recesses between which are placed eight busts of the Marquis's attached associates: namely, Edmund Burke, the Duke of Portland, Frederick Montague, Sir George Savile, Charles James Fox, Admiral Keppel, John Lee, and Lord George Cavendish. In the centre is a white marble statue of the Marquis in his robes, the size of life, by Nollekens. The statue has a square pedestal. There, as well as the titles of the good statesman, may be read his eulogium in verse and prose, by two of those whose effigies grace the space around. The poetry, by Frederick Montague, is as follows:

"Angels, whose guardian care is England, spread
Your shadowing wings o'er patriot Wentworth dead:
With sacred awe his hallowed ashes keep,
Where commerce, science, honour, friendship weep
The pious hero—the deeply-sorrowing wife—
All the soft ties that blest his virtuous life.
Gentle, intrepid, generous, mild, and just;
These heartfelt titles grace his honour'd dust.
No fields of blood by laurels ill repaid;
No plunder'd provinces disturb his shade;
But white-rob'd peace composed his closing eyes,
And join'd with soft humanity her sighs.
They mourn their patron gone, their friend no more,
And England's tears his short-lived power deplore."

The character in prose by Edmund Burke, is this:

"CHARLES MARQUESS OF ROCKINGHAM.

"A statesman in whom constancy, fidelity, sincerity, and directness were the sole instruments of his policy. His virtues were his arts. A clear, sound, unadulterated sense, not perplexed with intricate design, nor disturbed by ungoverned passion, gave consistency, dignity, and effect to all his measures. In opposition he respected the principles of government; in administration he provided for the liberties of the people. He employed his moments of power in realizing every thing which he had promised in a popular situation. This was the distinguishing mark of his conduct. After twenty-four years of service to the public, in a critical and trying time, he left no debt of just expectation unsatisfied.

"By his prudence and patience he brought together a party which it was the great object of his labours to render permanent, not as an instrument of ambition, but as a living depository of principle.

"The virtues of his public and private life were not in him of different characters. It was the same feeling, benevolent, liberal mind that, in the internal relations of life, conciliates the unfeigned love of those who see men as they are, which made him an inflexible patriot. He was devoted to the cause of liberty, not because he was haughty and intractable, but because he was beneficent and humane. Let his successors,

who from this house behold this monument, reflect that their conduct will make it their glory or their reproach. Let them be persuaded that similarity of manners, not proximity of blood, gives them an interest in this statue.

"REMEMBER, RESEMBLE, PERSEVERE."

BURKE AND ARISTOCRATIC INFLUENCES.

Mr. Forster has some eloquent passages, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, upon Burke's long attachment to the Whig Lords, and aristocratic influences, which are full of point.

"Now (1771) was the time, profiting by the opportunities of George Grenville's death, and the general confusion created by Wilkes and *Junius*, for Burke to have freed both himself and the Rockinghams; now was the time to have so enlarged the battle-field for both, as to bring in issue something greater than the predominance of Whig families with Whig principles. Yet now, even while his was the solitary voice that invoked retribution for the most infamous crime of nations, the Partition of Poland, he had no thought or wish to throw for a higher stake in politics and government, than a premiership for Rockingham, and an exoteric paymastership for himself. 'My dear Lord,' he said to Richmond, 'you dissipate your mind with too great a variety of pursuits.' 'My dear Burke,' said the Duke, 'you have more merit than any man in keeping us together.' And with that he was content. He kept them together. . . . . He drew himself more and more within the Rockingham ranks; toiled more and more to keep the popular power within a certain magic circle; and, while his genius was at work for the age which was to come, in eloquence as rich and various as its intuition seemed deep and universal, his temper was satisfied that the age in which he lived should be governed exclusively by the Richmonds and the Rockinghams. 'You people of great families and hereditary trusts and fortunes, the great oaks that shade a

country, and perpetuate your benefits from generation to generation, are not like such as I am, mere annual plants that perish with our season, and leave no sort of trace behind us.' And so around that perishable fancy he placed all the supports of his noble imagination; till that which he thought eternal melted from his grasp, and left what he believed its mere transitory graces to survive and endure alone."

SECURITY OF THE BRITISH RULE.

In the celebrated Bedford Letter, alluding to the professors of the French revolutionary system, Burke exclaims: "Such are *their* ideas, such *their* religion, and such *their* laws. But as to *our* country and *our* race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and State, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers; as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land—so long the mounds and dykes of the low, flat Bedford Level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the King, and his faithful subjects, the Lords and Commons of this realm—the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn, sworn, constitutional frank-pledge of this nation; the firm guarantees of each other's being and each other's rights; the joint and several securities, each in its place and order, for every kind and every quality, of property and of dignity:—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe: and we are all safe together—the high from blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen! and so be it: and so it will be,

Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum."

NOISY POLITICIANS.

How exquisite is the sarcasm of the following from the *Reflections on the French Revolution*: "I have often been astonished, considering that we are divided from you (the French) but by a slender dyke of about twenty-four miles, and that the mutual intercourse between the two countries has lately been very great, to find how little you seem to know of us. I suspect that this is owing to your forming a judgment of this nation from certain publications which do very erroneously, if they do at all, represent the opinions and dispositions generally prevalent in England. The vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total want of consequence in bustle, and noise, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, make you imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a general mark of acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing, I assure you. Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

THE GORDON RIOTS.

These disgraceful tumults are memorable beyond most others from the proof which they afford how slender an ability suffices, under certain circumstances, to stir, if not to guide great masses of mankind; and how the best principles and feelings, if perverted, may grow in practice equal to the worst. Bitter was the shame with which the leading statesmen, only a few days afterwards, looked back to this fatal and disgraceful work. They had seen their lives threatened and their property destroyed, at the bidding of a foolish

young fanatic, not worthy to unloose the latchet of their shoes. Such dangers might be boldly confronted, such losses might be patiently borne; but how keen to find themselves objects of fierce fury and murderous attack to that people whose welfare, to the best of their judgments, they had ever striven to promote! In such words as these does Burke pour forth the anguish of his soul: "For four nights I kept watch at Lord Rockingham's, or Sir George Savile's, whose houses were garrisoned by a strong body of soldiers, together with numbers of true friends of the first rank, who were willing to share their danger. Savile House, Rockingham House, Devonshire House, to be turned into garrisons! Oh, what times! We have all served the country for several years—some of us for nearly thirty—with fidelity, labour, and affection, and we are obliged to put ourselves under military protection for our houses and our persons."—*Letter to R. Shackleton.*

BURKE'S ANTI-REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES.

The energy and pertinacity with which Burke opposed the doctrines of the French Revolution, we have already seen, was variously estimated. Mr. Nicholls, his friend, asserted the great injury which Burke did to his country to have been by preaching the crusade against French principles. "I consider this," says Nicholls, "the great measure of his life, and if I have ever spoken of him with harshness, my language has been the result of my feelings on this subject. The French Revolution, at its very commencement, excited great alarm in the minds of the princes and nobles, especially of German princes. It is well known that George III. did not conceal his opinion on this head. Mr. Burke expressed his disapprobation of the French Revolution at a very early period; his language gradually became more violent; he professed to wish to excite all parties; not only all parties, but every religious sect in the British Empire was called on to exert itself. He did not confine himself to the limits of Great

Britain and Ireland; he endeavoured to rouse every part of the Continent. His son was sent to a meeting of princes and ministers at Coblentz. The Emperor Leopold and the King of Prussia were excited by Mr. Burke's publications. In a word, he left no means unemployed to inflame the whole of Europe to the adoption of his opinion. And the late Sir Philip Francis used to say that if the friends of peace and liberty had, at this time, subscribed 30,000*l.* to relieve Burke's pecuniary embarrassments, there would have been no war against the French Revolution."

ALLEGED INSANITY OF BURKE.

When the far-seeing sagacity of Burke, in foretelling the unhappy results of the French Revolution, first struck into the minds of his party, from whom he had separated, it was reported that he was in a state of mind bordering on insanity,—especially after he had, in the House of Commons, addresed to the chair with much vehemence of manner, the words of St. Paul: "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak the words of truth and soberness." His niece ventured to name to him the above absurd rumour, when he very sensibly replied: "Some part of the world, my dear—I mean the Jacobins, or unwise part of it—think, or affect to think, that *I* am mad; but believe me, the world twenty years hence will, and with reason too, think from their conduct that *they* must have been mad."

These rumours, however, gained strength, particularly after the death of Burke's son: he was said to wander about his grounds kissing his cows and horses. Now, his affection for domestic animals was remarkable from his early manhood, as we have seen in the instance of his interference between the horse-rider and his ill-used steed. That caressing animals was now his practice would seem to be indicated in a picture which Mr. Prior mentions to have been painted by Reinagle; in which Burke is represented in his grounds patting a favourite cow, and Mrs. Burke and a female friend are walk-

ing at a little distance. This picture may have given colour to the silly rumour. However, it brought from London to Beaconsfield an old friend, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the story; when concealing from Burke the object of his visit, the statesman unsuspiciously showed him portions of the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, which he was then writing.

Before leaving Butler's Court, the friend hinted the object of his journey to Mrs. Burke, who related the following incident, which may have had a greater share in giving rise to the rumour than even Reinagle's picture. In the grounds was a fine old horse, which had been a favourite with the younger Burke. His father, while walking one day, serious and sad, was approached by the favourite horse, that stood to gaze at him, and then, after a moment's pause, with seeming knowledge and remembrance, it placed its head upon his bosom. This strange act, Burke,—in his state of mind, full of all-absorbing grief and sensibility,—felt to convey the sympathy of the animal with his own sufferings. He was deeply affected. The faithful creature's attachment, and, more than all, the memory the incident awakened of its dead master—the fondly-cherished son—crowded in the heart of the sorrow-stricken father, and his firmness was gone. Throwing his arms round the horse's neck, he wept and sobbed convulsively.

BURKE'S VARIED TALENTS.

The studies of this extraordinary man not only covered the whole field of political inquiry, but extended to an immense variety of subjects, which, though apparently unconnected with politics, do in reality bear upon them as important adjuncts. Nicholls, who knew Burke, says, his political knowledge might be considered an encyclopædia: every man who approached him received instruction from his stores. Robert Hall says: "The excursions of his genius are immense: his imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation, and every walk of art." Lord Thurlow is said to have declared

what Mr. Butler supposes is now the general opinion of competent judges, that the fame of Burke would survive that of Pitt and Fox.* But the noblest eulogy on Burke was pronounced by Fox himself, who, in 1790, stated in the House of Commons, "that if he were to put all the political information which he had learnt from books, all which he had gained from science, and all which any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale, and the improvement which he had derived from his right hon. friend's instruction and conversation were placed in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference." Lord Campbell says: "Burke, a philosophic statesman, deeply imbued with the scientific principles of jurisprudence." Barry, in his celebrated Letter to the Dilettanti Society, regrets that Burke should have been diverted from the study of the fine arts into the pursuit of politics, because he had one of those minds of an admirable expansion and catholicity, so as to embrace the whole concerns of art. And Sir Joshua Reynolds is said to have deemed Burke the best judge of pictures that he ever knew. Professor Winstanley writes: "It would have been exceedingly difficult to have met with a person who knew more of the philosophy, the history, and filiation of languages, or of the principles of etymological deduction, than Mr. Burke."

BURKE IN ADVANCE OF HIS AGE.†

So far was this remarkable man in advance of his contemporaries, that there are few of the great measures of the present generation which he did not anticipate and zealously defend. Not only did he attack the absurd laws against forestalling and regrating, but by advocating the freedom of trade he struck at the root of all similar prohibitions: in his

* The meaning of Lord Thurlow is evident; but the same phrase was used by Mr. Porson, with a happy ambiguity. When Mr. Cumberland presented his poem, entitled *Calvary*, to that gentleman, "Your poem," said Porson, "will certainly be read and admired, when Milton and Shakspeare shall be forgotten."

† Selected and abridged from Buckle's *History of Civilization*, vol. i.

letter to Burgh, he says: "That to which I attached myself the most particularly, was to fix the principle of a free trade in all the ports of these islands, as founded in justice, and beneficial to the whole; but principally to this, the seat of the supreme power." He supported those claims of the Roman Catholics, which, during his lifetime, were obstinately refused, but which were conceded, many years after his death, as the only means of preserving the integrity of the empire. He supported the petition of the Dissenters, that they might be relieved from the restrictions to which they were subjected. Into other departments of politics he carried the same spirit. He opposed the cruel laws against insolvents, by which, in the time of George III., our statute-book was still defaced; and he vainly attempted to soften the increasing severity of the penal code. He wished to abolish the old plan of enlisting soldiers for life, which, nine years after his death, was changed to a term of years. He attacked the Slave Trade several years before Wilberforce began to advocate its Abolition. He refuted, but, owing to the prejudices of the age, was unable to subvert, the dangerous power exercised by the judges, who, in criminal prosecutions for libel, confined the jury to the mere question of publication; thus taking the real issue into their own hands.

And, what many will think not the least of his merits, he was the first in that long line of financial reformers to whom we are deeply indebted. Notwithstanding the difficulties thrown in his way, he carried through parliament a series of bills by which several useless places were entirely abolished. He was the first man who laid before parliament a general and systematic scheme for diminishing the expenses of Government.

When Adam Smith came to London, full of those discoveries which have immortalized his name, he found to his amazement that Burke had anticipated conclusions, the maturing of which cost Smith himself many years of anxious and unremitting labour; or, in Smith's words, "he was the

only man who, without communication, thought on these topics exactly as he did."*

BURKE'S POLITICAL PREDICTIONS.

Mr. Fox is said to have more than once expressed his astonishment at the singular fulfilment of Mr. Burke's predictions. When a nobleman of political celebrity, alluding to the vehemence of Burke on revolutionary politics, hinted that he was a splendid madman,—"Whether mad or inspired," is said to have been the answer, "fate seems to have determined that he should be an uncommon political prophet."

When the negotiations at Lisle were thought to promise peace, he declared from the first that such a result was impossible:—"He was only astonished how the people of England, or such a body of men as the English Ministry, could for a moment believe that the republican leaders would grant peace, even were peace desirable, without first requiring the surrender of our national honour. They are doubly foes," he added; "for they would not only injure you, but insult you."

To one who began to talk to him on the probable success of the negotiation then pending, and the consequent termination of the Revolution, he exclaimed: "The termination of the Revolution! to be sure! The Revolution over! Why, Sir, it has scarcely begun! As yet you have only heard the first music; you'll see the actors presently; but neither you nor I shall see the close of the drama."

The *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace* are full of these prophetic truths. Writing with a strong impression of his death being not far distant, "I shall not live to see," he says in the first page, "the unravelling of the intricate plot which

* Mr. Charles Butler relates that when spending a day *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Fox, at St. Anne's Hill, he mentioned that "he had never read Adam Smith's celebrated work on the Wealth of Nations." "To tell you the truth," said Mr. Fox, "nor I either. There is something in all these subjects which passes my comprehension;—something so wide, that I could never embrace them myself, or find any one who did."

saddens and perplexes the awful drama of Providence now acting on the moral theatre of the world. Whether for thought or for action, I am at the end of my career." When peace was eagerly sought, and as eagerly anticipated, he calmly told the country: "We are not at the end of the struggle, nor near it. Let us not deceive ourselves; we are at the beginning of great troubles." Then he condemns the lukewarmness of the Ministry as ill calculated to enable the country to bear up against "the burdens which must be inevitably borne in a long war. I speak it emphatically, and with a desire that it should be marked, *a long war*," and further on, he hints at twenty years, or more: this was said in 1796—what an extraordinary fulfilment has the world witnessed!

Mr. Prior well remarks that the greatest and perhaps most useful of Burke's many gifts was his capacity to point out consequences, which became almost prescience. In that point he stands alone. His predictions, though so numerous and various, and by their boldness startling, became fulfilled to the letter in almost every instance. Yet the French Revolution was, by no means, the first occasion on which his power of prediction was developed. An attentive inquirer will find it marked in most of the public events of his life.

"He lived just long enough (says Mr. Prior) to find himself acknowledged the prince of political prophets; to see the reprobation he had ventured to pass on the most remarkable event of modern times more than justified by the horrid scenes to which it gave rise; to confirm the body of the nation in the belief that it had acted wisely; to convince many of the opposite party that their original judgment had been wrong."*

Yet, historical writers are not agreed upon the value of these predictions. Lord Brougham observes: "The eulogists of Mr. Burke's sagacity would do well to recollect those yearly

* To Burke, Pozzo di Borgo, in 1847, gave credit "for an almost prophetic knowledge of European politics."

predictions of the complete internal ruin which for so long a period alternated with alarms at the foreign aggrandizement of the French Republic: they all originated in his famous work (the *Reflections*,)—though it contains some prophecies too extravagant to be borrowed by his most servile imitators. Thus he contends that the population of France is irreparably diminished by the Revolution, and actually adopts a calculation which makes the distress of Paris require above two millions sterling for its yearly relief; a sum sufficient to pay each family above seventeen pounds, or to defray its whole expenditure, in that country."—*Statesmen of the Time of George III. Series* 1.

BURKE SUGGESTS A PICTURE TO BARRY.

One morning, Burke called upon Barry, whom he found painting a cabinet picture. "What are you doing?" said Burke. "A mere trifle," replied Barry: "young Mercury inventing the Lyre; by accident finding a tortoise-shell at break of day on the sea-shore: he touches the dried filaments of the inside, when they give forth a note of harmony. He sits down, rejoicing in his discovery. Cupid comes behind him, and gives him the string of a bow." Thus were symbolized Love and Music. "Ay," exclaimed Burke, "this is the fruits of early rising—there is the industrious boy: I will give you a companion for it. Paint Narcissus wasting his day in looking at himself in a fountain—there is the idle boy!" Barry caught the idea; and the pictures are admirable companions. They are well known by engravings of them.

BURKE'S LETTER TO ADMIRAL KEPPEL, THANKING HIM FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

After the return of Keppel's portrait to Burke, under the circumstances related at page 232, the Admiral begged him to accept a picture of a later date, as an indication of his

gratitude for Burke's exertions during the trial.* This picture, like the former one, was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was sent to Burke's residence in town, when he addressed to the Admiral the following eloquent letter of thanks: "The town and my house there will be more pleasant to me for a piece of furniture I have had since I saw you, and which I owe to your goodness. I shall leave to my son, who is of a frame of mind to relish that kind of honour, the satisfaction of knowing that his father was distinguished by the partiality of one of those who are the marked men of all story, by being the glory and the reproach of the times they live in, and whose services and merits, by being above recompense, are delivered over to ingratitude. Whenever he sees that picture, he will remember what Englishmen and English seamen were, in the days when the name of that nation, and when eminence and superiority in that profession, were one and the same thing. Indeed, I am perfectly convinced that 'Englishman' and 'Seaman' are names that must live and die together. Perhaps the last honour which the naval soldiery of this nation may be permitted to do themselves and their country is, the justice they have done to you. This has sealed their reputation. It will be recorded with the rest, when people read of the people who have successively held the empire of the sea. I assure you, my dear Sir, that though I possess the portraits of friends highly honoured by me, and very dear to

* Burke's aid to Keppel was of the most practical value. Some of the best passages in the Admiral's defence were recognised as from his hand. Day after day, with young Richard at his side, he took his seat in the Court, and listened carefully, and weighed deliberately every point of the evidence; while the practical questions which arose in the course of the trial were entered into and studied by Burke with all the ardour of a professional seaman. He might be seen at the ear of Keppel, whispering words of encouragement, and ready with every suggestion that the circumstances required. And when the five charges were unanimously pronounced ill-founded and malicious, and Keppel's sword was returned to him in open Court, Burke's voice united in the loud shout of acclamation which the Duke of Cumberland began, and in which the poorest sailor of the forecastle heartily joined with tears rolling down the cheek and exultation on the brow.—Abridged from Macknight's *Hist. Life and Times of Edmund Burke*, vol. ii.

me on all accounts, yours stands alone, and I intend that it should so continue, to mark the impression I have received of this most flattering mark of your friendship."—*Life of Keppel*, vol. ii.

DID EDMUND BURKE WRITE "JUNIUS'S LETTERS?"

From the first appearance of these celebrated *Letters*, Burke appears to have been suspected of their authorship, which the Ministers and others went about to fasten upon him. This suspicion was entertained not only by his enemies but by his oldest friends. His revered and beloved friend, Dr. Markham, then Bishop of Chester, as early as 1765, addressed a letter to William Burke, in the warmest terms of friendship, speaking *then* with generous indignation of Edmund Burke's enemies, and hoping that the rise of his reputation "would silence malignity or destroy its effects," and rejoicing over the "disgrace of William Burke's opponents." Junius appears—he assails Lord Mansfield and the King. Burke is suspected: and Dr. Markham, the tried friend of the family, is induced, clearly without a vestige of personal offence, to write a letter teeming with the severest censure, to which Burke replied in as severe terms; this communication taking place after Burke had had ample opportunity of exonerating himself in an interview with the Bishop at Kew Green, in a discussion which Burke reminds the Bishop "spread out into great extent and variety;" and in which he had, therefore, elaborately vindicated himself. It was thus no off-hand impression on the mind of Dr. Markham, nor was it short-lived; for he never appears, by the *Correspondence*, to have written to the Burkes again. Dr. Markham is thought to have been actuated by servility to the King, and the desire of promotion; but the Bishop is a witness, the weight of whose evidence it is impossible to gainsay.

Meanwhile, the Whigs became alarmed, and sent Charles Townshend to Burke to obtain his explicit denial to the charge. The first reply did not satisfy Townshend; and in his second reply, Burke, after saying that he had "never

positively declared in express terms that he was neither directly nor indirectly engaged in the publication of *Junius's Letters*," says: "I now give you my word and honour that I am not the author of Junius, and that I know not the author of *that paper*, and I do authorize you to say so." "This," says Mr. Jelinger Symons, "is explicit enough and doubtless true enough as to the authorship;" but he maintains that this denial of knowledge of the authorship of *that paper* does not apply to the whole series of Letters, then approaching their completion, but refers, if to any, to that letter only which Townshend happened to name in his first inquiry.*

Burke's answer, therefore, as to his knowledge of the authorship, Mr. Symons considers to be very ambiguous and incomplete. At this period, before Dr. Markham's charge, Burke had cleverly refused to satisfy Sir William Draper's interrogation, or to give him a meeting: indeed, whatever he gave to others was not without reluctant and galled submission to the right implied in demanding it. When at a subsequent period, unsatisfied suspicion had so increased as to engender a distrust of his character for frankness and honesty, he is not blameable for going to the utmost verge of the limits of literal truth in endeavouring to escape by positive denial from these damaging imputations.

Burke's denial seems, however, to have been considered more satisfactory by his literary contemporaries. "Sir," said Johnson, "I should have believed Burke to be *Junius*, because I know no man but Burke who is capable of writing these Letters; but Burke spontaneously denied it to me." This was the year when Garrick, smiling and happy amid the great who fondled and flattered him; sending meddling messages to the palace that *Junius* would write no more; writing himself to his "Carissimo Edmundo" — found himself, in supreme prosperity, suddenly and contemptuously

* *William Burke the Author of Junius.* By J. G. Symons, Barrister-at-law. 1859. This work not only relates to the identity of William Burke, but includes an Essay on the Era of Junius, in twenty chapters, in which the inquiry is treated in a very attractive manner, notwithstanding all that has appeared upon the mystery.

struck in the face, with a blow that appalled him. To believe that Burke's was the hand so lifted against his friend; that the "vagabond" was told to "keep to his pantomimes;" by one who so lately had confessed the dearest obligations to him, would be to fix upon Burke an incredible imputation of dishonour. Mr. Forster (*Life of Goldsmith,*) does not even believe that if Burke had taken any part in the letters (though far from supposing that some portion of the secret may not have fallen into his reluctant keeping), he would have continued to sit down at their common Club table in all the frankness of their familiar intercourse, with the well-abused Anthony Chamier. The stronger presumption is that in his ordinary daily duties as Secretary in the War Office, Chamier sat much nearer *Junius* than ever he sat in Gerard-street.

The main object of Mr. Jelinger Symons's recently published work, as its title promises, is to prove that William Burke was Junius. "The belief," observes Macknight, "that Burke (Edmund) and Junius were the same person, continued during his life, has been encouraged by all his biographers, and cannot be said, in defiance of all argument (?), to have completely subsided in the present day." Thus, Mr. Sergeant Burke, in his *Private and Domestic Life* of the great orator, adduces many strong reasons in support of his belief that Burke either originated or helped the Letters of Junius; and that the likelihood is that they did not emanate from a single writer. Both Sir William Blackstone and Lord Mansfield, no mean judges of evidence, were of the same opinion."—(*J. G. Symons.*)

From the few pages which Mr. Sergeant Burke has devoted to this political mystery we select the following:

"The Letters must have been written by a person inimical to the Grafton administration, and to the secret influence by which it was believed to be guided. In the general opinion, and in the particular circumstances of Burke, motives might have induced him to commence and continue the attack. The Duke of Grafton had been brought into administration

by the Rockingham party, and was represented as having betrayed that nobleman and his friends. On that account, or because he succeeded to another ministry, he was very obnoxious to the partisans of the Marquis. Hence it was natural to impute a severe attack on him to one of a party in which the pre-eminence of genius unquestionably belonged to Burke. In the House Burke poured forth his eloquence in assaults upon the Grafton administration in general, and more particularly on those of its acts which are the principal butts of Junius's invective."*

The author next adduces Burke's success in anonymous publications, and more especially his successful imitation of other writers, as in the cases of Bolingbroke and Lucas.

"Stronger ground for secrecy would also exist if more than one party was engaged in the composition of these celebrated epistles, as there would be probably no union in agreeing to a public acknowledgment. From the variety of testimony connecting different persons with the Letters, the likelihood really is that they did not emanate from a single writer. That theory will account, in particular, for Burke's friend, Sir Philip Francis, being so feasibly shown to be mixed up with the transaction, and charged with the actual authorship. It is indeed very difficult to believe some of those charged, and especially Francis, innocent of a participation in Junius.

"Some external evidence has arisen to strengthen the presumption that Burke was at least in communication with Junius. In 1767, two years before Junius commenced,—at a time when debates were not reported, one of Burke's earliest parliamentary speeches, evidently written out under his dictation, came in manuscript to Woodfall's *Public Advertiser*, with (for Woodfall's guidance) the private signature of *C.* That identical signature of *C.* was the private one which *Junius* afterwards adopted in communicating with that same Woodfall, the well-known publisher of the *Advertiser*,

* When Burke visited Paris in 1773; he learnt at the table of Madame du Deffand, that in France, as in England, he was suspected of being Junius.

in which the Letters appeared. Among the persons then supposed to be Junius was a Mr. Dyer, a member of the Gerard-street or Literary Club, and a man much mixed up with the private, official, and political affairs of the day. Dyer was very intimate with Mr. Burke and his family. When Dyer died in 1772, the letters of Junius ceased; but what was even more strange was this fact, related by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of Dyer's executors. The moment Dyer was dead, Edmund Burke's cousin, William Burke, went to the deceased's lodgings, and there seized and destroyed a large quantity of manuscript. Reynolds happening to come in, found the room covered with the papers, cut up into the minutest fragments, there being no fire in the grate. Reynolds expressed some surprise, and Mr. William Burke hurriedly explained that 'the papers were of great importance to himself, and of none to anybody else.'*

"Mrs. Burke once admitted that she believed her husband knew the author of the Letters, but that he did not write them. It is, moreover, certain that on one occasion Edmund Burke himself acknowledged to Sir Joshua Reynolds that he knew who was the writer of *Junius's Letters;* intimating, when he said so, that he wished to hear no more upon the subject."

DANIEL O'CONNELL ON EDMUND BURKE AND JUNIUS.

In 1848, there appeared two volumes of *Personal Recollections of the late Daniel O'Connell, M.P.*, by William J. O. N. Daunt, Esq., in which appear the following opinions of the great Irish Orator, as to the identity of Burke and Junius:

"It is my decided opinion (said O'Connell) that Edmund Burke was the author of the *Letters of Junius.* There are many considerations which compel me to form that opinion. Burke was the only man who made that figure in the world which the author of Junius *must* have made, if engaged in public life, and the entire of Junius's Letters evinces that close

* This destruction of manuscript is, however, thought by others to have been for the purpose of destroying evidence of stock-jobbing.

acquaintance with the springs of political machinery, which no man could possess unless actively engaged in politics.

"Again, Burke was fond of chemical studies; now chemical similes are frequent in Junius.

"Again, Burke was an Irishman; now Junius, speaking of the Government of Ireland, twice calls it 'the Castle,' a familiar phrase amongst Irish politicians, but one which an Englishman in those days would never have used.

"Again, Burke had this peculiarity in writing, that he often wrote many words without taking the pen from the paper. The very same peculiarity existed in the manuscripts of Junius, although they were written in a feigned hand.

"Again, it may be said that the style is not Burke's. In reply I would say, that Burke was master of many styles. His work on Natural Society, in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, is as different in point of style from his work on the French Revolution as *both* are from the Letters of Junius.

"Again, Junius speaks of the King's insanity as a Divine visitation; Burke said the very same thing in the House of Commons.

"Again, had any one of the other men to whom the Letters are, with any show of probability, ascribed, been really the author, such author would have had no reason for disowning the book, or remaining incognito. Any one of them but Burke would have claimed the authorship and fame —and proud fame. But Burke had a very cogent reason for remaining incognito. In claiming Junius, he would have claimed his own condemnation and dishonour, for Burke died a pensioner. Burke was, moreover, the only pensioner who had the commanding talent displayed in the writings of Junius.

"Now, when I lay all these considerations together, and especially when I reflect that a cogent reason exists for Burke's silence as to his own authorship, I confess I think I have got a presumptive proof of the very strongest nature, that Burke was the writer."

JUNIUS DESCRIBED BY BURKE.

In Burke's speech in the House of Commons, upon the prosecution of Almon for reprinting Junius's famous Letter to the King, occurred the following celebrated description of Junius:

"How comes this Junius to have broke though the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or upon you, when the mighty boar of the forest that has broke through all their toils is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he strikes down another dead at his feet. For my own part, when I saw his attack upon the King, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs; not that he had not asserted many bold truths. Yes, Sir; there are in that composition many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit. It was the rancour and venom with which I was struck. But while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher and coming down souse upon both Houses of Parliament. Yes, he made you his quarry, and you still bleed from the effects of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow, Sir—(the Speaker, Sir Fletcher Norton, remarkable for his large eyebrows)—for he has attacked even you, and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. Not content with carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate, and King, Lords, and Commons thus become the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this House, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and his integrity? He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, and by his vigour. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from hi

sagacity, nor could promises nor threats induce him to conceal anything from the public."*

DR. BROCKLESBY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

For dinner, on his birthday, Dec. 13, 1776, Dr. Brocklesby sent Burke a cod-fish. Edmund, in thanking him, tells the Doctor the fish was consumed, "according to the intention of the donor, with all possible execution of uncharitable fast and hypocritical prayer." (The 13th of December had been appointed a day of solemn fast and humiliation, to deplore and avert the evils of the American war.) Burke adds: "Instead of this, we had very charitable cheer, and very honest and sincere toasting; and when we drank the health of the worthy founder of the feast, I assure you we did not dissemble. We made your cod swim in port to your health, and to those of the *few* that are like you. Had the times been very good, we must have been very intemperate; but the character of the age gave us one virtue,—that of a small degree of sobriety."

This is in Burke's usual cordiality towards Brocklesby, whom he familiarly addressed as "My dear Doctor," and would sometimes let off a pun at the physician's expense. There was in some notoriety a quack called Dr. Rock. Burke one day assured Brocklesby that his name was also really Dr. Rock. The Doctor looked astonished, and somewhat annoyed. The statesman undertook to demonstate this assertion according to algebra, and immediately produced the equation: Brock *less* b = Rock.

A STRANGE SCENE.

In a debate on the Navy Estimates in 1778, in defence of 40,000*l.*, having been voted for the repair of a 74-gun ship,

* Yet an acute critic, Hazlitt, makes a great distinction between Junius and Burke. "Junius," he observes, "is the first of his class, but that class is not the highest. Junius's manner is the strut of a *petit-maître*, Burke's the stalk of a giant; if grandeur is not to be found in Burke, it is to be found nowhere."

without a single farthing of this large sum having been expended on her,—the officials boldly asserted that it never had been the custom of the Admiralty, even from the time of William III., to apply the money as it was detailed in the accounts; although they laid on the table of the House a handsome gilt volume of estimates, with every item of naval expenditure apparently calculated to the utmost farthing. This work, on the above evening, Burke had been patiently studying; when, feeling that his trouble had been quite useless, he rose with the book in his hands, expressed his astonishment at this confession of the Admiralty, and giving way to an impulse of indignation, he startled the apathetic Ministers, by throwing the volume at the Treasury bench. The book, in its rapid flight, hit the candle above the table, and glancing off, came with much force against the shins of the precise Welbore Ellis, Treasurer of the Navy, who had just been most eloquently defending these flagrant abuses.—Abridged from Macknight's *Hist.*, vol. ii.

FORTUNATE RESERVE.

When, in 1778, Burke had failed in his endeavours to impress Lord North and his Chancellor Thurlow in favour of his Bill for the relief of the Irish Roman Catholics, he returned to Beaconsfield disheartened and dejected. Meanwhile, in the King's closet, his arguments were producing a different effect. The Address and Petition to the Throne which he had drawn up in 1764 for his Roman Catholic countrymen, and which, before leaving Ireland, during the Duke of Northumberland's Administration, he had left with Dr. John Curry, had ever since remained in that gentleman's possession. As the question was agitated in Parliament, this paper was read over by him with renewed interest; and he found it so masterly in style and force of reasoning, and so affecting and respectful in its tone, that it occurred to him it might be of some use in the high quarter for which it had formerly been intended. It was laid before the Lord-Lieutenant, with a

request that he would transmit it to His Majesty. This was actually done. The paper was said to have had a most powerful effect even on the mind of George III., and more than any other arguments, induced him finally to approve of the Bill. As an Act of Parliament, it was transmitted to Burke, when he was informed how much the production of his pen, fourteen years previously, had contributed to the great result.

FAT AND LEAN MINISTERS.

In the debate on Ways and Means, in 1781, Mr. Burke ingeniously retorted upon Lord North, who said that Ministers were too poor to have taken any considerable share in the loan of twelve millions, by which there had been just placed at least a million in the pockets of the subscribers. Mr. Burke said that he wished they would come in rich and go out poor; but unfortunately the reverse was true. They came in thin and lean; but like the weasel mentioned by Æsop, they grew so large and sleek that they were unable to get out again. He made the allusion most ludicrous by stroking his own stomach, and comparing it with the corpulence of North, who had fattened amid the calamities of his administration; until at this time, as Burke observed, like Shakspeare's Justice, in "fair round belly with good capon lined," his enormous and increasing proportions were the constant topics of mirth, even among his own supporters. No ordinary muscles could resist the effect of Burke's quotation, and the significant action with which it was accompanied. The House was in a roar; and even Lord North's sides were seen shaking with suppressed laughter. Mr. Macknight has well narrated this scene from contemporary authorities.

A STRANGE ACCOUNT.

Sir N. Wraxall relates that in one of the discussions on the Army Estimates, in 1781, Jenkinson, as Secretary-at-War, brought forward an account, including the large sum of two millions seven hundred thousand pounds recently transmitted

to America. The money had been principally sent through Mr. Alderman Harley, who, when called upon for a statement of the manner in which it had been applied, read rapidly a few items, and in five minutes abruptly sat down. Burke sprang up. "This account," he observed, "is the most laconic that ever was given of so great a sum expended in the public service. Considering the magnitude of the sums the right honourable gentleman has swallowed, he merits admiration for the promptitude with which he has either digested or disgorged them. His charge and his discharge are equally expeditious. He is a species of canal through which the profusion of the Government passes. I imagine, however, that it does not flow off altogether without something to his nourishment. No doubt such remittances have in them a fattening quality; or, to use a vulgar phrase, 'They stick to the ribs.' Oh! how I long for an inspection of this Harleian Miscellany!" Alderman Harley was a corpulent man; and Burke's metaphor had a more ludicrous effect because, while everybody was roaring with laughter, the alderman stared gravely at his brilliant assailant, without attempting to make a reply.

THE DIMINUTIVE MINISTER.

When, in 1782, Welbore Ellis, the veteran sinecurist, succeeded Lord George Germaine as War Minister, brilliant was the play of Burke's sarcasm upon the new appointment. When he first rose to speak, heavy was Ellis's depression on the Ministerial benches. The mean figure of the new Minister appeared even meaner, as he concluded with these apologetic words: "I have come into office," said he, "to employ the remains of vigour left me by age and infirmity, for the benefit of the State. I have now made my confession of faith, and trust it may prove satisfactory to the House."

Burke immediately rose. "A confession of faith," he declared, "more obscure, more absurd, more incomprehensible, was never framed or delivered for the delusion and calamity of mankind. Like confessions of faith of the same unintelligible

description, it can only be supported by miracles. For what satisfaction has this young Secretary given to the House? Not one word have we been able to extract from him which the last American Minister has not told us five years ago." Burke then fixing his eyes steadily on Ellis, accused him of being Lord George Germaine in effigy. He compared the diminutive Minister to a caterpillar that, having long reposed in the chrysalis state, within the silken folds of the Treasurership of the Navy, had at length burst its ligaments, expanded its wings, and fluttered forth the Secretary of the hour. Though the appearance of the creature might be changed, it was, however, a caterpillar still. Ellis seemed crushed under the orator's tropes and metaphors, and the Ministers shared his humiliation. Jenkinson, the lank Secretary-at-War, oracular as ever, and the sinister expression of whose face resembled a *dark lantern*, attempted to come to the rescue; but the work was far beyond his meagre oratory. Wraxall compared Jenkinson's mysterious cautiousness to a man crossing over a torrent on stones, and deliberately taking every step to avoid wetting his shoes. Shortly after, Welbore Ellis again fell into Burke's toils. In giving up a lucrative employment for his new post of great labour, "I was," he pathetically observed, "in a warm, comfortable bed, out of which I have been summoned to take an active part in the Ship of State, assailed by storm and tempest." Burke, in the course of his reply, said: "It is true, as the Secretary has told us, that he has quitted a warm bed, and ventured, with his eyes open, into a vessel, leaking, foundering, and tossed on the billows in a violent storm. He has been most unwise to do so. I may appropriately apply to him what Brutus said to Portia:

> Wherefore rise you now?
> It is not for your health, thus to commit
> Your weak condition to the raw cold morning."

Burke added his belief that Ellis had only left his warm bed to introduce into the empty place a Scotch warming-pan; an evident allusion to Dundas, who had been very forward in bringing about Lord George Germaine's resignation. The

laugh was long and loud; but it was turned against Burke, by Dundas intimating that in the changes which seemed impending, the warming-pan might possibly be Irish instead of Scotch—alluding to Burke's expectation of office.

A "CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK."

When on the motion for the second reading of Burke's first Bill of Economical Reform, in 1781, William Pitt, just returned for Appleby, surprised and delighted the House by his speech in favour of the measure, delivered with all the copiousness and self-command of a practised orator, Burke, forgetting his antipathy for Lord Chatham's memory, exclaimed exultingly to the friends beside him: "This is not merely a chip of the old block; but the old block itself."

Burke was accustomed to speak in most enthusiastic praise of young William Pitt—as not only possessing "the most extraordinary talents, but as gifted by nature with the judgment which others acquire by experience. Though judgment," he added, "is not so rare in youth as is generally supposed, I have commonly observed that those who do not possess it early, are apt to miss it late."

THE TOMB IN BEACONSFIELD CHURCH.

Sir Bernard Burke has appended to his picturesque and eloquent work, *Vicissitudes of Families*, a chapter upon "The Double Sojourn of Genius at Beaconsfield," made famous by the two great Edmunds—Waller and Burke.

"Waller was a courtier and a wit, a gay frequenter of the coffee-houses and taverns, and a rich exquisite of his time; yet he preferred to all else in the world the seat of Hall Barn at Beaconsfield, its verdant seclusion, its domestic comforts, and its rural pleasures. Like what we shall tell directly of Burke, Waller loved to see friends around him, and he entertained hospitably. Like Burke, he had many of the great people of the day among his guests. Lords and ladies of the Commonwealth, and of King Charles's Court, were welcomed

in their turn. Among men of literary note, Evelyn, Roscommon, and Dryden were his friends: and at Waller's table, Cromwell, his relative, would unbend, and lay aside all Puritan restraint. . . . Beaconsfield, through Waller's choice, first became a place of note. Its earliest fame was Waller, and his memory hangs round it still. The visitor will find many a mark and memorial of Waller there. The poet's magnificent seat of Hall Barn at Beaconsfield, built by himself, but improved by his son, still remains. The Waller family left it only a few years ago, when it became the property of another distinguished man, whose sojourn was also a sojourn of genius at Beaconsfield, the late Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., at whose demise it passed into other hands. In its now uninhabited condition, dismantled of its furniture, signs of the past may be discovered on the premises, and in the picturesque domain adorned with classic temples and obelisks, and the armorial ensigns of the Wallers—the walnut-tree crest, with the royal escutcheon of France belonging to it—meet one everywhere."*

Waller sleeps in Beaconsfield churchyard, where a stately tomb, in graceful Latinity, tells that he was of the poets of his time easily the prince; that when an octogenarian, he did not abdicate the laurel he had won in his youth, and that his country's language owes to him the possible belief that if the Muses should cease to speak Greek and Latin, they would love to talk in English. This tomb was the tribute of filial affection, having been raised by Waller's son at a considerable cost.

Passing over some seventy years, we come to the greater and later repute of Beaconsfield, as the retreat of genius in the person of Edmund Burke, as narrated in many of the foregoing pages. "Here," says Sir Bernard Burke, "he died of a broken heart in 1797; and though some sixty years have passed since then, Beaconsfield bears still visible marks of that incurable sorrow. The mansion of Gregories was sold from the family by his widow. What was an hereditary

* *Vicissitudes of Families, and other Essays.* By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms. 4th edition. 1860.

house to him who in his grief refused a peerage, with the title of Lord Burke of Beaconsfield? An accidental fire has since destroyed the dwelling, and one can scarcely trace, with no other landmark than a few ruined offices, the site of the mansion in the now deserted but still beautiful grounds. A decayed stable alone remains, with the very stall in it where Windham, when he rode down, big with the fate of nations, would put up his white horse.

"Burke's Grove, a noble plantation, remains in the rear of the site of the mansion, as when Edmund used it as his favourite walk; and there are some at Beaconsfield who can remember his sad and stately figure gliding there to and fro, and pondering, no doubt, over the loss he had sustained. This is elegantly alluded to in a poem recently written by a Beaconsfield author:

> Oft to this sweet secluded spot he came,
> Far from the busy world and noisy fame,
> And sought amidst its solitude to rest
> His wearied mind on Nature's quiet breast,
> When o'er his life's bright tide all darkly fell
> Death's shadow!—and the mourner sigh'd farewell
> To hope and joy. Ambition's course was run,
> The father's heart was buried with his son.

"The humble tablet in the church at Beaconsfield marks Burke's burial there; but such a memorial ill bespeaks the estimation in which his genius and patriotism are held." (*See Appendix*, page 385.)

BURKE'S FORTUNES.

The common calumny upon Burke that he entered political life almost penniless, has been met by a passage in the introduction prefixed by his executors to the celebrated pamphlet, *Observations on the Conduct of the Minority in the Session of* 1793, which was first published in an authentic form immediately after his death. This passage is as follows: "He was daily vilified as an obscure and needy adventurer, yet he did not tell what he had in his hands the means of substantiating, that he was sprung from a family eminently ennobled in several of its branches, and possessing an ample

estate, which his grandfather actually enjoyed; nor that he had himself sunk a handsome competency, in his adherence to his party. Once, and but once, in debate he was provoked to declare his private circumstances. . . . He said that by the death of a brother whom he loved and lamented, he had succeeded to upwards of 20,000*l.*; part of which he had spent, and the rest then remained to be spent in the independent support of his principles."

Mr. Macknight* considers that in Burke's pecuniary affairs, a mystery has been made of what was, after all, most proper, natural, and creditable, both to the Marquis of Rockingham and Burke. He appears to have received from his Lordship ten thousand pounds, advanced on a bond, which, it was understood, would never be reclaimed. With those 10,000*l.*, five thousand raised on mortgage from a Dr. Saunders, in Spring Gardens, and other eight, doubtless obtained from the successful speculations of William and Richard Burke, in Indian Stock, Burke purchased the estate of Gregories. After the reverses of his relatives, in the year 1769, all the money they had advanced to him was required. Lord Rockingham again came forward, and assisted Burke with frequent loans, which, extending over fourteen years, probably amounted to 30,000*l.*, on Burke's bonds, which were never formally required. This statement Mr. Macknight gives on the authority of a friend to whom the late Lord Fitzwilliam communicated the particulars, from his private sources of information. (See also pp. 217 and 218.)

Burke is said to have expected a legacy from the Marquis. In the House of Commons he distinctly intimated that it was not on his most faithful follower that the virtuous nobleman had lavished the riches of the State. "Among all the encomiums made on the character of the noble Marquis lately deceased, this," said Burke, "was one: He left his dearest and best friends with the simple reward of his own individual intimacy. This singular test of their sincerity he asked

* Of Mr. Macknight's able work, vols. 1 and 2 were published in 1858, bringing the narrative to 1782.

while living, and it was a tax that he left on their regard for his memory when dead."

In the interesting series of papers in the *Athenæum*, 1853, which we have already quoted, appeared the following queries as to the "patrimonial estates that came into possession of Edmund Burke, on the death of his elder brother Garret. Is it quite certain that they were patrimonial estates?—that is, estates of inheritance, which had descended from father to son until they vested in Edmund Burke's father, and, through Garret, in Edmund Burke. Were they ever possessed by his father? It appears from Edmund Burke's letter of the 9th of December, 1777, that property bequeathed to him by Garret, 'had been litigated by some of his relations *with his elder brother*'—and that the question of right had something to do with the infamous penal laws. Burke's account is this: 'In 1765, my brother died and *left me* his interest in Colhir.' He adds that 'During my brother's lifetime, whilst *the transaction was recent*, and all the parties and witnesses living, the affair *was litigated;* that the litigation had proved unsuccessful; and that *a decree of a Court of equity* had established him *in peaceable possession.* I suppose that nobody will think me unjust in supposing that I had *a fair title* to what was *so left* and *so confirmed.*' In conclusion, Burke says: 'I could not admit his [Mr. R. Nagle's] claim, made, as he made it, *without affecting my brother's memory.*' Why not explain this, instead of mystifying the subject by talk about his great-great-grandfather and the patrimonial estates? It is a curious circumstance that this question was raised eighty years since,—and that after all the words and volumes of his biographers, we are as much in the dark as ever. In 1773, a satirical poem was published called *The Rape of Pomona*,—said to have been written by Mr. Coventry, subsequently a member of Parliament: in that work, the writer incidentally alludes to this very question:

> Who, like Ned B—ke, from Liffey's bogs depart,
> (Brogue on each tongue, and mischief in each heart,)
> That moral Teague, who in religious cause
> Wrote his famed treatise on the penal laws."

The meaning of which is thus explained in a note:

"Mr. Burke some years ago composed an elaborate Essay, pointing out with great elegance and strength of reason, the injustice and bad policy of the penal laws in force against the Roman Catholics in Ireland as incompatible with the principles of toleration and the right of mankind. Just as his treatise was ready for the press, *a renegade relation of his died who had acquired an estate by turning an informer, which he bequeathed to the conscientious Edmund.* The piece was instantly suppressed, as Mr. Burke was suddenly convinced that the penal laws are beneficial to society, and the bulwark of the Protestant religion."

The assertions here made as to the motives and feelings of Edmund Burke are, of course, false and libellous,—he never did change his opinions in respect to the Penal Laws; but it is a fact, and a curious fact, that Burke about the time referred to, and just before he came into possession of the estate in question, was preparing an elaborate Essay on the Penal Laws in Ireland, which was found in MS. amongst his papers, after his death, and then first published. Now Burke may have felt that, under circumstances, it would have been neither wise nor decent, with reference to his brother's memory and character, to publish this essay at that particular period,—he may, therefore, have suppressed it when he came into possession of the estate;—but be the facts what they may, while persons persevere in writing biographies, the public have some right to know what are the facts.

How Burke obtained the funds necessary for the purchase of Gregories has been the subject of much question and surmise. That Edmund Burke was deep in the mystery or iniquity of stock-jobbing was asserted over and over again in the contemporary journals, one of which is quoted in the *Athenæum*, from the *Public Advertiser*, October, 1771: "He, (Edmund Burke,) is engaged in a scheme, or rather conspiracy, with the old fat cub S——, in buying up land at the Grenades, in order by chicane and tricks to get the lands from the present legal possessors and proprietors. P——ll, Lord Hol-

land's man, and by his directions, assisted the brothers and their cousin, and the rest of the knot of knaves, in their deep-laid schemes to raise the India Stock. This is a history too well known to be entered into." "The brothers and their cousin"—that is, Edmund, and Richard, and William Burke; "the fat cub S——" may have been Stuart, Macleane's Philadelphia partner, his intimate friend for life. Now, Macleane did buy up land at the Grenades, to the extent, by contemporary assertion, of 200,000*l.*; and Stuart and the Burkes may have been all joined in the speculation. "P——ll, Lord Holland's man," according to reasonable probability, was Powell, the cashier in the Paymaster-General's office, who was some years later dismissed for malpractices, and who gave some evasive and unsatisfactory evidence as to Lord Holland's accounts, and the balance in his own hands. Now it is an astonishing fact, that no sooner was Lord Rockingham in office, in 1772, and Burke appointed Paymaster-General, than in defiance of the open remonstrance of personal and political friends, Burke restored this man Powell to his former situation! (*See note*, p. 247, *of the present volume*.)

The writer in the *Athenæum* then adduces a variety of evidence as to the frightful extent of these speculations; among which the extracts from unpublished letters are most important. The Burkes, Richard and William at least, never recovered their losses. Lord Verney, too, the friend and patron of the Burkes, was also ruined. The exact relation of these parties came to issue in the Courts of Equity. About 1778, or 1779, Lord Verney filed a bill in Chancery against Edmund Burke. "It was alleged (says Bisset) by Lord Verney, that Burke, his brother, and cousin, had been engaged with him in a stock-jobbing speculation, by which very great loss had been incurred; that Lord Verney was the ostensible man, and had been obliged to make out the engagements; that Edmund Burke, being the only one of the rest who had any property, Verney had applied to him to defray his share of the debt. On refusal, he filed a bill against him in Chancery, claiming Burke as his partner.

Burke making affidavit that he was not, the matter was of course concluded in Burke's favour. Nevertheless," Bisset admits, "a great clamour arose against Burke for clearing himself in this manner."

BUST AND PORTRAITS.

The finest bust of Burke is that by a young sculptor named Hickey, who came over to England, and was patronized by Burke as Barry had formerly been. The original bust is in the Medal-room of the British Museum, and has been engraved. Mr. Macknight says: "This is almost the only authentic image of Burke, so strange has been his fate, while so many monuments have been erected to contemporaries infinitely his inferiors in genius and virtue."

Of this bust a curious story is related. Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales, professing great admiration of Mr. Burke, wrote to Mrs. Burke at Butler's Court, requesting permission for a cast to be taken from Hickey's bust.* Mrs. Burke, pleased at having due honour paid to her husband, requested the Princess' acceptance of the original bust, to which she consented. At the sale of Her Royal Highness' effects at Connaught House, the bust was found among some lumber, and was purchased by Mrs. Thomas Haviland.

Sir Joshua Reynolds painted, between 1771 and 1781, five portraits of Burke: which have been engraved by J. Watson, J. Hardy (2), Benedetti, and C. Knight. Sir Joshua also painted the portraits of three of the Burkes,—Edmund, Richard the younger, and William,—which were bequeathed to the Earl Fitzwilliam, and are now at Milton.

But the most celebrated portrait of Burke is that painted by Reynolds for Mrs. Thrale, and which, after Mrs. Piozzi's death, was purchased by Mr. Richard Sharpe for two hundred and forty guineas. It subsequently became the property of Sir Robert Peel, and is now at Drayton Manor. Cotton, in

* Mr. Prior mentions a good likeness, modelled in wax, and finely finished, by T. R. Poole, but taken at a later period of life than any of the pictures.

his Catalogue of the Portraits painted by Reynolds, (1857,) states that repetitions are now in the possession of Archdeacon Burney and Sir E. Kerrison. He also states that there is a whole-length portrait of Burke, by Reynolds, in Trinity College, Dublin.

Fulcher, in his *Life of Gainsborough*, mentions a portrait of Burke, painted by him, as being in the collection of the Bishop of Ely. And in the collection at Knole is a portrait of Burke, reputed to be by Opie.

Romney's portrait of Burke is well known by the fine mezzotint engraving of it by Jones, published in 1790.

Barry's portrait of Burke, painted for Dr. Brocklesby, is mentioned at page 199. Burke's portrait is also introduced in one of the great pictures in the House of the Society of Arts, Adelphi.

Burke was, (Mr. Prior says,) also painted in miniature by the late Mr. Spencer, and the late Mr. Sifson.

Under the portrait engraved by Benedetti, Sir Joshua Reynolds caused to be engraved the following lines from the fifth book of Paradise Lost—the conduct of the good Abdiel; alluding, by way of paraphrase, to Burke's recent quarrel with Fox, and expressive of the painter's opinion of the conduct of the Opposition, as well as their treatment of his friend:

> So spake the fervent angel, but his zeal
> None seconded, as out of season judged,
> Or singular and rash . . . . .
> . . . . . unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
> Nor number nor example with him wrought
> To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
> Though single. From amidst them forth he passed
> Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
> Superior nor of violence fear'd aught;
> And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
> On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd.

Mr. Burke had not seen the plate until many impressions had been worked, when he strongly remonstrated with Reynolds, and insisted that the lines should be obliterated, and

the impressions which had not been issued destroyed. Sir Joshua very reluctantly submitted, and impressions of this plate are now very rare; Burke, whenever he met with one of these prints, would beg it as a personal favour in exchange for one without the lines, and as soon as he thus obtained possession of the print with the lines, he destroyed it.

WAS BURKE EVER IN AMERICA?

The circumstance of our knowing nothing certain about Burke from 1752 to 1757 has led to the question whether a portion of this interval might not have been passed by him in America. Benjamin West, an American be it remembered, stated that the first time he met Burke; "the conversation after dinner chiefly turned on American subjects, in which Mr. Burke took a distinguished part, and not more delighted the artist with the rich variety and affluence of his mind than surprised him by the correct circumstantiality of his descriptions; so much so, that he was never able to divest himself of an impression received on this occasion, that Mr. Burke had actually been in America, and visited the scenes, and been familiar with many of the places which he so minutely seemed to recollect."—(*Life of West.*)

"That the vast general and special knowledge of young Burke, (says the *Athenæum*,) might have struck the younger American as essentially dependent on personal observation is probable; but these men grew old together; the intercourse between Burke and the President of the Academy continued through life, and yet West, it appears, lived and died in the conviction that Burke had been in America."

The editors of Burke's Works tell us that in 1754 or 1755, Burke, "it is said," was offered "some considerable employment in the State of New York," and thought of removing there, but gave up the project on its being objected to by his father; which story, however, this writer considers as all report and inference; and that an expression of Burke, "Please God, to be in America," may mean to *return* to America, accompanied by his young wife.

ESTIMATES OF BURKE.

Lord Holland* has sketched with a depreciative hand the political and personal character of Mr. Burke; views which may be, in great measure, traced to his rupture with his Lordship's distinguished relative, Mr. Fox.

Mr. Burke's intemperate view of the French Revolution (says Lord Holland,) is well known. The effect on the political party to which he belonged, and of which the Duke of Portland and Mr. Fox were the leaders, was to dissolve that connexion, and ultimately to unite the Duke of Portland and his immediate friends and followers, with the Administration which they had, in conjunction with Mr. Fox, for nearly ten years opposed. I had only a schoolboy's acquaintance with Mr. Burke. It is not for me to correct or to reconcile the contradictory opinions entertained by his partisans and his enemies, of his views and conduct at that period. Till the ecclesiastical revenues were suppressed, Burke was far from disapproving the French Revolution. But what conclusion, against the sincerity of his opinions, is to be drawn from the fact? An extravagant veneration for all established rites and ceremonies in religion appears to have been a *sentiment* deeply rooted in his mind. It arose, indeed, from a conviction of the necessity of some establishment to the preservation of society, and the necessity of some outward show and pomp to the maintenance of that establishment, rather than from any strong predilection for particular tenets. Mr. Fox has more than once assured me, that in his invectives against Mr. Hastings' indignities to the Indian Priesthood, he spoke of the piety of the Hindoos with admiration, and of their holy religion and sacred functions with an awe bordering on devotion. The seizure of the property of the clergy, in France, might then excite alarm in breasts less predisposed to sensibility on such subjects. It was in the

* *Memoirs of the Whig Party during My Time.* By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. 2 vols. 1852.

judgment of many an outrageous violation of property; when, therefore, it professed to be the result of a philosophy which denied the usefulness of all ecclesiastical institutions, rather than the desperate resource of an exhausted exchequer, it suggested a train of apprehensions in the mind of Mr. Burke, who, from the habitual tenor of his opinions, was prepared to receive such impressions. He was, too, as rational friends of liberty are apt to be, a supporter of aristocracy in the favourable sense of that word. But from intimacy with some of the most amiable members of it, and from the long habit of defending them, he had grown somewhat superstitiously attached to the shape which it has assumed in our constitution; and from temper he had learnt to pay an absurd degree of reverence to those appendages, or rather abuses, for which the general benefits of the system may offer some atonement, but which nothing but prejudices or adulation can seriously regard as beauties in the system itself.

He loved to exaggerate everything; when exasperated by the slightest opposition, even on accidental topics of conversation, he always pushed his principles, his opinions, or even impressions of the moment, to the extreme. A ludicrous instance may illustrate this peculiarity. When recommending spermaceti candles (then a new invention) for their cheapness, he somewhat hastily asserted that they were equal in brightness and other qualities to the best wax tapers; but when contradicted, he maintained, with earnestness and even vehemence, that they were infinitely better. With all the extent of knowledge, and all the depth of thought, which he could apply to more important subjects, he was on them, as in trifles, equally peremptory, extravagant, impetuous, and overbearing.

Lord Holland describes Burke's quarrel with Fox as "unfeeling and disgusting: from that time he had no intercourse with the Whigs, but for the purpose of disuniting them." "It is hard," said Sheridan, on some occasion in 1793, "that he whom we had drummed out of the regiment as a deserter,

should be lurking within our lines as a spy." "On the whole," says Lord Holland, "if greatness consists in comprehension of mind and fertility of genius, rather than in wisdom of design and judgment in action—and if by goodness we mean rectitude of intention, and disinterestedness of conduct, rather than justice, affection, or moderation—Burke may pass for a great and good man. His chief defect was an imperious and uncontrollable temper. This disfigured his manners, clouded his judgment, and sometimes corrupted his heart; yet none could sacrifice more to public honour and private friendship. Examine his motives, he might pass for a patriot; look to his opinions, and with all his powers, he was almost a bigot."

In the *Edinburgh Review*, 1830, we find this estimate:

"Mr. Burke assuredly possessed an understanding admirably fitted for the investigation of truth,—an understanding stronger than that of any statesman, active or speculative, of the eighteenth century,—stronger than anything except his own fierce and ungovernable sensibility. Hence, he generally chose his side like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher. His conduct, in the most important events of his life —at the time of the impeachment of Hastings, for example, and at the time of the French Revolution—seems to have been prompted by those feelings and motives, which Mr. Coleridge* has so happily described:

> Stormy pity, and the cherish'd lure
> Of pomp, and proud precipitance of soul.

Hindostan, with its vast cities, its gorgeous pagodas, its infinite swarms of dusky population, its long-descended dynasties, its stately etiquette, excited in a mind so capacious, so imaginative, and so susceptible, the utmost interest! The peculiarities of the costume, of the manners, and of the laws,

* Coleridge said of Burke: "He possessed and had sedulously sharpened that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws which determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to principles—he was a scientific statesman."

the very mystery which hung over the language and origin of the people, seized his imagination. To plead in Westminster Hall, in the name of the English people, at the bar of the English nobles, for great nations and Kings separated from him by half the world, seemed to him the height of human glory.

"Again, it is not difficult to perceive that his hostility to the French Revolution principally arose from the vexation which he felt at having all his old political associations disturbed, at seeing the well-known boundary-marks of states obliterated, and the names and distinctions with which the history of Europe had been filled for ages, swept away. He felt like an antiquary whose shield had been scoured, or a connoisseur who found his Titian retouched. But, however he came by an opinion, he had no sooner got it, than he did his best to make out a legitimate title to it. His reason, like a spirit in the service of an enchanter, though spell-bound, was still mighty. It did whatever work its passion and imagination might impose. But it did that work, however arduous, with marvellous dexterity and vigour. His course was not determined by argument; but he could defend the wildest course by arguments more plausible, than those by which common men support opinions which they have adopted after the fullest deliberation. Reason has scarcely ever displayed, even in those well-constituted minds of which she occupies the throne, so much power and energy as in the lowest offices of that imperial servitude."*

One of the latest and best tributes to the great orator appeared in the *Times* journal of the 9th of April, 1852: "The intellectual prowess of Edmund Burke is the admiration of the world. Since Bacon quitted life, England had not possessed so marvellous a son. Philosophy dwelt in his soul, and raised him to the dignity of a prophet. Gorgeous eloquence was his natural inheritance, practical wisdom his chief accomplishment, while all the intellectual graces were

* *Edinburgh Review*, 1830.

his hourly companions. Politics, when he dealt with them, assumed a grandeur which they had never known before, for he raised them above the exigencies of his own fleeting day, to apply them to the instruction and the wants of future ages. It has been justly remarked that the contemporaries of Burke, great and illustrious men, bravely fought and nobly conquered: but they were content with the victory of the hour. Burke, too, achieved his conquest for the day; but did not rest satisfied until he had won from the conflict wisdom, intelligence, and lofty principle for all time to come. Fox was the creation of his age. Burke is not the statesman of a period or of a place, but the enduring teacher of the universal family—the abiding light of the civilized world. When Fox spoke, says Chateaubriand, it was in vain that the stranger tried to resist the impression made upon him. 'He turned aside and wept.' We read the speeches of Fox at this not very distant day, and marvel at their declared effect, for *our* tears do not flow from the perusal, *our* blood is not warmed by the syllables. Still more are we astonished to learn that the pregnant and singularly profound language of Burke fell too frequently upon stony ears, and that the rising of the orator was often a signal for the flight of his audience. Yet the double wonderment is easy of explanation. That which will render Shakspeare familiar to our hearths, while a hearth can be kindled in England, will also secure the immortality of Edmund Burke. There was nothing local, nothing temporary, nothing circumscribed in his magnificent utterances. His appeals were not to the prejudices of his contemtemporaries or to the ever-changing sentiments of the time. He marched with a sublime movement ever in advance of the multitude. Every generation can point to its popular chief, and there are few epochs which do not boast of their Fox. In what political age shall we look for a statesman in all respects so illustrious as Burke?"

APPENDIX.

LORD CHATHAM'S PROPHECY.

THE following spirited poem, published in June, 1776, and placed in the mouth of Lord Chatham, embodies the anticipation of the result of the struggle for American Independence, then at its greatest height:

When boasting Gage was hurried o'er
To dye his sword in British gore,
And plead the senate's right,
E'en Chatham, with indignant smile,
Harangued in this prophetic style,
Illum'd by freedom's light!

Your plumed corps, though Percy cheers,
And far-famed British grenadiers,
Renown'd for martial skill;
Yet Albion's heroes bite the plain,
Her chiefs round gallant Howe are slain,
And fallow Bunker's Hill.

Some tuneful bard, who pants for fame,
Shall consecrate one deathless name,
And future ages tell,—
For Spartan valour here renown'd,
Where laurels shade the sacred ground,
Heroic Warren fell!

Erewhile a Howe indignant rose,
Against his country's freedom's foes;—
Those glorious days are past.
A coward's orders to perform,
Lo, yon sea-Alva* rides the storm,
And drives the furious blast.

* Lord Howe.

Though darkness all the horizon shroud,
And from the east yon thunder-cloud
Menace destruction round;
Yet Franklin, versed in Nature's laws,
From her dire womb the lightning draws,
And brings it to the ground.

Around him Sydneys, Hampdens throng;
His ardent philosophic tongue
Can Roman zeal inspire;
The Amphictyon council, hand in hand,
Like the immortal Theban band,
Catch its electric fire.

Can fleets or troops such spirits tame,
Although they view their cities flame,
And desolate their coast?
Midst distant wilds they'll find a home,
Far as the untamed Indians roam,
And *freedom's luxury* boast.*

Midst the snow-storm† yon hero‡ shines,
Pierces your barrier, breaks your lines,
With splendour marks his days;
He falls, the soldier, patriot sage!
His name illumes th' historic page,
Crown'd with immortal praise.

Brighten the chain, the wampum tie,
Those painted chiefs raise war's fell cry,

* An allusion to the words of the "Address of the twelve United Provinces to the Inhabitants of Great Britain:" "We can retire beyond the reach of your navy, and without any sensible diminution of the necessaries of life, enjoy a luxury, which from that period you will want —*the luxury of being free.*"

† The account of the attack on Quebec, published by the Congress, said: "When everything was prepared, the General waited the opportunity of a snow-storm to carry his design into execution—being obliged to take a circuit, the signal for the attack was given, and the garrison alarmed before he reached the place; however, pressing on, he forced the first barrier, and was just opening the attempt on the second, when he was unfortunately killed."

‡ General Montgomery, who was slain in the attack on Quebec.

And hail the festive hour;
The Congress bind the savage race,
As Heaven's own æther rules through space,
Arm'd with attraction's power.

Canadians scorn your vile behest,*
Indignant passions fire each breast,
And freedom's banner waves;
Whole years they felt her flame divine;
Its cheering light can they resign,
And sink again to slaves?

No more will kings court Britain's smiles,
No longer dread this Queen of Isles,
No more her virtues charm;
See her pursue th' ignoble strife
By the dire Indian's scalping-knife,
And by the bravo's arm.

Vain France and Spain's vindictive power,
Exulting, wait the auspicious hour,
To spread war's dire alarms,—
No more our fleets triumphant ride;
This isle of bliss, with all her pride,
May feel the Bourbon arms.

America, with just disdain,
Will break degenerate Britain's chain,
And gloriously aspire;
I see new Lockes and Camdens rise,
Whilst other Newtons read the skies,
And Miltons wake the lyre.

Behold her blazing flag unfurl'd,
To awe and rule the western world,
And teach presumptuous kings,
Though lull'd by servile flattery's dream,
The people are alone supreme,
From whom dominion springs!

Heaven's choicest gifts enrich her plain,
The redd'ning orange, swelling grain,

* The Canada, or lawyer's bill, as it was called, the work of Lord Mansfield.

Her genial suns refine;
For her the silken insects toil,
The olive teems with floods of oil,
And glows the purple wine.

Her prowess Albion's empire shakes;
Her cataracts, her ocean'd lakes,
Display great Nature's hand;
And Europe sees with dread surprise,
Æthereal tow'ring spirits rise
To rule the wondrous land!

Bold Emulation stands confest;
Through the firm chief's and yeoman's breast
The heroic passion runs;
Imperial spirits claim their place!
No venal honours lift the base,
When Nature ranks her sons!

Lo, Britain's ancient genius flies
Where commerce, arts, and science rise,
And war's dire horrors cease;
Exulting millions crowd her plains,
Escaped from Europe's galling chains
To liberty and peace!

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO EDMUND BURKE.

(P. 369.)

The churchyard of Beaconsfield contains Waller's tomb; Burke is buried in a vault within the church. The locality is by their own choice the last resting-place of both. The condition of both these Memorials, and of the sacred edifice in which the latter is placed, had already been noticed, when, in 1858, the worthy Rector of Beaconsfield, the Rev. John Gould, issued the following eloquent appeal to the public:

"In sorrow, and to the national reproach, be it said, a mouldering tomb outside the church to Waller, and a poor tablet within to Edmund Burke, are all that commemorate the Poet, or his mightier neighbour in death, the Statesman. That beautiful inscription on Waller's tomb, from the pen of Rymer, which Dr. Johnson expressed a hope 'was rescued from dilapidation,' is fast becoming illegible. A family tablet, it is true, of mean appearance, affixed to the church wall, speaks of Burke and his kindred, but no monumental brass

nor inscription marks the actual spot where repose all that was mortal of, perhaps, the greatest statesman, orator, and patriot England ever saw. No 'storied urn, nor animated bust,' no proper trophy, nor ornament whatsoever, does honour to his memory. That humble mural tablet, and a decayed hatchment, alone testify the fact of his interment within the church of Beaconsfield, a place now famous from its association with his name. The church itself presents a dilapidated and dreary aspect. The whole fabric is fast passing into a semi-ruinous condition. The country certainly should not allow such neglect of the ashes of the great. Anxious to remove the stigma, I make this appeal, that justice may be done to the Poet's memory, and especially to that of Edmund Burke, who was in his day, one of the bulwarks of the British constitution, and whose philosophic policy, sound writings, and saving eloquence, have gone far to enlighten, while they shielded the civilization of mankind."

The reparation of Beaconsfield Church, the renovation of Waller's Tomb, and the erection within the edifice of some suitable Memorial to Edmund Burke were the objects of this appeal; for effecting which a committee was formed, and bankers appointed, for the receipt of subscriptions.

The venerable Rector, who is now in his 80th year, has been aided in the object of his Appeal by his amiable daughter; and the restoration of the building, combined with a desire to do honour to departed worth and greatness, has been advocated by some distinguished persons resident in the neighbourhood. Mr. Sergeant Burke has also frequently lectured at Beaconsfield on the genius and writings of Edmund Burke, in furtherance of the Memorial; and Mr. Sergeant Atkinson, author of various law-books, and of *The Worthies of Westmoreland*, has aided in the movement. Some subscriptions were given, and others promised. To the Count de Chambord the Rector addressed a circular and a private letter, urging the claim of Edmund Burke upon the House of Bourbon: a reply came from the Count's Secretary, admitting the great merits of Burke, and his zeal for the cause of order, but stating that the Count being engaged in a lawsuit for the recovery of property in France, could not *extend his charities* beyond those around him. Shortly after, the Count gained the law-suit, when the Rector wrote again, explaining that a small donation would suffice, as the obtaining the honour of the Bourbon name to the subscription was the chief object of the application. To this second letter the Rector has not received a reply.

The subscription fund, we regret to add, is not sufficient to justify the promoters of the object in commencing the restoration; but, it is hoped, that at no distant period, they will be enabled to carry out their good work.

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